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THE TRIAL, OPINIONS, AND DEATH OF GIORDANO BRUNO.

ON Saturday, the 23d of May, 1592, Giovanni Mocenigo, son of the late excellent Marcantonio Mocenigo, addressed to the Father Inquisitor of Venice a letter containing charges of heresy against Giordano Bruno, the Nolan. Among other things, he alleged that Bruno had said "that it is a great blasphemy to say, as Catholics do, that bread is changed to flesh; that he is hostile to the mass; that no religion satisfies him; that Christ was a good-for-nothing, and did wretched tricks to seduce the people, and ought to have been hanged; that there is no separating God into persons; that the world is eternal; that worlds are infinite, and God makes an infinite number of them continually; that Christ wrought apparent miracles and was a magician, and so were the Apostles; that Christ showed that he died unwillingly, and evaded death as long as he could; that there is no punishment of sins; and that souls created by the agency of nature pass from one animal into another, and that as the brutes are begotten of corruption, so also are men. Further, he has denied that the Virgin could have borne a child; he asserted that our Catholic faith is full of blasphemies against the majesty of God; that he wished to give himself to the diviner's art, and draw the whole world after him; that St. Thomas and all the doctors were blockheads compared with himself. Therefore, urged by my conscience and by command of my Emperor, I have denounced this Bruno to the

Holy Office. Suspecting that he might depart, I have locked him up in one of my rooms, at your requisition; and because I believe him possessed of a demon, I pray you to take speedy resolution concerning him."

Two days later, this Mocenigo, of whom we know no more than that he belonged to one of the illustrious families of Venice, and was thirty-four years of age, added to his accusations: "On that day when I had Giordano Bruno locked up, on my asking him if he would teach me what he had promised, in view of the many courtesies and gifts he had had from me, so that I might not accuse him of the many wicked words which he had said to me, both against our Lord and against the Holy Catholic Church, he replied that he was not afraid of the Inquisition, because he offended nobody in living as he chose; and then that he did not remember to have said anything bad to me, and that even if he had said it he had said it to me alone, and that he did not fear that I could harm him in this way, and that even should he come under the hand of the Inquisition, it could at the most force him to wear his friar's gown again."

On May 29, Mocenigo, who had in the mean time, at the suggestion of the Inquisition, dredged in the slimy depths of his memory for other charges, informed the Father Inquisitor that he had heard Bruno say "that the forms which the Church now uses are not

those which the Apostles used, because the Apostles, by preaching and by example of a good life, converted the people; but that now he who will not be a Catholic must suffer the rod and punishment, because force is used, and not love; that the world could not go on thus, because now only ignorance, and not religion, is good; that the Catholic religion pleased him more than the others, but that it had need of great formalities, which was not right; but very soon the world would see itself reformed, because it was impossible that such corruption should endure. He told me, too, that now, when the greatest ignorance flourishes which the world ever had, some glory in having the greatest knowledge there ever was, because they say they know what they do not understand, — which is, that God can be one and three, — and that these are impossibilities, ignorances, and most shocking blasphemies against the majesty of God. Besides this, he said that he liked women hugely, and that the Church committed a great sin in calling sin that which is according to nature.”

After these charges, we hear no more of this latter-day Judas, Giovanni Mocenigo. Honest we can hardly deem him, for he confesses that he intended to betray Bruno long before he did betray him, and only delayed till he should gather sufficient damning evidence against him. And so we dismiss him to join the despicable crew of those who were traitors to their lords and benefactors.

The Inquisition examined four other witnesses. Two booksellers, Ciotto and Bertano, deposed that they had known Bruno at Frankfort-on-the-Main, whither they went to attend the famous book-fairs; that they had not heard him say aught which caused them to believe he was not a Catholic and a good Christian; but that he had the reputation of being a philosopher, who spent his time in writing and “in meditating new things.” Andrea Morosini, a gen-

tleman of noble birth, testified that during the recent months Bruno had been at his house, whither divers gentlemen and also prelates were wont to meet to discuss letters, and principally philosophy; but that he had never inferred from Bruno’s remarks that he held opinions contrary to the faith. Finally, Fra Domenico da Nocera, of the order of preachers, deposed that “one day, near the feast of Pentecost, as I was coming out of the sacristy of the Church of John and Paul, a layman, whom I did not know, bowed to me, and presently engaged in conversation. He said he was a friar of our province of Naples, a man of letters; Fra Giordano of Nola, his name. So we sought out a retired part of the aforesaid church. Then he told me how he had renounced the gown; of the many kingdoms he had traversed, and the royal courts, with his important exercises in letters; but that he had always lived as a Catholic. And I asking him what he was doing in Venice, and how he was living, he said that he had been in Venice but very few days, and was living comfortably; that he proposed to get tranquillity and write a book he had in his head, and to present it to his Holiness, for the quiet of his conscience and in order to be allowed to remain in Rome, and there devote himself to literary work, to show his ability, and perhaps to obtain a lectureship.”

So far as we know, the Holy Office examined no other witnesses. That tribunal of the Inquisition at Venice was composed, in 1592, of the Apostolic Nuncio, Monsignor Taberna; of the Patriarch, Monsignor Lorenzo Priuli; of the Father Inquisitor, Giovanni Gabriele da Saluzzo, a Dominican; and of three nobles appointed by the state, and called the *savii all’eresia* (sages in heresy), who reported all proceedings to the Doge and Senate, and stopped the deliberations when they deemed them contrary to the laws and customs of the state, or to the secret instructions they

had received. These three sages were, in that year, Luigi Foscari, Sebastian Barbarigo, and Tomaso Morosini.

Before this tribunal, which sat at the prison of the Inquisition, appeared the prisoner, Giordano Bruno, on Tuesday, May 26, 1592. He was a small, lean man, in aspect about forty years old, with a slight chestnut beard. On being bidden to speak, he began : —

“I will speak the truth. Several times I have been threatened with being brought to this Holy Office, and I have always held it as a jest, because I am ready to give an account of myself. While at Frankfort last year, I had two letters from Signor Giovanni Mocenigo, in which he invited me to come to Venice, as he wished me to teach him the art of memory and invention, promising to treat me well, and that I should be satisfied with him. And so I came, seven or eight months ago. I have taught him various terms pertaining to these two sciences ; living at first outside of his house, and latterly in his own house. And, as it seemed to me that I had done and taught him as much as was necessary and as was my duty in respect to the things he had sought me for, and deliberating, therefore, to return to Frankfort to publish certain of my works, I took leave of him last Thursday, so as to depart. He, hearing this, and doubting lest I wished to leave his house to teach other persons the very sciences I had taught him and others rather than to go to Frankfort, as I announced, was most urgent to detain me ; but I none the less insisting on going, he began at first to complain that I had not taught him all I had agreed, and then to threaten me by saying that if I would not remain of my own accord he would find means to compel me. And the following night, which was Friday, seeing me firm in my resolution of going, and that I had put my things in order and arranged to send them to Frankfort, he came when I was in bed, with the pretext of wishing to

speak to me ; and after he had entered, there followed his servant Bortolo, with five or six others, who were, as I believe, gondoliers of the sort near by. And they made me get out of bed, and conducted me up to an attic, and locked me in there, Master Giovanni saying that if I would remain and instruct him in the terms of memory and of geometry, as he had wished hitherto, he would set me at liberty ; otherwise, something disagreeable would happen to me. And I replying all along that I thought I had taught him enough and more than I was bound, and that I did not deserve to be treated in that fashion, he left me till the next day ; when there came a captain, accompanied by certain men whom I did not know, and had them lead me down to a store-room on the ground-floor of the house, where they left me till night. Then came another captain, with his assistants, and conducted me to the prison of this Holy Office, whither I believe I have been brought by the work of the aforesaid Ser Giovanni, who, indignant for the reason I have given, has, I think, made some accusation against me.

“My name is Giordano, of the Bruno family, of the city of Nola, twelve miles from Naples ; I was born and brought up in that town ; my profession has been and is that of letters and every science. My father's name was Giovanni, my mother's Fraulissa Savolina ; he a soldier by profession, who died at the same time with my mother. I am about forty-four years old, being born, according to what my people told me, in the year 1548. From my fourteenth year I was at Naples, to learn humanity, logic, and dialectics, and I used to attend the public lectures of a certain Sarnese ; I heard logic privately from an Augustinian father, called Fra Theofilo da Vairano, who subsequently lectured on metaphysics at Rome. When I was fourteen or fifteen, I put on the habit of St. Dominic at the convent of St. Dom-

inic at Naples. After the year of probation I was admitted to the profession, and then I was promoted to holy orders and to the priesthood in due time, and sang my first mass at Campagna, a town in the same kingdom. I lived there in a convent of the same order, called St. Bartholomew, and continued in this garb of St. Dominic, celebrating mass and the divine offices, and obedient to the Superiors of the said order and of the priors of monasteries, till 1576, the year after the Jubilee. I was then at Rome, in the convent of the Minerva, under Master Sisto de Luca, procurator of the order, whither I had come because at Naples I had been brought to trial twice: the first time for having given away certain representations and images of the Saints and kept only a crucifix, wherefore I was charged with spurning the images of the Saints; and again for saying to a novice, who was reading *The History of the Seven Joys in verse*, what business he had with such a book, — to throw it aside, and to read sooner some other work, like *The Lives of the Holy Fathers*; and this case was renewed against me at the time I went to Rome, together with other charges, which I do not know. On this account I left the order and put off the gown.

“I went to Noli, in Genoese territory, and stayed there about four months, teaching small boys grammar, and reading lectures on the sphere [astronomy] to certain gentlemen; then I went away, first to Savona, where I tarried about a fortnight, and thence to Turin. Not finding entertainment there to my taste, I came to Venice by the Po, and lived a month and a half in the Frezzaria, in the lodging of a man employed at the Arsenal, whose name I do not know. Whilst I was here, I had printed this work [*On the Signs of the Times*], to make a little money for my support; I showed it first to Father Remigio de Fiorenza. Departing hence, I went

to Padua, where I found some Dominican fathers, acquaintances of mine, who persuaded me to wear the habit again, even if I should not choose to return to the order; for it seemed to them more proper to wear that habit than not. With this view I went to Bergamo, and had made a garment of cheap white cloth, and over it I put the scapular, which I had kept when I left Rome. Thus attired I set out for Lyons; and at Chambery, going to lodge with the order, and being very decently entertained, and talking about this with an Italian father who was there, he said to me, ‘Be warned, for you will not meet with any sort of friendliness in these parts; and you will find less the farther you go.’ So I set out for Geneva. There I lodged at the hostelry; and, a little after my arrival, the Marquis de Vico, a Neapolitan who was in that city, asked me who I was, and whether I had gone there to settle and to profess the religion of that place. I replied to him, after giving an account of myself and the reason why I had left the order, that I did not intend to profess that religion, because I did not know what it was; and that therefore I wished to abide there to live in liberty and to be safe, rather than for any other purpose. Being persuaded to put off that habit in any case, I took these clothes, and had a pair of hose made and other things; and the marquis, with some other Italians, gave me a sword, hat, cloak, and other necessary articles, and, in order that I might support myself, they procured proof-reading for me. I kept to that work about two months, going, however, sometimes to preaching and sermons, whether of the Italians or of the French who lectured and preached there; among others, I heard more than once Nicolo Balbani, of Lucca, who read the Epistles of St. Paul and preached on the Evangelists. But when I was told that I could not stay long in that place unless I should accept its religion, because I would have

no employment from them, and finding too that I could not earn enough to live on, I went thence to Toulouse, where there is a famous university. Having become acquainted with some intelligent persons, I was asked to lecture on the sphere to divers students, which I did — with other lectures on philosophy — for perhaps six months. At this point, the post of ‘ordinary’ lecturer in philosophy, which is filled by competition, falling vacant, I took my doctor’s degree, presented myself for the said competition, was admitted and approved, and lectured in that city two years continuously on the text of Aristotle’s *De Anima* and other philosophical works. Then, on account of the Civil Wars, I quitted and went to Paris, where, in order to make myself known and to give proof of myself, I undertook an ‘extraordinary’ lectureship, and read thirty lectures, choosing for subject *Thirty Divine Attributes*, taken from the first part of St. Thomas. Later, being requested to accept an ‘ordinary’ lectureship, I would not, because public lecturers in that city go generally to mass and the other divine offices, and I have always avoided this, knowing that I was excommunicated because I had quitted my order and habit; and although I had that ‘ordinary’ lectureship at Toulouse, I was not forced to go to mass, as I should have been at Paris. But conducting the ‘extraordinary’ there, I acquired such a name that the king, Henry III., sent for me, and wished to know whether my memory was natural or due to magic art. I satisfied him, both by what I said and proved to him, that it was not by magic art, but by science. After this I published a work on the memory, under the title *De Umbris Idearum*, which I dedicated to his Majesty, — on which occasion he made me ‘lecturer extraordinary,’ with a pension; and I continued to read in that city perhaps five years, when, on account of the tumults which arose, I took my

leave, and with letters from the king himself I went into England to reside with his ambassador, Michael de Castelnau. In his house I lived as a gentleman. I stayed in England two years and a half, and when the ambassador returned to France I accompanied him to Paris, where I remained another year. Having quitted Paris on account of the tumults, I betook myself to Germany, stopping first at Mayence, an archiepiscopal city, for twelve days. Finding neither here nor at Würzburg, a town a little way off, any entertainment, I went to Wittenberg, in Saxony, where I found two factions, — one of philosophers, who were Calvinists, the other of theologians, who were Lutherans. Among the latter was Alberigo Gentile, whom I had known in England, a law-professor, who befriended me and introduced me to read lectures on the *Organon* of Aristotle; which I did, with other lectures in philosophy, for two years. At that time, the son of the old duke having succeeded his father, who was a Lutheran, and the son being a Calvinist, he began to favor the party opposed to those who favored me; so I departed, and went to Prague, and stayed six months. Whilst there, I published a book on geometry, which I presented to the Emperor, from whom I had a gift of three hundred thalers. With this money, having quitted Prague, I spent a year at the Julian Academy in Brunswick; and the death of the duke¹ happening at that time, I delivered an oration at his funeral, in competition with many others from the university, on which account his son and successor bestowed eighty crowns of those parts upon me; and I went away to Frankfort to publish two books, — one *De Minimo*, and the other *De Numero, Monade, et Figura*, etc. I stayed about six months at Frankfort, lodging in the convent of the Carmelites, — a place assigned to me by the publisher, who was obliged to

¹ “Who was a heretic” is written on the margin of the original *procès-verbal*.

provide me a lodging. And from Frankfort, having been invited, as I have said, by Ser Giovanni Mocenigo, I came to Venice seven or eight months ago, where what has since happened I have already related. I was going anew to Frankfort to print other works of mine, and one in particular on The Seven Liberal Arts, with the intention of taking these and some other of my published works which I approve—for some I do not approve—and of going to Rome to lay them at the feet of his Holiness, who, I have understood, loves the virtuous, and to put my case before him, with a view to obtain absolution from excesses, and permission to live in the clerical garb outside of the order. . . . I said I wish to present myself at the feet of his Holiness with some of my approved works, as I have some I do not approve, meaning by that that some of the works written by me and sent to the press I do not approve, because in them I have spoken and discussed too philosophically, unbecomingly, and not enough like a good Christian; and in particular I know that in some of these works I have taught and maintained philosophically things which ought to be attributed to the power, wisdom, and goodness of God according to the Christian faith; founding my doctrine on sense and reason, and not on faith. So much for them in general; concerning particulars, I refer to the writings, for I do not now recall a single article or particular doctrine I may have taught, but I will reply according as I shall be questioned and as I shall remember. . . .

“The subject of all my books, speaking broadly, is philosophy. In all of them I have always defined in the manner of philosophy and according to principles and natural light, not having most concern as to what, according to faith, ought to be believed; and I think there is nothing in them from which it can be judged that I professedly wish to impugn religion rather than to exalt philosophy, although I may have set forth

many impious matters based on my natural light.

“I have taught nothing directly against Catholic Christian religion, although [I may have done so] indirectly; as was judged at Paris, where, however, I was allowed to hold certain disputes under the title of One Hundred and Twenty Articles against the Peripatetics and Other Vulgar Philosophers (printed with permission of the Superiors); as it was permitted to treat them by the way of natural principles, without prejudice to the truth according to the light of faith, in which manner the books of Aristotle and Plato may be read and taught, which are in similar fashion indirectly contrary to faith,—nay, much more so than the articles propounded and defended by me in the manner of philosophy: all these can be known from what is printed in my last Latin books from Frankfort, entitled *De Minimo*, *De Monade*, *de Immenso et Innumerabilibus*, and in part in *De Compositione Imaginum*. In these particularly you can see my intention and what I have held, which is, in a word, I believe in an infinite universe,—that is, the effect of infinite divine power; because I esteemed it unworthy of the divine goodness and power that, when it could produce besides this world another, and infinite others, it should produce a single finite world: so I have declared that there is an infinite number of particular worlds similar to this of the earth, which, with Pythagoras, I consider a star, like which is the moon, other planets, and other stars, which are infinite; and that all these bodies are worlds, without number, which make up the infinite university in infinite space, and we call this the infinite universe, in which are numberless worlds: so that there is a double infinitude, that of the greatness of the universe, and that of the multitude of the worlds,—by which indirectly it is meant to assail the truth according to faith.

“Moreover, in this universe I place a

universal Providence, in virtue of which everything lives, vegetates, moves, and reaches its perfection; and I understand Providence in two ways: one in which it is present as the soul in all matter, and all in any part whatsoever, and this I call nature, the shadow and footprint of the Deity; the other in the ineffable way with which God, by essence, presence, and power, is in all things and over all things, not as a part, but as Soul, in a manner indescribable. In the Deity I understand all the attributes to be one and the same substance, — just as theologians and the greatest philosophers hold; I perceive these attributes, power, wisdom, and goodness, or will, intelligence, and love, by means of which things have first being (by reason of the will), then orderly and distinct being (by reason of the intelligence), and third, concord and symmetry (by reason of love); this I believe is in all and above all, as nothing is without participation in being, and being is not without its essence, just as nothing is beautiful without the presence of beauty; so nothing can be exempt from the divine presence. In this manner, by use of reason, and not by use of substantial [theological] truth, I discern distinctions in the Deity.

“Regarding the world as caused and produced, I meant that, as all being depends on the First Cause, I did not shrink from the term ‘creation;’ which I believe even Aristotle expressed, saying that God is, on whom the world and nature are dependent: so that, according to the explanation of St. Thomas, be the world either eternal or temporal according to its nature, it is dependent on the First Cause, and nothing exists in it independently.

“Next, concerning that which belongs to faith — not speaking in the manner of philosophy — about the divine persons, that wisdom and that son of the mind, called by philosophers *intellect* and by theologians the *Word*, which we

are to believe took upon itself human flesh, I, standing within the bounds of philosophy, have not understood it; but I have doubted, and with inconstant faith maintained, — not that I recall having shown a sign of it in writing or in speech, excepting as in other things indirectly one might gather from my belief and profession concerning those things which can be proved by the reason and deduced from natural light. And then concerning the divine spirit in a third person, I have been able to comprehend nothing in the way in which one ought to believe; but in the Pythagorean way, conformable to that way which Solomon points out, I have understood it to be the soul of the universe, or assistant in the universe, according to that saying in the Wisdom of Solomon, ‘The Spirit of the Lord filleth the world; and that which containeth all things hath knowledge of the voice.’¹ This seems to me to agree to the Pythagorean doctrine explained by Vergil in this passage of the *Æneid*:² —

‘Principio cælum ac terras camposque liquentes,
Lucentemque globum Lunæ Titaniaque astra,
Spiritus intus alit, totamque infusa per artus
Mens agitat molem.’

“I teach in my philosophy that from this spirit, which is called the Life of the Universe, the life and soul of everything which has life and soul springs; that it is immortal, just as bodies, so far as concerns their substance, are all immortal, death being nothing else than division and coming together; this doctrine seems to be expressed in Ecclesiastes, where it says, ‘There is no new thing under the sun. Is there anything whereof it may be said, See, this is new?’ and so on.”

Inquisitor. “Have you held, do you hold and believe, the Trinity, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, one in essence, but distinct in person, as is taught and believed by the Catholic Church?”

¹ Chap. I. v. 7.

² Book VI. 724–27.

Bruno. "Speaking as a Christian, and according to theology, and as every faithful Christian and Catholic ought to believe, I have indeed had doubts about the name 'person' as applied to the Son and the Holy Spirit; not understanding these two persons to be distinct from the Father, except as I have said above, speaking in the manner of philosophy, and assigning the intelligence of the Father to the Son, and his love to the Holy Spirit, but without comprehending this word 'persons,' which in St. Augustine is declared to be not an ancient but a new word, and of his time: and I have held this opinion since I was eighteen years old till now, but in fact I have never denied, nor taught, nor written, but only doubted in my own mind, as I have said."

Inquisitor. "Have you believed, and do you believe, all that the Holy Mother Catholic Church teaches, believes, and holds about the First Person, and have you ever in any wise doubted concerning the First Person?"

Bruno. "I have believed and held undoubtingly all that every faithful Christian ought to believe and hold concerning the First Person. Regarding the Second Person, I declare that I have held it to be really one in essence with the First, and so the Third; because, being indivisible in essence, they cannot suffer inequality, for all the attributes which belong to the Father belong also to the Son and Holy Spirit: only I have doubted, as I said above, how this Second Person could become incarnate and could have suffered; nevertheless I have never denied nor taught that, and if I have said anything about this Second Person, I have said it in quoting the opinions of others, like Arius and Sabellius and other followers of theirs. I will tell what I must have said, and which may have caused scandal and suspicion, as was set down in the first charges against me at Naples, to wit: I declared that the opinion of Arius seemed less

pernicious than it was commonly esteemed and understood, because it is commonly understood that Arius meant to say that the Word is the first thing created by the Father; whereas I declared that Arius said that the Word was neither creator nor creature, but midway between creator and creature,—as the word is midway between the speaker and the thing spoken,—and therefore that the word was the first-born before all creatures, not *by* which but *through* which everything has been created, not *to* which but *through* which everything is referred and returns to the ultimate end, which is the Father. I exaggerated on this theme so that I was regarded with suspicion. I recall further to have said here in Venice that Arius did not intend to say that Christ, that is the Word, is a creature, but a mediator in the sense I have stated. I do not remember the precise place, whether at a druggist's or bookseller's, but I know I said this in one of these shops, arguing with certain priests who made a show of theology: I know not who they were, nor should I recognize them if I saw them. To make my statement more clear, I repeat that I have held there is one God, distinguished as Father, as Word, and as Love, which is the Divine Spirit, and that all these three are one God in essence; but I have not understood, and have doubted, how these three can get the name of persons, for it did not seem to me that this name of person was applicable to the Deity; and I supported myself in this by the words of St. Augustine, who says, 'Cum formidine proferimus hoc nomen personæ, quando loquimur de divinis, et necessitate coacti utimur;' besides which, in the Old and New Testaments I have not found nor read this expression nor this form of speech."

Inquisitor. "Having doubted the Incarnation of the Word, what has been your opinion about Christ?"

Bruno. "I have thought that the di-

vinity of the Word was present in the humanity of Christ individually, and I have not been able to understand that it was a union like that of soul and body, but a presence of such a kind that we could truly say of this man that he was God, and of this divinity that it was man; because between substance infinite and divine and substance finite and human there is no proportion as between soul and body, or any other two things which can make up one existence; and I believe, therefore, that St. Augustine shrank from applying that word 'person' to this case: so that, in conclusion, I think, as regards my doubt of the Incarnation, I have wavered concerning its ineffable meaning, but not against the Holy Scripture, which says 'the Word is made flesh.'

Inquisitor. "What opinion have you had concerning the miracles, acts, and death of Christ?"

Bruno. "I have held what the Holy Catholic Church holds, although I have said of the miracles that, while they are testimony of the divinity [of Christ], the evangelical law is, in my opinion, a stronger testimony, because the Lord said 'he shall do greater than these' miracles; and it occurred to me that whilst others, like the Apostles, wrought miracles, so that, in their external effect, they seemed like those wrought by him, Christ worked by his own virtue, and the Apostles by virtue of another's power. Therefore I have maintained that the miracles of Christ were divine, true, real, and not apparent; nor have I ever thought, said, nor believed the contrary.

"I have never spoken of the sacrifice of the mass, nor of transubstantiation, except in the way the Holy Church holds. I have believed, and do believe, that the transubstantiation of the bread and wine into the body and blood of Christ takes place really and in substance."

Inquisitor. "Did you ever say that

Christ was not God, but a good-for-nothing, and that, doing wretched works, he ought to have expected to be put to death, although he showed that he died unwillingly?"

Bruno. "I am astonished that this question is put to me, for I have never had such opinions, nor said such a thing, nor thought aught contrary to what I said just now about the person of Christ, which is that I believe what the Holy Mother Church believes. I know not how these things are imputed to me." At this he seemed much grieved.

Inquisitor. "In reasoning about the Incarnation of the Word, what have you held concerning the delivery of the said Word by the Virgin Mary?"

Bruno. "That it was conceived of the Holy Ghost, born of Mary as Virgin; and when any one shall find that I have said or maintained the contrary, I will submit myself to any punishment."

Inquisitor. "Do you know the import and effect of the sacrament of penance?"

Bruno. "I know that it is ordained to purge our sins; and never, never have I talked on this subject, but have always held that whosoever dies in mortal sin will be damned. It is about sixteen years since I presented myself to a confessor, except on two occasions: once at Toulouse, to a Jesuit, and another time in Paris, to another Jesuit, whilst I was treating, through the Bishop of Bergamo, then nuncio at Paris, and through Don Bernardin de Mendoza, to reënter my order, with a view to confessing; and they said that, being an apostate, they could not absolve me, and that I could not go to the holy offices, wherefore I have abstained from the confessional and from going to mass. I have intended, however, to emerge some time from these censures, and to live like a Christian and a priest; and when I have sinned I have always asked pardon of God, and I would also willingly have confessed if I could, because I

have firmly believed that impenitent sinners are damned."

Inquisitor. "You hold, therefore, that souls are immortal, and that they do not pass from one body into another, as we have information you have said?"

Bruno. "I have held, and hold, that souls are immortal, and that they are subsisting substances, that is rational souls, and that, speaking as a Catholic, they do not pass from one body into another, but go either to paradise, or to purgatory, or to hell; but I have, to be sure, argued, following philosophical reasons, that as the soul subsists in the body, and is non-existent in the body [that is, not an integral part of it], it may, in the same way that it exists in one, exist in another, and pass from one to another; and if this be not true, it at least seems like the opinion of Pythagoras."

Inquisitor. "Have you busied yourself much in theological studies, and are you instructed in the Catholic resolutions?"

Bruno. "Not a great deal, having devoted myself to philosophy, which has been my profession."

Inquisitor. "Have you ever vituperated the theologians and their decisions, calling their doctrine vanity and other similar opprobrious names?"

Bruno. "Speaking of the theologians who interpret Holy Scripture, I have never spoken otherwise than well. I may have said something about some one in particular, and blamed him, — some Lutheran theologian, for instance, or other heretics, — but I have always esteemed the Catholic theologians, especially St. Thomas, whose works I have ever kept by me, read, and studied, and honored them, and I have them at present, and hold them very dear."

Inquisitor. "Which have you reckoned heretical theologians?"

Bruno. "All those who profess theology, but who do not agree with the Roman Church, I have esteemed here-

tics. I have read books by Melancthon, Luther, Calvin, and by other heretics beyond the mountains, not to learn their doctrine nor to avail myself of it, for I deemed them more ignorant than myself, but I read them out of curiosity. I despise these heretics and their doctrines, because they do not merit the name of theologians, but of pedants; for the Catholic ecclesiastical doctors, on the contrary, I have the esteem I should."

Inquisitor. "How, then, have you dared to say that the Catholic faith is full of blasphemies, and without merit in God's sight?"

Bruno. "Never have I said such a thing, neither in writing, nor in word, nor in thought."

Inquisitor. "What things are needful for salvation?"

Bruno. "Faith, hope, and charity. Good works are also necessary; or it will suffice not to do to others that which we do not wish to have done to us, and to live morally."

Inquisitor. "Have you ever denounced the Catholic religious orders, especially for having revenues?"

Bruno. "I have never denounced one of them for any cause; on the contrary, I have found fault when the clergy, lacking income, are forced to beg; and I was surprised, in France, when I saw certain priests going about the streets to beg, with open missals."

Inquisitor. "Did you ever say that the life of the clergy does not conform to that of the Apostles?"

Bruno. "I have never said nor held such a thing!" And as he said this he raised his hands, and looked about astonished. In answer to another question, he continued, "I have said that the Apostles achieved more by their preaching, good life, examples, and miracles than force can accomplish, which is used against those who refuse to be Catholics; without condemning this method, I approve the other."

Inquisitor. "Have you ever said that the miracles wrought by Christ and the Apostles were apparent miracles, done by magic art, and not real; and that you have enough spirit to work the same or greater, and wished finally to make the whole world run after you?"

Bruno (*lifting up both his hands*). "What is this? What man has invented this devilishness? I have never said such a thing, nor has it entered my imagination. O God, what is this? I had rather be dead than that this should be proposed to me!"

Inquisitor. "What opinion have you of the sin of the flesh, outside of the sacrament of matrimony?"

Bruno. "I have spoken of this sometimes, saying, in general, that it was a lesser sin than the others, but that adultery was the chief of carnal sins, whereas the other was lighter, and almost venial. This, indeed, I have said, but I know and acknowledge to have spoken in error, because I remember what St. Paul says. However, I spoke thus through levity, being with others and discussing worldly topics. I have never said that the Church made a great mistake in constituting this a sin. . . .

"I hold it a pious and holy thing, as the Church ordains, to observe fasts and abstain from meat and prohibited food on the days she appoints, and that every faithful Catholic is bound to observe them; which I too would have done except for the reason given above; and God help me if I have ever eaten meat out of contempt [of the Church]. As for having listened to heretics preach, or lecture, or dispute, I did so several times out of curiosity and to see their methods and eloquence, rather than from delight or enjoyment; indeed, after the reading or sermon, at the time when they distributed bread according to their form of communion, I went away about my business, and never partook of their bread nor observed their rites."

Inquisitor. "From your explanation

of the Incarnation there follows another grave error, namely, that in Christ there was a human personality."

Bruno. "I recognize and concede that these and other improprieties may follow, and I have stated this opinion, not to defend, but only to explain it; and I confess my error such and so great as it is; and had I applied my mind to this adduced impropriety and to others deducible from it, I should not have reached these conclusions, because I may have erred in the principles, but certainly not in the conclusions."

Inquisitor. "Do you remember to have said that men are begotten of corruption, like the other animals, and that this has been since the Deluge down to the present?"

Bruno. "I believe this is the opinion of Lucretius. I have read it and heard it talked about, but I do not recall having referred to it as my opinion; no more have I ever believed it. When I reasoned about it, I did so referring it to Lucretius, Epicurus, and their similars, and it is not possible to deduce it from my philosophy, as will readily appear to any one who reads that."

Inquisitor. "Have you ever had any book of conjurations or of similar superstitious arts, or have you said you wished to devote yourself to the art of divination?"

Bruno. "As for books of conjurations, I have always despised them, never had them by me, nor attributed any efficacy to them. As for divination, particularly that relating to judicial astrology, I have said, and even proposed, to study it to see if there is any truth or conformity in it. I have communicated my purpose to several persons, remarking that, as I have examined all parts of philosophy, and inquired into all science except the judicial, when I had convenience and leisure I wish to have a look at that, which I have not done yet."

Inquisitor. "Have you said that the

operations of the world are guided by Fate, denying the providence of God?"

Bruno. "This cannot be found either in my words or in my writings; on the contrary, you will find, in my books, that I set forth providence and free will. . . . I have praised many heretics and also heretic princes, but not as heretics, but only for the moral virtues they possessed. In particular, in my book *De la Causa, Principio et Uno*, I praise the Queen of England, and call her 'divine;' not as an attribute of religion, but as a certain epithet which the ancients used also to bestow on princes; and in England, where I then was and wrote that book, it is customary to give this title 'divine' to the Queen; and I was all the more persuaded to name her thus because she knew me, for I often went with the ambassador to court. I acknowledge to have erred in praising this lady, who is a heretic, and especially in attributing to her the epithet 'divine.' " . . .

Inquisitor. "Are the errors and heresies committed and confessed by you still embraced, or do you detest them?"

Bruno. "All the errors I have committed, down to this very day, pertaining to Catholic life and regular profession, and all the heresies I have held and the doubts I have had concerning the Catholic faith and the questions determined by the Holy Church, I now detest; and I abhor, and repent me of having done, held, said, believed, or doubted of anything that was not Catholic; and I pray this holy tribunal that, knowing my infirmities, it will please to accept me into the bosom of the Holy Church, providing me with remedies opportune for my safety and using me with mercy."

Bruno was then questioned concerning the reason why he broke away from his order. He repeated, in substance, the testimony already given, adding that his baptismal name was Philip.

Inquisitor. "Have you, in these parts,

any enemy or other malevolent person, and who is he, and for what cause?"

Bruno. "I have no enemy in these parts, unless it be Ser Giovanni Mocenigo and his followers and servants, by whom I have been more grievously offended than by any other man living, because he has assassinated me in my life, in my honor, and in my goods,—having imprisoned me in his own house, confiscating all my writings, books, and other property; and he has done this, not only because he wished me to teach him all I knew, but also because he wished that I should not teach it to any one else; and he has always threatened my life and honor if I did not teach him what I knew."

Inquisitor. "Your apostasy of so many years renders you very suspicious to the Holy Faith, since you have so long spurned her censures, whence it may happen that you have held sinister opinions in other matters than those you have deposed; you can, therefore, and ought now to purify your conscience."

Bruno. "It seems to me that the articles I have confessed, and all that which I have expressed in my writings, show sufficiently the importance of my excess, and therefore I confess it, whatsoever may be its extent, and I acknowledge to have given grave cause for the suspicion of heresy. And I add to this that I have always had remorse in my conscience, and the purpose of reforming, although I was seeking to effect this in the easiest and surest way, still shrinking from going back to the straitness of regular obedience. . . . And I was at this very time putting in order certain writings to propitiate his Holiness, so that I might be allowed to live more independently than is possible as an ecclesiastic. . . .

"Beginning with my accuser, who I believe is Signor Giovanni Mocenigo, I think no one will be found who can say that I have taught false and heretical doctrine; and I have no suspicion that any one else can accuse me in matters of

holy faith. It may be that I, during so long a course of time, may have erred and strayed from the Church in other matters than those I have exposed, and that I may be ensnared in other censures, but, though I have reflected much upon it, I have discovered nothing; and I now promptly confess my errors, and am here in the hands of your excellencies to receive remedy for my salvation. My force does not suffice to tell how great is my repentance for my misdeeds, nor to express it as I should wish." Having knelt down, he said: "I humbly ask pardon of God and your excellencies for all the errors committed by me; and I am ready to suffer whatsoever by your prudence shall be determined and adjudged expedient for my soul. And I further supplicate that you rather give me a punishment which is excessive in gravity than make such a public demonstration as might bring some dishonor upon the holy habit of the order which I have worn; and if, through the mercy of God and of your excellencies, my life shall be granted to me, I promise to make a notable reform in my life, and that I will atone for the scandal by other and as great edification."

Inquisitor. "Have you anything else to say for the present?"

Bruno. "I have nothing more to say."

This is the confession and apology of Giordano Bruno, taken from the minutes of the Inquisition of Venice, so far as I have been able to interpret the ungrammatical, ill-punctuated report of the secretary. The examinations were held on May 26 and 30, June 2, 3, 4, and July 30; and as there were, consequently, many repetitions of statement, I have condensed where it seemed advisable. From Bruno's lips we hear the explanation of his philosophical system, his doubts, his belief, and his recantation of any opinions which clashed with the dogmas of Catholicism. Was his recantation sincere?

Before answering this question, let us glance at his opinions as he expressed them freely in his works; for upon Bruno's value as a thinker must finally rest the justification of our interest in him. True, the romance of his strange vagabond career and the pathos of his noble death will always excite interest in his personality; but the final question which mankind asks of prophet, philosopher, poet, preacher, or scientist is, "What can you tell us concerning our origin and our destiny?"

Be warned at the outset that Bruno furnished no complete, systematic reply to this question. He did not, like Spinoza, reduce his system to the precision of a geometrical text-book, all theorems and corollaries; nor, like Herbert Spencer, did he stow the universe away in a cabinet of pigeon-holes. He is often inconsistent, often contradicts himself. Perhaps his chief merit is that he stimulated thought on every subject he touched, and that he made sublime guesses which experiment, toiling patiently after him, has established as truths. Like all searchers after truth, his purpose was to discover the all-embracing Unity. Our reason shows us an unbridgeable chasm between matter and mind; the world of ideas and the outward world are in perpetual flux; nature is composed of innumerable separate objects, yet a superior unity pervades them. Life and death subsist antagonistically side by side: what is the substance, greater than both, which includes both? What is the permanence underlying this shifting, evanescent world? Conscience likewise reports the conflict between good and evil: what is the cause anterior to both? Many solutions have been offered; perhaps the commonest is that which, taught by the Manicheans and adopted by early Christians, announces that there are two principles in the universe, — one good, God, the other evil, Satan. But insuperable difficulties accompany this view. If God be, as assumed, all-powerful, why does

he not exterminate Satan; if he be just, why does he permit evil to exist at all? Bruno, as we have seen in his deposition, proclaims that God is one and indivisible, the Soul of the universe; that his attributes are power, wisdom, and love; that he is in all things, yet above all things, not to be understood, ineffable, and whether personal or impersonal man cannot say; that nature is his footprint, God being the nature of nature; that since every material atom is part of him, by virtue of his immanence in nature, it is eternal, and so are human souls immortal, being emanations from his immortal spirit; but whether souls preserve their identity, or whether, like the atoms, they are forever re-composed into new forms, Bruno does not decide. This, speaking broadly, is pantheism; and pantheism is a system from which we are taught to recoil with almost as much horror as from atheism. "That is mere pantheism!" exclaimed John Sterling, aghast, at one of Carlyle's conclusions. "And suppose it were *pot*-theism? If the thing is true!" replied Carlyle, — a reply not to be taken for valid argument, perhaps, yet worthy of being pondered. As a pantheist, then, we must classify Bruno, — in that wide class which includes Spinoza, Goethe, Shelley, and Emerson. "Within man is the soul of the whole," says Emerson; "the wise silence, the universal beauty, to which every part and particle is equally related, the eternal ONE. And this deep power in which we exist, and whose beatitude is all accessible to us, is not only self-sufficing and perfect in every hour, but the act of seeing and the thing seen, the seer and the spectacle, the subject and the object, are one." The Inquisition in 1600 would have burned Emerson for those two sentences.

Coming to details, we find that Bruno shakes himself free from the tyranny of Aristotle, — a mighty audacity, to measure which we must remember that upon Aristotle's arbitrary dicta the fathers

and doctors of the Catholic Church had based their dogmas. Though a pagan, he had been for fifteen hundred years the logical pillar of Christendom, uncanceled, yet deserving canonization along with St. Thomas and St. Augustine. Bruno dared to attack the mighty despot in his very strongholds, the Sorbonne and Oxford, and by so doing helped to clear the road for subsequent explorers of philosophy and science. Equally courageous was his championship of the discoveries and theories of Copernicus. Bruno, we may safely say, was the first man who realized the full meaning of the Copernican system, — a meaning which even to-day the majority have not grasped. He saw that it was not merely a question as to whether the earth moves round the sun, or the sun moves round the earth; but that when Copernicus traced the courses of our solar system, and saw other and yet other systems beyond, he invalidated the strong presumption upon which dogmatic Christianity was reared. According to the old view, the earth was the centre of the universe, the especial gem of God's creation; as a final mark of his favor, God created man to rule the earth, and from among men he designated a few — his "chosen people" — who should enjoy everlasting bliss in heaven. But it follows from Copernicus's discoveries that the earth is but one of a company of satellites which circle round the sun; that the sun itself is but one of innumerable other suns, each with its satellites; that there are probably countless inhabited orbs; that the scheme of salvation taught by the old theology is inadequate to the new conceptions we are bound to form of the majesty, justice, and omnipotence of the Supreme Ruler of an infinite universe. The God whom Bruno apprehended was not one who narrowed his interests to the concerns of a Syrian tribe and of a sect of Christians on this little ball of earth, but one whose power is commensurate with in-

finitude, and who cherishes all creatures and all things in all worlds. Copernicus himself did not foresee the full significance of the discovery which dethroned the earth and man from their supposed preëminence in the universe; but Bruno caught its mighty import, and the labors of Kepler, Galileo, Newton, Herschel, and Darwin have corroborated him.

Inspired by this revelation, Bruno was the first to envisage religions as human growths, just as laws and customs are human growths, expressing the higher or lower needs and aspirations of the people and age in which they exist. His famous satire *The Expulsion of the Beast Triumphant*¹ has a far deeper purpose than to ridicule classic mythology, or to satirize the abuses of Romanists and Protestants, or to scoff at the exaggerated pretensions of the Pope. Under the form of an allegory, it is a prophecy of the ultimate passing away of all anthropomorphic religion. It shows how the god whom men have worshiped hitherto has been endowed by them with human passions and attributes, "writ large," to be sure, but still unworthy of being associated with that Soul of the world which is in all things, yet above all things. The *Beast Triumphant* of the allegory is this personification of human qualities in the popular representation of the deity. Jove discovers that he is growing old; that he and the Olympian gods must wane and perish just as mortals do; and that Fate, to whom he and they are subjected, will establish a nobler god in his place. Smitten with remorse for past wrong-doing and negligence, he determines that his latter reign, at least, shall be worthier. So he calls a conclave of the gods, and they decide to expel from the heavens all those evidences of their sins and caprices

that have too long dwelt there in the constellations. The Bears, Little and Great, the Archer, Perseus, Andromeda, Hercules, Cassiopeia, and all the other symbols of the human and bestial degeneracy of the gods are dispatched: in their stead is summoned, first, Truth, "whom the talons of detraction do not reach, whom the venom of envy does not poison, whom the darkness of error cannot veil;" then, Prudence, who in heaven is providence and on earth foresight; then, Wisdom, and Law, and Justice, and other virtues.

One might detach a series of remarkable short essays on the principal virtues and vices, from Bruno's allegory; but I have room to quote only a few passages which illustrate his cardinal principles. Everywhere he assails the doctrine that faith, without good works, can lead to salvation. "It is an unworthy, stupid, profane, and blameworthy thing," he says, "to believe that the gods seek the reverence, fear, and love, the worship and respect, of men for other good end and utility save of men; because, being most glorious in themselves, and as glory cannot be added to them from outside, they have made laws not so much in order to receive glory as to communicate it to men; therefore, in so far as laws and justice depart from the goodness and truth of Law and Justice, by so far they fail to order and approve, especially that which consists in the moral actions of men towards each other." Celibacy and other rules of the Catholic Church Bruno denounces, "because no law which is not fitted to the practice of human society ought to be accepted." Contrary to the Jesuits, and those who urge that there are occasions on which it is justifiable to break faith or dissemble, he declares that that "is the law of some brutish

¹ This, the most famous of Bruno's works, was until recently so rare that only two or three copies of it were known to exist. Hence numerous blunders and misconceptions by critics who wrote about it from hearsay. Out-

wardly, it reminds one of Lucian's dialogue Zeus in Heroics, with which Bruno was undoubtedly acquainted, and which has been translated by Froude in his *Short Studies on Great Subjects*.

and barbarous Jew or Saracen, and not of a civilized and heroic Greek or Roman." Of the doctrine of original sin he says: "It is against all law that, through the fault of their father, the sheep and their mother be punished. I have never found such a judgment except among wild savages, and I think it was first found among the Jews, a people so pestilent, leprous, and generally pernicious that it merits to be blotted out rather than born." He rebukes the worship of idols, "whereby men seek the deity, of whom they have no understanding, in the refuse of dead and inanimate things;" but he points out how different this worship is from that of the Egyptians and others who venerated animals. In those animals, he says, they saw a partial revelation or expression of God. One creature, the eagle for instance, personified magnanimity; another, the serpent, personified sagacity. So they revered not the mere outward body, but the divine attribute made manifest in it. "Jove was a king of Crete, a mortal man, whose body has rotted or was burned. Venus was a mortal woman, a most delightful queen, and beyond expression beautiful, in Cyprus. Men did not adore that Jove as if he were the deity, but they adored the divinity as it showed itself in Jove. Thus the eternal beings, without in the least supposing any impropriety against what is true of their divine substance, have temporal names, differing in different times and among different nations; for you can learn in histories that Paul of Tarsus was called Mercury, and Barnabas the Galilean was called Jove, not because they were believed to be those gods themselves, but because men deemed that that divine virtue which Mercury and Jove had in other times was found at present in these men, through the eloquence and persuasion which were in one, and the useful effects which proceeded from another." Bruno cites the discovery of new races in America as

evidence that mankind are not all descended from Adam and Eve: wherefore, since the Mosaic cosmogony is too narrow to explain the creation and growth of mankind, the Hebrew scheme of human destiny and redemption is inadequate. He ridicules the idea of a "chosen people." As if the "deity is wholly a mother to the Greeks, and but a step-mother to other peoples, so that nobody can get the favor of the gods except by *grecianizing*, that is making himself Greek! As if the biggest rascal and poltroon there is in Greece, because he belongs to the [supposed] people of the gods, is incomparably better than the most magnanimous and just man who may have issued from Rome in the time when she was a republic, or from any other race, however superior in customs, sciences, strength, justice, beauty and authority!" Over and over again Bruno derides the assertion that, in order to be saved, we must despise our divinest guide, Reason, and be led blindly by Faith, reducing ourselves so far as we can to the level of donkeys. His satire *La Cabala del Cavallo Pegaseo*, which supplements *The Beast Triumphant*, is a mock eulogy of this "holy asininity, holy ignorance, holy stupidity, and pious devotion, which alone can make souls so good that human genius and study cannot surpass them." "What avails, O truth-seeker," he exclaims in one of his finest sonnets, "your studying and wishing to know how nature works, and whether the stars also are earth, fire, and sea? Holy donkeydom cares not for that, but with clasped hands wills to remain on its knees, awaiting from God its doom."

Here is a passage which socialists have pitched upon as proof that Bruno sympathized with their theories; but it occurs in a very clever plea which Idleness makes to persuade the gods that he is entitled to a seat among the celestials: "All magnify the golden age, and yet they praise and call virtuous that wretch

Industry, who put an end to it. Industry, who discovered *meum* and *tuum*; who has divided and granted to this man and to that not only the earth, which belongs to all her creatures, but the sea also, and perhaps even the air; who has framed laws against the pleasures of others, and has caused that what sufficed for all has become too much for some and too little for others, whereby some are surfeited, and others perish of hunger. Industry, who has crossed the seas to violate the laws of nature, mixing up peoples whom the benign mother separated, and to propagate the vices of one race in another; because virtues are not so easily propagated, unless we call goodness and virtues those qualities which by mistake and custom are so called and esteemed, although their fruits are condemned by every sense and natural reason: such as the open ribaldry and follies and malignities of the usurping proprietary laws of *meum* and *tuum* and of the 'more just man,' who was the stronger possessor; and of the 'more worthy,' who was the most eager and industrious, and the first occupant of those bounties and members of the earth which nature, and consequently God, gave impartially to all."

In another place, Bruno explains that evil is relative. "Nothing is absolutely bad," he says, "because the viper is not deadly and poisonous to the viper, nor the lion to the lion, nor the dragon to dragon, nor bear to bear; but each thing is bad in respect to some other, just as you, virtuous gods, are evil towards the vicious." Again he says, "Nobody is to-day the same as yesterday." The immanence of the universal soul in the animal world is thus illustrated: "With what understanding the ant gnaws her grain of wheat, lest it should sprout in her underground habitation! The fool says this is instinct, but we say it is a species of understanding."

¹ From J. A. Symonds's *Renaissance in Italy: The Catholic Reaction*, chap. ix., which gives
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These are some of Bruno's characteristic opinions. Their influence upon subsequent philosophers has been much discussed. His conception of the universe as an "animal" corresponds with Kepler's well-known view. Spinoza, the great pantheist of the following century, took from him the idea of an immanent God, and the distinction between *natura naturans* and *natura naturata*. Schelling, who acknowledged Bruno as his master, found in him the principle of the indifference of contraries; Hegel, that of the absolute identity of subject and object, of the real and the ideal, of thought and things. La Croze discovers in Bruno the germs of most of Leibnitz's theories, beginning with the monad. Symonds declares that "he anticipated Descartes's position of the identity of mind and being. The modern theory of evolution was enunciated by him in pretty plain terms. He had grasped the physical law of the conservation of energy. He solved the problem of evil by defining it to be a relative condition of imperfect energy. . . . We have indeed reason to marvel how many of Bruno's intuitions have formed the stuff of later, more elaborated systems, and still remain the best which these contain. We have reason to wonder how many of his divinations have worked themselves into the common fund of modern beliefs, and have become philosophical truisms."¹ Hallam, who strangely undervalued Bruno, states that he understood the principle of compound forces.

From this review of Bruno's opinions, and from his own interpretation of them, we come now to that perplexing question, "Why did he recant? How could he, who was so evidently a freethinker and a rationalist, honestly affirm his belief in the Roman Catholic dogmas?" His confession seems to be straightforward and candid: had he wished to propitiate the Inquisitors, he needed only the best account of Bruno yet published in English.

not to mention his philosophic doubts about the Incarnation and the Trinity; he needed only to admit that there were errors in his writings that he no longer approved, and to throw himself on the mercy of his tribunal. What then was the motive? Was it physical fear? Did life and liberty seem too tempting to him who loved both so intensely; preferable to death, no matter how great the sacrifice of honor? Did he simply perjure himself? Or was he suddenly overcome by a doubt that his opinions might be, after all, wrong, and that the Church might be right? He testified, and others testified, that before he had any thought of being brought to trial he had determined to make his peace with the Pope, and to obtain leave, if he could, to pass the remainder of his life in philosophical tranquillity. Did the early religious associations and prejudices, which he supposed had long ago ceased to influence him, unexpectedly spring up, to reassert a temporary tyranny over his reason? Many men not in jeopardy of their lives have had this experience of the tenacious vitality of the doctrines taught to them before they could reason. Did it seem to him a huge Aristophanic joke that a church which then had but little real faith and true religion in it should call any one to account for any opinions, and that therefore the lips might well enough accept her dogmas without binding the heart to them? Many men, of unquestioned sincerity, have subscribed in a "non-natural sense" to the Thirty-nine Articles of Anglicanism; did Bruno subscribe to the Catholic Articles under a similar mental reservation? Or, believing, as he did, that every religion contains fragments of the truth, could he not honestly say he believed in Catholicism, at the same time holding that her symbols had a deeper significance than her theologians perceived, and that the truth he apprehended was immeasurably wider?—just as a mathematician might subscribe to the

multiplication table, knowing that it is not the final bound of mathematical truth, but only the first step towards higher and unlimited investigations. Throughout his examination Bruno was careful to make the distinction between the province of faith and the province of speculation. "Speaking after the manner of philosophy," he confessed he had reached conclusions which, "speaking as a Catholic," he ought not to believe. This distinction, which we think uncandid and casuistical, was nevertheless admitted in his time. All through that century men had argued "philosophically" about the immortality of the soul; but "theologically" such an argument was impossible, because the Church assumed the immortality of the soul to be an indisputable fact. But, we ask, can a man honestly hold two antagonistic, mutually destroying beliefs; saying, for instance, that his reason has disproved the Incarnation, but that his faith accepts that doctrine? Or was Bruno unaware of his contradictions? Of how many of your opinions concerning the ultimate mysteries of life do you, reader, feel so sure that, were you suddenly seized, imprisoned, brought face to face with a pitiless tribunal, and confronted by torture and burning, you—one man against the world—would boldly, without hesitation, publish and maintain them? Galileo, one of mankind's noblest, could not endure this ordeal, although the evidence of his senses and the testimony of his reason contradicted the denial which pain and dread wrung from him. Savonarola, another great spirit, flinched likewise. These are points we are bound to consider before we pronounce Bruno a hypocrite or a coward.

The last glimpse we have of him in Venice is when, "having been bidden several times," he rose from his knees, after confessing his penitence, on that 30th of July, 1592. The authorities of the Inquisition at Rome immediately

opened negotiations for his extradition. The Doge and Senate demurred; they hesitated before establishing the precedent whereby Rome could reach over and punish Venetian culprits. Time was, indeed, when Venice allowed no one, though he were the Pope, to meddle in her administration; but alas! the lion had died out in Venetian souls. At last, "wishing to give satisfaction to his Holiness," Doge and Senators consented to deliver Bruno up; the Pope expressed his gratification, and said that he would never give the republic "bones hard to gnaw." So Bruno was taken to Rome. In the "list of the prisoners of the Holy Office, made Monday, April 5, 1599," we find that he was imprisoned on February 27, 1593. What happened during almost seven years we can only surmise. Doubtless the Inquisitors searched his books for further heretical doctrine. We hear that they visited him in his cell from time to time, and exhorted him to recant, but that he replied that he had nothing to abjure, and that they had misinterpreted him. A memorial which he addressed to them they did not read. Growing weary of their efforts to save his soul, they would temporize no more; on a given day he must retract, or be handed over to the secular arm. That day came: Giordano Bruno stood firm, though he knew the penalty was death.

We cannot tell when he first resolved to dare and suffer all. Some time during those seven years of solitude and torment, he awoke to the great fact that

"'Tis man's perdition to be safe,
When for the truth he ought to die."

Mere existence he could purchase with the base coin of cowardice or casuistry; but that would be, not life, but a living shame, and he refused. Who can tell how hard instinct pleaded,—how the thoughts of freedom, how the longings for companions, how the recollections of that beautiful Neapolitan home which he loved and wished to revisit, how the desire to explore yet more freely the

beauties and the mysteries of the divine universe, came to him with reasons and excuses to tempt him from his resolution? But conscience supported him; he took Truth by the hand, turned his back on the world and its joy and sunshine, and followed whither she led into the silent, sunless unknown. Let us dismiss the theory that he was impelled by the desire to escape in this way from an imprisonment which threatened to be perpetual; let us dismiss, and contemptuously dismiss, the insinuation of an English writer, that Bruno's purpose was, by a theatrical death, to startle the world which had begun to forget him in his confinement. To impute a low motive to a noble deed is surely as base as to extenuate a crime. Bruno had no sentimental respect for martyrs; but on the day when he resolved to die for his convictions, he proved his kinship with the noblest martyrs and heroes of the race.

On February 8, 1600, he was brought before Cardinal Mandrucci, the Supreme Inquisitor. He was formally degraded from his order, sentence of death was pronounced against him, and he was given up to the secular authorities. During the reading, he remained tranquil, thoughtful. When the Inquisitor ceased, he uttered those memorable words, which still, judging from the recent alarm in the ears of the Romish hierarchy: "Peradventure you pronounce this sentence against me with greater fear than I receive it." After nine days had been allowed for his recantation, he was led forth, on February 17, to the Campo di Fiora, — once an amphitheatre, built by Pompey, and now a vegetable market. When he had been bound to the stake, he protested, according to one witness, that he died willingly, and that his soul would mount with the smoke into paradise. Another account says that he was gagged, to prevent his uttering blasphemies. As the flames leaped up, a crucifix

was held before him, but he turned his head away. He uttered no scream, nor sigh, nor murmur, as Hus and Servetus had done; even that last mortal agony of the flesh could not overcome his indomitable spirit. And when nothing remained of his body but ashes, these were gathered up and tossed to the winds.

Berti, to whose indefatigable and enlightened researches, extending over forty years, we owe our knowledge of Bruno's career,¹ says justly that Bruno bequeathed to his countrymen the example of an Italian dying for an ideal, — a rare example in the sixteenth century, but emulated by thousands of Italians in the nineteenth. To us and to all men his death brings not only that lesson, but it also teaches that no tribunal, whether religious or political, has a right to coerce the conscience and inmost thoughts of any human being. A man's deeds, so far as they affect the community, should be amenable to its laws, but his opinions should be free and inviolable. We can grant that the Torquemadas and Calvins and Loyolas were sincere, and that, from their point of view, they were justified in persecuting men who differed from them in religion; for the heretic, they believed, was Satan's emissary, and deserved no more mercy than a fever-infected rag; but history admonishes us that their point of view was not only cruel, but wrong. No man, no church, is infallible: therefore it may turn out that the opinions which the orthodoxy of yesterday deemed pernicious have infused new blood into the orthodoxy of to-day. Bruno declared that the universe is infinite and its worlds are innumerable; the Roman Inquisition, in its ignorance, knew better. Galileo declared that the earth moves round the sun; the Inquisition, in its ignorance, said, No. It burned Bruno, it tortured Galileo; yet, after three centuries, which do we believe? And if the Roman

Church was fallible in matters susceptible of easy proof, shall we believe that it, or any other church, is infallible in matters immeasurably deeper and beyond the scope of finite demonstration? Cardinal Bellarmine, an upright man, and perhaps the ablest Jesuit of any age, was the foremost Inquisitor in bringing Bruno to the stake and Galileo to the rack; but should a school-boy of ten now uphold Bellarmine's theory of the solar system, he would be sent into the corner with a fool's-cap on his head.

Strange is it that mankind, who have the most urgent need for truth, should have been in all ages so hostile to receiving it. Starving men do not kill their rescuers who bring them bread; whereas history is little more than the chronicle of the persecution and slaughter of those who have brought food for the soul. Doubtless, the first savage who suggested that reindeer-meat would taste better cooked than raw was slain by his companions as a dangerous innovator. Ever since that time, the messengers of truth have been stoned, and burned, and ganced, and crucified; yet their message has been delivered, and has at last prevailed. This is, indeed, the best encouragement we derive from history, and the fairest presage of the perfectibility of mankind. The truth, once uttered, is indestructible; once sown, it will ripen for the harvest. The records of all martyrdoms but show us how futile — how ludicrous, we might say, were it not so tragic — is every attempt to destroy ideas by destroying the body of the man who proclaims them. Ideas can never be expelled except by better ideas. The fire kindled round the body of Giordano Bruno is as a beacon light drawing posterity to read his doctrines; it brings them out of that very oblivion into which the Roman Church wished to plunge them. Thanks to his fortitude, and to that of scores of other

1889. This excellent biography deserves to be translated into English.

¹ See the last edition of Berti's work: *Giordano Bruno da Nola; Sua Vita e Sua Dottrina*,

martyrs since his time, we have become so tolerant that we no longer put to death those who differ from us in religion; we may persecute them by subtle social processes, but we do not punish their heresies through the flesh. Nevertheless, in political matters there are still parts of Europe where to hold that a constitutional monarchy is preferable to an autocracy, or that a republic is more desirable than a despotic empire, subjects one to the peril of imprisonment, of exile, even of death. But this intolerance, founded on the old notion of the divine right of kings, and that other intolerance which poisons any church which arrogates infallibility, will surely pass away; not in our time, perhaps not for several generations, but if not sooner, then later, irrevocably and forever. Absolute freedom of conscience is indispensable to an enlightened, spiritualized civilization.

The study of the works of Giordano Bruno, which has been revived and deepened during this century, is one evidence of a more general toleration, and of a healthy desire to know the opinions of all kinds of thinkers. One reason why Bruno has attracted modern investigators is because so many of his doctrines are in tune with recent metaphysical and scientific theories; and it seems probable that, for a while at least, the interest awakened in him will increase rather than diminish, until, after the republication and examination of all his writings, a just estimate of his speculations shall have been made. Much will undoubtedly have to be thrown out as obsolete or fanciful; much as flippant and inconsistent; much as vitiated by the cumbrous methods of scholasticism and the tedious fashion of expounding philosophy by means of allegory and satire. But after all the chaff has been sifted and all the excrescences have been lopped off, something precious will remain.

The very diversity of opinions about the upshot and value of his teaching in-

dures for him the attention of scholars for some time to come. Those thinkers who can be quickly classified and easily understood are as quickly forgotten; but those who elude classification, and constantly surprise us by turning a new facet towards us, and provoke debate, are sure of a longer consideration. And see how conflicting are the verdicts passed upon Bruno. Sir Philip Sidney and that fine group of men who just preceded the great Shakespearean company were his friends, and listened eagerly to his speculations. Hegel says: "His inconstancy has no other motive than his great-hearted enthusiasm. The vulgar, the little, the finite, satisfied him not; he soared to the sublime idea of the Universal Substance." The French *philosophes* of the eighteenth century debated whether he were an atheist; the critics of the nineteenth century declare him to be a pantheist. Hallam thought that, at the most, he was but a "meteor of philosophy." Berti ranks him above all the Italian philosophers of his epoch, and above all who have since lived in Italy except Rosmini, and perhaps Gioberti. Some have called him a charlatan; some, a prophet. Finally, the present Pope, in an allocution which has been read recently from every Romish pulpit in Christendom, says that "his writings prove him an adept in pantheism and in shameful materialism, imbued with coarse errors, and often inconsistent with himself;" and that "his talents were to feign, to lie, to be devoted wholly to himself, not to bear contradiction, to be of a base mind and wicked heart." As we read these sentences of Leo XIII., and his further denunciation of those who, like Bruno, ally themselves to the devil by using their reason, we reflect that, were Popes now as powerful as they were three centuries ago, they would have found reason enough to burn Mill and Darwin, and many another modern benefactor.

Bruno's character, like his philosophy,

offers so many points for dispute that it cannot soon cease to interest men. He is so human — neither demi-god nor demon, but a creature of perplexities and contradictions — that he is far more fascinating than those men of a single faculty, those monotones whom we soon estimate and tire of. His vitality, his surprises, stimulate and excite us. In an age when the growing bulk of rationalism casts a pessimistic shadow over so many hopes, it is encouraging to know that the rationalist Bruno saw no reason for despair; and when some persons are seriously asking whether life be worth living, it is inspiring to point to a man to whom the boon of life was so precious and its delights were so inexhaustible. At any period, when many minds, after exploring all the avenues of science, report that they perceive only dead, unintelligent matter everywhere, it must help some of them to learn that Bruno beheld throughout the whole creation and in every creature the presence of an infinite and endless Unity, of a Soul of the

world, whose attributes are power, wisdom, and love. He was indeed “a God-intoxicated man.” Aristotle, Ptolemy, and Aquinas spun their cobwebs round the border of the narrow circle in which, they asserted, all truth, mundane and celestial, was comprehended; Bruno’s restless spirit broke through the cobwebs, and discovered limitless spaces, innumerable worlds, beyond. To his enraptured eyes all things were parts of the One, the Ineffable. “The Inquisition and the stake,” says Mr. Symonds, “put an end abruptly to his dream. But the dream was so golden, so divine, that it was worth the pangs of martyrdom. Can we say the same for Hegel’s system, or for Schopenhauer’s, or for the encyclopædic ingenuity of Herbert Spencer?” By his death Bruno did not prove that his convictions are true, but he proved beyond peradventure that he was a true man; and by such from the beginning has human nature been raised towards that ideal nature which we call divine.

William R. Thayer.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE, PRO AND CON.

“I chiefly, who enjoy
So far the happier lot enjoying thee,
Præminent by so much odds.”

THESE, on as good authority as exists upon the subject, were the thankful words of our unfallen mother to her “guide and head.” “Woman is the superior of man, and the reason why he denies her the suffrage is that she would reform him with it, and man does not wish to be reformed,” declares a modern daughter of Eve, of the one hundred and seventy-seventh generation, who still, like her worthy ancestress, though from the opposite point of view, appears to see cause for thankfulness that she is not as men are. An interesting spectacle is

this for the cynic; a sad one, indeed, for the moralist! The miserable masculine biped, after six thousand years of tyrannizing over his better half, now willfully monopolizes the ballot as a last desperate means of continuing his degenerate ways, in spite of the eagerness of progressive woman to lift him again to the heights of virtue; and certainly it is not an unreasonable proposition that if an apple in woman’s hand caused man’s fall, a ballot in the same hand might work his restoration. Still, it must be admitted that this argument has less value now than before the days of the higher criticism.

The Epicurean poet once observed

that the greatest pleasure of the true philosopher was to watch from an intellectual elevation the stumblings and errors of the common crowd of mankind below. So now, if Lucretius could look down on the modern American world, seething with new ideas, projects, reforms of every description, he would find in the midst of it all no little diversion in contemplating the confusion of truth and nonsense which the discussion of woman's rights and woman suffrage has produced.

It is the higher enjoyment of our Christian philosophy to enter the world of action and seek to solve its problems; but it would still be well, if it were possible, to draw aside occasionally, and survey the field with the impartial though not with the indifferent eye of the Epicurean. While impartiality may be impossible of attainment for one who already has strong convictions, or, if the reader please, violent prejudices, on this subject, yet if a little truth can be separated from the error, some progress may perhaps be made toward a true understanding of the problem.

It certainly seems as if our advanced civilization ought to carry with it perfect social organization, but nothing is further from the fact. The material progress of the century has been too rapid for the social development to keep pace with it; and nowhere is the change greater, or the present situation in many respects less satisfactory, than in the case of woman. It is true that she at last receives the equal education which is her right, while pursuits till recently closed to her are now open, and this is well; but at the same time the number of those whom necessity or inclination leads into callings wholly dissociated with the home and its peculiar offices appears to be ever on the increase, and this is far from well. This changed condition of women must, however, be recognized as a fact, and the suffrage movement is its consequence. With many

women doing a man's work, yet often deprived by law or custom of equal rights and an equal chance with man, what was to be expected but a cry for the ballot, that talisman by virtue of which man is supposed to be secure in all his rights against any possible oppression? Yet as the demand for woman suffrage is thus largely the result of an unnatural, and it is to be hoped temporary, state of human society, so it may well be questioned whether the desired boon would prove a palliative, or only an aggravation, of the evil which has produced it.

But while the fact that so many women are doing the same work as men gives added force to their demand for the same social status, many advocates of woman suffrage rest their claims for enfranchisement on far broader ground. It is as the sacred right of every human being, regardless of sex, that they demand the ballot for woman. The argument for this is based on two very plausible fallacies: (1) that the right to vote is a natural right, and (2) that the unit of society is the individual. The truth is that the unit of society is not the individual, but the family; and that the right to vote is not a natural right, but is only contingent upon the natural right to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." For the sake of these, men organize society; and that such organization may be possible it is necessary — as on the principle of securing the greatest good to the greatest number it is right — to insist that every individual shall be included in this society; and further, as each must of very necessity have his full share of its benefits, that each shall also bear his share of its burdens. But the right to vote, a share in the direction of the public life, does not arise from the circumstance that the individual is affected by the acts of government, but is dependent on the benefit his participation in public affairs is likely to confer on society, or on the necessity of furnish-

ing him a defense against the selfishness of his fellows. If disinterestedness were proportioned, in human nature, to ability, an aristocracy would be the model government; but, as a fact, we deem it essential for the preservation of equal rights to give all equal power at the polls. As a result, we have come in America to consider the right to vote as inherent in manhood, without regard either to the extent of the voter's interest or to his qualifications for intelligent participation in public affairs. Nevertheless, it remains true that no class whose exercise of the franchise is neither beneficial to the State nor necessary for its own protection has any just claim on the ballot. In accordance with this view, not only educational tests, but property requirements, are still maintained in some States. It is absurd on the face of things to say that one can have a natural right to that which exists at all only under an artificial social order.

Again, it is impossible to discriminate so as to select only those best fitted for the duties of citizenship. The ballot must be given to classes as a whole, regardless of the merits or demerits of particular individuals thereby included or excluded. Thus, on the principle that the unit of society is the family, and that for self-evident physical reasons man must be the representative of the family in public life, the ballot is given to man, and not to woman; and because on the one hand all men alike have the same interests in the State, while on the other the exceptional position of single women is one neither of peculiar fitness nor peculiar needs for the suffrage, no distinction is made between the married and the unmarried. The mere fact that single women are as a body the youngest and least experienced of their sex would be sufficient objection to any such discrimination. A system that should send the girl of the period to the polls and exclude her mother would

be no less dangerous than ridiculous. Moreover, while to declare that a woman loses her individuality by marriage, and to take the ballot from her at the very moment when her interest in the future of the State is increased, would be dishonorable to her; it would, on the other hand, be hardly less dishonorable to assume that in single life she comes so far from filling her true sphere as to deserve classification with men. Single women have thus no good ground for a special claim to the ballot by reason of their exceptional situation. At the same time, for the very reason that their situation is exceptional, they have no right to assume the position of spokesmen for their sex. The mothers of the land alone have the right, speaking for women, to say, "We want this," or "We want that." The franchise should not be given to women as an inalienable right, nor for the sake of any peculiar class among them, however worthy, least of all in response to the clamor of that small but noisy set who affect to despise the honors of maternity. It should be given, if given at all, in the belief that the time has come when the direct force of woman's vote at the polls may wisely supplement the indirect but far greater influence of her character and teaching in the home.

But though we deny the natural right of either man or woman to the ballot, and refuse to exalt the individual above the family, the actual desirableness of woman suffrage is not disproved. In that subject is involved the whole question of the differences between men and women, and their mutual relations in the world's life. On these fundamental matters argument sometimes waxes uncomplimentary. One ardent suffragist, already referred to, reasoning by analogy from lower to higher, proves the worthlessness of man by the fact that the female spider devours her male consort. Man, on his part, with equal logic, argues that higher in the scale the male is the tyrant. Singularly enough, too, the cir-

cumstance that among the lower races of human beings woman is drudge and burden-bearer has been cited by women themselves to prove not only their equality, or rather sameness, with men, but also their greater consequence, and even their ability to maintain by physical force their will as expressed at the polls. In fact, it would be amusing, if it were not pitiful, to observe how those who most vaunt the importance of woman are the very ones who seek most to imitate man and to belittle true womanhood.

The more moderate, however, prefer to assert the superiority of woman by virtue of her difference from man, as the possessor of finer moral qualities and of an instinct which is above reason. By these she stands ready to bring in the millennium, if man will only let her try. This calm assertion of a few women is matched only by the arrogant assumption of feminine inferiority by some on the other side. That unfortunate phrase, "the weaker vessel," is the most abused of all Scripture texts. The absolute inability of woman's mind to cope with certain mathematical problems has been proved no less conclusively on the pages of a periodical than its capacity for distancing the masculine mind in that department is demonstrated on the examination papers of a prominent college. Viewing with profound alarm the increasing assertiveness of his better half, "creation's lord," in the failure of logic, his peculiar gift, intrenches himself behind the family Bible, invokes to his aid the spirit of the Apostle to the Gentiles, and hurls forth the battle-cry, "Let your women keep silence in the churches." This argument is given general application to every suggested change in woman's position, and before the days of her higher education it did quite effective work. Now, however, armed with the original text and Harper's lexicon, the "sweet girl graduate" advances undaunted to the assault, proves that *λαλέειν* means, not

"to talk," but "to chatter," clinches her argument by a reference to the women who prophesied, and retires her discomfited adversary to his study. If I may be pardoned for intruding my own unscholarly opinion upon this learned controversy, I would say that it seems to me the women are right. It is clear that the Apostle is uttering a timely warning against gossip, in prophetic vision of the modern church sewing society.

It is only natural that where opinions differ so decidedly as to fundamentals, they should be equally divergent in regard to the results to ensue from woman suffrage. On that subject the more prominent advocates of the change have little doubt. Women would vote on the moral side, and being, happily, a majority, would introduce a grand era of moral reform. To hasten this desirable end, one orator, at least, has assumed that the first step, when women get control of any legislature, will be to lower to eighteen years the age of their qualification for voting. This would give them a safe permanent majority, and the speaker gleefully intimated that when that time came man would be relegated to his true place. In fact, though most women desire the ballot solely for the laudable purpose of regenerating man, the truth must be told that there are some who cherish no higher object than the passage of a decree that every widower shall be legally referred to as the "relict" of his late superior. It is doubtful, however, whether terror of such retaliatory measures counts for so much as anticipation of quarrels in families, — an argument against woman suffrage which, in defiance of logic and ridicule, still maintains a lingering existence, thus arousing suspicion that it must, after all, have its root in human nature. Yet a woman ought to endure her husband's difference of political opinion with greater equanimity for being able to express her own at the polls; and if any men

think they could not tolerate such independence on the part of their wives, the fact is too discreditable to them to be paraded in discussion.

A fair compromise of these conflicting claims and expectations seems to be that to which calmer thinkers on both sides are tending, and which they accept as common ground: that woman is the equal of man, but not the same; different, but not superior; superior in certain respects, inferior in others; having a special sphere of her own, and a common sphere with him. It is in regard to the limits of these spheres, and the play of the peculiar qualities of either sex in each of them, that the discussion must be carried on.

A division of the duties of life between the sexes is the necessary result of the physical difference which incapacitates woman for a considerable period for public life or hard labor. As an accompaniment, if not as a result, of this physical difference, we find also the peculiar qualities of heart and head which distinguish woman from man, and which must have recognition in considering the probable effect of her participation in the government. The introduction of a body of women voters would not be simply an increase in the total number of polls. It would be, as its advocates claim, though to much less extent than many of them claim, the addition of a new element to the mass of citizens. Whether the time has come for such an innovation is the question. It is, perhaps, a question as to the present stage of progress of the human race.

There are two means by which the conduct of men may be affected, force and influence. The one is man's, the other woman's. The one is brutal in analogy, the other is divine. Force is the disappearing relic of the past; influence is the growing power of the future. The whole progress of Christian evolution has been through the subjugation of force by influence alone; while, si-

multaneously with this progress, woman has risen from a position of contempt to one of honor. Her power in the State begins at the cradle of the future citizen; and if she fulfill her womanly duty, use well her womanly opportunities, she has more than her share of public importance already. Her position in the State is superior to that of man in so far as it is a higher office to inculcate the guiding principles on which the commonwealth depends than it is, weighing pros and cons, to attempt the application of those principles to particular questions. "Yes," it may be urged; "but in the acknowledged disappearance of brute force as a factor, the power which is so salutary in the home might well be extended to the polls. Man ought not to be jealous of woman's influence." Certainly not. On the contrary, he jealously guards it. Behind the ballot is coercion; and in so far as it appeals to coercion moral influence loses its effect. The popular vote is, at bottom, not a declaration of principles nor a testing of opinion, but an expression of will. A man may be almost persuaded to go to church, but if I take him by the shoulders and try to shove him in he will rebel. A woman may induce a drunkard to give up drinking, but if she votes that he shall not drink he becomes defiant. Again, it is easier to lay down sound principles than to apply them to special cases; and while we respect the honesty of those who differ from us, our regard for their precepts is seriously impaired by witnessing their misapplication. For example, a son's respect for his mother's instructions on the sacredness of honor might be destroyed by seeing her vote cast, though only in error of judgment, for a debased currency. This is weakness, but it is human nature. The apprehension so often expressed of a diminution of woman's moral influence in the event of her entrance into politics may be exaggerated, but it can have its origin

only in the consciousness of those who entertain it. It must be granted, too, that it arises from the honor, not from any disesteem, in which woman is held.

Moreover, while there is reason to fear that the power of woman's character in the home and in society would thus be weakened by her exercise of the suffrage, the very qualities which do such good in moulding character would be ill applied to public action. Our votes are determined by two forces, sentiment and reason: the former quality preëminently woman's, the latter man's; the former a quality of the heart, the latter of the head. Now it is generally admitted that the heart of the people is right, and that the mistakes of a democracy are mistakes of the head; right purpose, but not right judgment. Thus, though our government has been that of men exclusively, we have still had too much of the womanly quality. To be sure, our legislation is by no means surfeited with morality. It is in the interest of good morals that women ask for the ballot. Yet it must be conceded that we already have a good many laws which are not enforced, because they are in advance of the aggressive morality of the people. If women voted, we should have more of these laws. Thus what we need is more of the manly quality of sound judgment in our public life; and it would be a grave mistake to transfer the influence of woman's peculiar traits from the home, where they are beneficent, to the forum, where they would be likely to be mischievous. Neither should women underestimate the importance of their present position. Those who were the heart and soul of the anti-slavery movement were not the guiding hands, but it is the names of Phillips and Garrison that are famous in the history of that time, while to the rising generation the men who organized political parties and directed the movement inspired by these great spirits are unknown.

Still further, women have, on the whole, less information on political subjects than have men. As their powers are of the domestic rather than the political sort, so their ordinary course of life is not such as to give them much knowledge of public questions or of the character of public men. They need special preparation in order to vote intelligently. So, it may be said, do men. Nevertheless, very few men do make a study of politics. The great majority, except for the questionable information furnished by the partisan press, go to the polls with only such knowledge of the issues and the candidates as comes to them in their every-day life. But, fortunately, this is considerable. It is much more than women have. The average man understands the difference in functions of national and state governments, and knows what part the candidate for whom he votes will have to play if elected. The average woman knows nothing of this. Neither has she any idea what the tariff is, though she may applaud or denounce it with all the vehemence of the party newspaper she occasionally reads. This ignorance is not discreditable to her, for she has enough to do already, but it exists. There is, of course, a large number of women of high education and comparative leisure, who are well informed on public questions; better informed, perhaps, than any corresponding number of men, except it be those whose profession is politics, and in impartiality women must be much superior to these. There is, however, no possible way of making selection from the mass. Some one has contended that all women ought to be allowed to vote, because Mrs. Julia Ward Howe is far better fitted for citizenship than is the average male voter. This sort of argument proves too much, for by the same token we would all gladly submit to a despotism if only Mrs. Howe were to be the despot. There is no reason for believing that the average woman would

take any more pains to fit herself for the duties of a voter than the average man takes; and the information which comes to her without special effort is certainly less, as is consequently her interest in public affairs, unconnected as they are with her daily life. It is very likely that on their first enfranchisement only the best qualified women would vote, as is said to be the case in Kansas; but the exigencies of party politics would never permit such a state of things to continue long. Thus, to enfranchise women would be, in the end, to diminish, if not the average sound judgment of the body of voters, at least the average information and the average interest in public affairs.

But, apart from general principles, what would be the effect of woman's ballot on the laws, on women, and on society? First of all, does woman need enfranchisement as a means of protection against unequal laws? That there are some such, especially concerning independent rights in property, it would be idle to deny. Women ask for the ballot that they may repeal them. Their argument is valid. The need of any class for protection against acknowledged wrongs must be admitted to justify a demand for the suffrage. But this argument, though unanswerable, is not conclusive of the whole subject. If the votes of women were to be, in the future, continually necessary to save them from oppression, their claim to the franchise would be just. But the objectionable laws are not the deliberate expression of present public sentiment; they are a relic of past prejudice, and are, moreover, gradually disappearing. If those who magnify their sufferings under them had put into direct effort to secure their repeal one half the energy they have expended on the circuitous method of repeal by means of woman suffrage, these obnoxious statutes would now be a thing of the past. It is, in fact, impossible to avoid the suspicion

that the suffragists, who in all their tactics display the wisdom of the serpent, are not very anxious to destroy their strongest argument. Yet woman suffrage is a far more serious matter than any mere question of hastening the death of a few antiquated laws. The end desired is insignificant in comparison with the means proposed for obtaining it. Nevertheless, a sense of unfairness in existing statutes is one of the strongest motives in arousing women to discontent with their present condition, and in prompting a demand for the suffrage as a remedy. Policy on the part of opponents of woman suffrage, no less than justice to women, demands that this cause of discontent, wherever it still exists, be removed. Men certainly ought to be more ready to give women just laws alone than to give the laws and the suffrage at the same time. After all, it is by no means certain that woman suffrage would bring "women's rights."

Aside, however, from the question of special laws, the ballot is claimed for women who are property holders, on the ground that they are taxed without representation. But property taxes are laid without discrimination. Women do not need the ballot for protection against impositions directed with especial severity against their possessions. Rightly or wrongly, we give equal suffrage to all, in this country, regardless of their wealth. To grant the ballot to women of property, while withholding it from others, would be to increase the relative power in the State of property holders as such, regardless of the question of sex. Thus the proposition to enfranchise those women alone who are taxpayers ought to be treated as a measure designed to increase the political power of property, rather than as one required to guard any peculiar rights of woman. That would, very likely, be a good thing, especially in cities; but a distinction so contrary to American ideas could not long be maintained. The re-

sult would inevitably be the admission of all women to the right of suffrage. Besides, it is women without property, wage-earners, who most need legal protection; while every mother has a stronger interest in the commonwealth than stocks and bonds can give. To extend the franchise to widowed mothers, who must otherwise be unrepresented in the State, would be a gracious and reasonable act. Moreover, being a recognition of the principle of family representation, it would count as a precedent against, rather than for, any further enfranchisement of women. For this reason, probably, such a proposal finds no favor with professional agitators.

In the second place, what would be the effect of woman's participation in politics on her own character and life? Would she find herself burdened by an additional duty, or uplifted by the inspiration of broader interests? Women have their share of the world's work as it is, and on the principle of division of labor the duties of government should be left where they now are, with men. But, on the other hand, women ought not to be discouraged from entering any field of thought, least of all, as the English petitioners say, "the concerns of their country." Is participation in political action, then, essential to interest in political subjects? In certain cases, doubtless, it creates such an interest; it must be observed, however, that many of our most intelligent men, though to their shame, neglect their public duties entirely. The educating power of the ballot is much exaggerated in popular estimation. Some women might be aroused by its possession, but only a few. Moreover, even for these few there is danger that the right of suffrage would develop false ideals. The work of the home is already too much put off upon school and church. The idea seems to be prevalent in some quarters that commonplace women will do well enough for mothers, but that superior women should

teach. One of the latter class has lately said that a college graduate "had no business to go and get married." It was "obtaining her education on false pretenses." Her higher duty lay in the school-room. In the same way, the past year has furnished abundant illustration, in its prohibition campaigns, of the notion that the ballot, woman's ballot if she had it, could do the work for morality which the home, the church, and the school combined have failed to do. If women actually had the ballot, those of them who cherish this mistake would indulge in it still further, and, until disappointment taught them wisdom, would neglect their real opportunities for their imaginary ones. They would lower themselves in the delusion that they were elevating politics. In this respect, then, to just what extent it is idle to conjecture, woman suffrage might at present, in this country, have an injurious effect on her ideals and life. I do not wish to magnify this danger, nor to underrate the benefit which the franchise would confer on women who have both opportunity and disposition to make the most of it. Its influence in enlarging their range of thought, and in giving them one more common interest with men, would be one certain good result of their enfranchisement; but it would be realized by comparatively few. To the majority, suffrage would be only a burdensome duty, sometimes ill performed, more often neglected.

An exaggerated conception of the power in the ballot would, however, appear most conspicuously in attempts at legislation. The much-vaunted superior morality of women is called on to enact reform. Its success even in enacting would fall short of expectation, and in enforcing would be still less. Those who entertain high hopes from woman's exercise of the voting power grow indignant at the suggestion that their laws would not be enforced. It is a reflection on human nature, they say.

Yes, "but," as Alexander Hamilton observed, in reply to similar logic, "what is government itself but the greatest of all reflections on human nature?" Society cannot be controlled like a Brown-ing Club. It is not yet a mere company of ladies and gentlemen, whose laws are only methods of procedure, and so, in a sense, automatic. Laws are still, for the most part, restraints on human depravity, and those who violate them will doubtless continue in their old habit of escaping the consequences if they can. Offenses are of two very different sorts. In one case there are two parties, injurer and injured, the latter interested in exposure. In the other there is a single offender, or two conspiring offenders, both interested in concealment from the public at large. Violence against persons and private property belongs in the first list; bribery and illegal liquor-selling are in the second. Laws against the first class of offenses are comparatively easy to enforce, while those against the second class furnish a far more difficult problem. But it is chiefly in the case of this second class that women propose to accomplish their good work, and they are fond of arguing by analogy from the first class that their edicts could be maintained; failing to realize that between laws so unlike no analogy is admissible. "It is so easy just to drop a ballot in the box," some woman has said. "A woman can do that just as well as a man." This is a charmingly innocent, not to say limited view of the responsibilities of citizenship and of the docility of mankind under restraint. Yet though, as is sometimes urged, women could not serve on the police and militia to maintain their authority, it is probably true that their laws would be disregarded, not out of contempt for the physical weakness of the sex supposed to have passed them, but simply in contempt for the laws themselves.

It is not more laws, but better enforcement of those we have, that is wanted.

Accordingly, if the right of suffrage is to be extended to women, it should be given first for executive rather than for legislative officers. The moral earnestness that would be expended in vain in making laws might accomplish much good in enforcing them. Then, when women prove their ability to elect officials who succeed in exacting from a perverse generation all the goodness at present legally required of it, they will have a proud claim to a share in legislation as well.

At present it appears to be their plan of campaign, in States where local option exists, to ask for the ballot on the license question by virtue of their interest in the home. Moreover, as they beset legislatures with all the importunity of the woman in the parable of the unjust judge, they have a fair chance to gain their request from temporizing Solons. Yet it is no less dangerous than inconsistent to let women vote No license, while leaving them without a voice in the appointment of officers to enforce it; and this they know very well. As soon as their first petition is granted they will have ready a second, this time for the ballot in elections of local executive officials; and the claim will be perfectly just.

The demand for a share in local elections is, in fact, the most reasonable form in which the cause of woman suffrage is presented; not only because municipal officers have little opportunity to indulge in legislative vagaries, but also because women often take a lively and intelligent interest in municipal affairs, though they may care nothing for state and national questions. About the schools, police, and streets they are as much concerned as any one; the burden of municipal taxes is directly felt upon the family income, and if the wife is secretary of the treasury in the household, as Socrates tells us she will be if her husband is a Christian gentleman, she can appreciate good financial administration. Then, too, if woman be

given the ballot in local elections only, she can act freely on her best judgment, unbiased by attachment to either national party. Doubling the number of voters in town and city elections by the addition of such a body of independents would be, perhaps, the greatest of the possible benefits to ensue to society from woman suffrage. It must be observed, however, that the realization of this benefit depends on their exclusion from any further share in politics.

More important still, this possible good depends on the readiness of women to avail themselves of their right, or rather to perform their duty; for voting is a duty to be conscientiously and regularly performed, not merely a privilege to be exercised at pleasure. This principle ought to be insisted on, but is persistently ignored. The welfare of the State depends on the faithful public spirit of its citizens. It is dangerous in itself to make any extension of the suffrage which will result in diminishing the proportion of those who have the right, and fail to use it. As to the question whether women would vote as generally as men, it is not fair to form sweeping conclusions from the few facts yet available. Besides, though they do not care to vote at first, they may soon grow to an appreciation of their privilege. The experience of Massachusetts, where women have school suffrage, is interesting, and, it must be confessed, rather discouraging. The opportunity to vote was neglected in its novelty by all save a very few women, and as time went on was neglected more and more. In 1888, however, in the city of Boston, under exceptional circumstances involving peculiar need of calmness and circumspection, repeated appeals to religious enthusiasm, emphasized by race prejudice, availed to bring nearly half as many women as men to the polls, and prompted the nomination, and possibly secured the election, of a "women's ticket." Now, apart from the question of the result of

this particular election, it is not well that there should exist in the community a large body of negligent voters, whose inertia can be overcome only in times of unusual excitement, but who, when once aroused, come forth to decide in passion questions that, beyond all others, need to be decided in reason. Some will say that the women are a reserve guard, who come forward to save the State in time of peril, but that is a fanciful picture. It is quite true that in the election referred to many of them voted considerably, with a strong sense of duty, and often, too, under protest; but the fact remains that, the graver the issue, the more important is it that decision be made by those who take sufficient interest in the public welfare to perform their duties as citizens with regularity. Yet it is to this Boston election that women suffragists "point with pride," as the politicians say, asserting that they redeemed the city; and I am not unaware of the disdain which awaits such views as I have expressed upon it. Neither do I wish to contradict that pious interpretation of Genesis, which avers that the Creator made woman for the express reason that he was dissatisfied with his work in man. On that theory it is unquestionably woman's legitimate business to repair the failures of her inefficient consort, and nowhere has man been less successful than in American municipal government. That the assistance of women in this field might help matters there are some reasons for hoping, but they are not to be found in the experience of Boston.

Of the three views taken by suffragists as to woman's relation to man,—that of the enthusiasts that she is his superior, that of the unwomanly that she is the same, and that of the reasonable that she is his complement,—the first keeps itself unfortunately prominent in this country, at present; but the last is held by a slowly increasing number, and it is only fair to judge a cause by the

best that can be said for it. The attitude of the majority of women themselves is, however, the vital consideration, and that most ignored even by the more thoughtful supporters of the suffrage movement. While that attitude remains, as at present, one of indifference or aversion, the gain from the enfranchisement of women would be realized by but few, and would consist chiefly in enlarging the scope of their interests and thought; the injury, on the other hand, would be: first, to women, in imposing a new duty on those who already have their full share of life's burdens; and second, to society, in doubling the number of voters by the addition of a class who, in spite of the superior qualifications of some of their number, would have less interest in politics and less information on public matters than have men,—who, because of this lack of interest, would be disposed to neglect the duty of voting, and, because of their inadequate information, would be peculiarly liable to prejudice. The participation of women in politics would not result in a moral revolution; it would be less likely to elevate politics than to prove a misapplication of the emotional qualities of woman, where there is need rather for the rational quality of man; and it would tend to encourage misconceptions, already too prevalent, as to those forces that are most potential in moulding the charac-

ter of individuals and of nations. Those women who imagine that their highest sphere of usefulness is in the school-room and at the polls need to learn that, in promoting the progress of the human race, education cannot take the place of heredity, nor the ballot do the work of the home. It is safe to say that when a majority of the mothers in our land wish for the ballot they will obtain it. The danger just now is of the opposite sort. The wrong of withholding the privilege of voting from the few who ask it is a slight matter in comparison with the injustice of imposing the duty on the many who neither seek nor wish it. For this reason, those men who distrust the desirableness of woman suffrage beg leave to plead "not guilty" to the charge of brutality and tyranny. Temporary questions may be decided by man, but the future is in the power of woman. In honor to her, it can never be admitted that her present place in the world is less important or less worthy than his. In accordance with this view, if woman receives the ballot, it will not be given to establish her equality, not to satisfy the importunity of any special class, not to carry any particular legislation, but, in her evident desire to accept the additional duty, it will be given in the belief that society as a whole will be the gainer for woman's active participation in its government.

Charles Worcester Clark.

THE TRAGIC MUSE.

XLIV.

[Continued.]

MRS. ROOTH explored the place discreetly, on tiptoe, gossiping as she went, and bending her head and her eyeglass over various objects with an air of im-

perfect comprehension which did not prevent Nick from being reminded of the story of her underhand commercial habits told by Gabriel Nash at the exhibition in Paris, the first time her name had fallen on his ear. A queer old woman from whom, if you approached her in

the right way, you could buy old pots — it was in this character that she had originally been introduced to him. He had lost sight of it afterwards, but it revived again as his observant eyes, at the same time that they followed his active hand, became aware of her instinctive appraising gestures. There was a moment when he laughed out gayly — there was so little in his poor studio to appraise. Mrs. Rooth's vague, polite, disappointed bent back and head made a subject, the subject of a sketch, in an instant: they gave such a sudden pictorial glimpse of the element of race. He found himself seeing the immemorial Jewess in her, holding up a candle in a crammed back-shop. There was no candle, indeed, and his studio was not crammed, and it had never occurred to him before that she was of Hebrew strain, except on the general theory, held with pertinacity by several clever people, that most of us are more or less so. The late Mr. Rooth had been, and his daughter was visibly her father's child; so that, flanked by such a pair, good Semitic reasons were surely not wanting to the mother. Receiving Miriam's little satiric shower without shaking her shoulders, she might, at any rate, have been the descendant of a tribe long persecuted. Her blandness was imperturbable, and she professed that she would be as still as a mouse. Miriam, on the other side of the room, in the tranquil beauty of her attitude (it was "found" indeed, as Nick had said), watched her a little, and then exclaimed that she wished she had locked her up at home. Putting aside her humorous account of the dangers to which she was exposed from her mother, it was not whimsical to imagine that, within the limits of that repose from which the Neville-Nugents never wholly departed, Mrs. Rooth might indeed be a trifle fidgety and have something on her mind. Nick presently mentioned that it would not be possible for him to "send home" this second per-

formance; and he added, in the exuberance of having already got a little into relation with his work, that perhaps that did n't matter, inasmuch as — if Miriam would give him his time, to say nothing of her own — a third masterpiece might also, some day, very well come off. His model rose to this without conditions, assuring him that he might count upon her till she grew too old and too ugly, and that nothing would make her so happy as that he should paint her as often as Romney had painted the celebrated Lady Hamilton. "Ah, Lady Hamilton!" deprecated Mrs. Rooth; while Miriam, who had on occasion the candor of a fine acquisitiveness, inquired what particular reason there might be for his not letting them have the picture he was now beginning.

"Why, I've promised it to Peter Sherringham — he has offered me money for it," Nick replied. "However, he's welcome to it for nothing, poor fellow, and I shall be delighted to do the best I can for him."

Mrs. Rooth, still prowling, stopped in the middle of the room at this, and Miriam exclaimed, "He offered you money — just as we came in?"

"You met him, then, at the door, with my sister? I supposed you had — he's taking her home," said Nick.

"Your sister is a lovely girl — such an aristocratic type!" breathed Mrs. Rooth. Then she added, "I've a tremendous confession to make to you."

"Mamma's confessions have to be tremendous to correspond with her crimes," said Miriam. "She asked Miss Dormer to come and see us — suggested even that you might bring her some Sunday. I don't like the way mamma does such things — too much humility, too many *simagrées*, after all; but I also said what I could to be nice to her. Your sister is charming — awfully pretty and modest. If you were to press me, I should tell you frankly that it seems to me rather a social muddle, this rubbing

shoulders of 'nice girls' and *filles de théâtre*: I should n't think it would do your young ladies much good. However, it's their own affair, and no doubt there's no more need of their thinking ~~we~~ we're worse than we are than of their thinking we're better. The people they live with don't seem to know the difference — I sometimes make my reflections about the public one works for."

"Ah, if you go in for the public's knowing differences, you're far too particular," Nick laughed. "*D'où tombez-vous?* as you affected French people say. If you have anything at stake on that, you had simply better not play."

"Dear Mr. Dormer, don't encourage her to be so dreadful; for it *is* dreadful, the way she talks," Mrs. Rooth broke in. "One would think we were not respectable — one would think I had never known what I have known, and been what I have been."

"What one would think, beloved mother, is that you are a still greater humbug than you are. It's you, on the contrary, that go down on your knees, that pour forth apologies about our being vagabonds."

"Vagabonds — listen to her! — after the education I've given her and our magnificent prospects!" wailed Mrs. Rooth, sinking, with clasped hands, upon the nearest ottoman.

"Not after our prospects, if prospects they are: a good deal before them. Yes, you've taught me tongues, and I'm greatly obliged to you — they no doubt impart variety, as well as incoherency, to my conversation; and that of people in our line is, for the most part, notoriously monotonous and shoppy. The gift of tongues is, in general, the sign of your genuine adventurer. Dear mamma, I've no low standard — that's the last thing," Miriam went on. "My weakness is my exalted conception of respectability. Ah, *parlez-moi de ça* and of the way I understand it! Oh, if I were to go in for being respectable

you'd see something fine. I'm awfully conservative, and I know what respectability is, even when I meet people of society on the accidental middle ground of glowering or smirking. I know also what it is n't — it is n't the sweet union of little girls and actresses. I should carry it much further than any of these people: I should never look at the likes of us! Every hour I live I see that the wisdom of the ages was in the experience of dear old Madame Carré — was in a hundred things she told me. She is founded a rock. After that," Miriam went on, to her host, "I can assure you that if you were so good as to bring Miss Dormer to see us we should be angelically careful of her and surround her with every attention and precaution."

"The likes of us — the likes of us!" Mrs. Rooth repeated plaintively, with ineffectual, perfunctory resentment. "I don't know what you are talking about, and I decline to be turned upside down. I have my ideas as well as you, and I repudiate the charge of false humility. I've been through too many troubles to be proud, and a pleasant, polite manner was the rule of my life even in the days when, God knows, I had everything. I have never changed, and if, with God's help, I had a civil tongue then, I have a civil tongue now. It's more than you always have, my poor perverse and passionate child. Once a lady always a lady — all the footlights in the world, turn them up as high as you will, won't make a difference. And I think people know it, people who know anything (if I may use such an expression), and it's because they know it that I'm not afraid to address them courteously. And I must say — and I call Mr. Dormer to witness, for if he could reason with you a bit about it he might render several people a service — your conduct to Mr. Sherringham simply breaks my heart," Mrs. Rooth concluded, with a jump of several steps in the fine avenue of her argument.

Nick was appealed to, but he hesitated a moment, and while he hesitated Miriam remarked, "Mother is good — mother is very good ; but it is only little by little that you discover how good she is." This seemed to leave Nick free to ask Mrs. Rooth, with the preliminary intimation that what she had just said was very striking, what she meant by her daughter's conduct to Peter Sherringham. Before Mrs. Rooth could answer this question, however, Miriam interposed, irrelevantly, with one of her own. "Do you mind telling me if you made your sister go off with Mr. Sherringham because you knew it was about time for me to turn up? Poor Mr. Dormer, I get you into trouble, don't I?" she added sympathetically.

"Into trouble?" echoed Nick, looking at her head but not at her eyes.

"Well, we won't talk about that!" Miriam exclaimed, with a rich laugh.

Nick now hastened to say that he had nothing to do with his sister's leaving the studio — she had only come, as it happened, for a moment. She had walked away with Peter Sherringham because they were cousins and old friends ; he was to leave England immediately, for a long time, and he had offered her his company going home. Mrs. Rooth shook her head very knowingly over the "long time" that Mr. Sherringham would be absent — she plainly had her ideas about that ; and she conscientiously related that in the course of the short conversation they had all had at the door of the house her daughter had reminded Miss Dormer of something that had passed between them, in Paris, in regard to the charming young lady's modeling her head.

"I did it to make the question of our meeting less absurd — to put it on the footing of our both being artists. I don't ask you if she has talent," said Miriam.

"Then I need n't tell you," answered Nick.

"I'm sure she has talent and a very refined inspiration. I see something in that corner, covered with a mysterious veil," Mrs. Rooth insinuated ; which led Miriam to ask immediately —

"Has she been trying her hand at Mr. Sherringham?"

"When should she try her hand, poor dear young lady? He's always sitting with us," said Mrs. Rooth.

"Dear mamma, you exaggerate. He has his moments, when he seems to say his prayers to me ; but we've had some success in cutting them down. *Il s'est bien détaché ces-jours-ci*, and I'm very happy for him. Of course it's an impertinent allusion for me to make ; but I should be so delighted if I could think of him as a little in love with Miss Dormer," the girl pursued, addressing Nick.

"He is, I think, just a little — just a tiny bit," said Nick, working away ; while Mrs. Rooth ejaculated, to her daughter, simultaneously —

"How can you ask such fantastic questions when you know that he's dying for you?"

"Oh, dying! — he's dying very hard!" cried Miriam. "Mr. Sherringham is a man of whom I can't speak with too much esteem and affection, and who may be destined to perish by some horrid fever (which God forbid!) in the unpleasant country he's going to. But he won't have caught his fever from your humble servant."

"You may kill him even while you remain in perfect health yourself," said Nick ; "and since we are talking of the matter, I don't see the harm in my confessing that he strikes me as bad — oh, as very bad indeed."

"And yet he's in love with your sister? — *je n'y suis plus*."

"He tries to be, for he sees that as regards you there are difficulties. He would like to put his hand on some nice girl who would be an antidote to his poison."

"Difficulties are a mild name for them; poison, even, is a mild name for the ill he suffers from. The principal difficulty is that he does n't know what he wants. The next is that I don't either — or what I want myself. I only know what I don't want," said Miriam brightly, as if she were uttering some happy, beneficent truth. "I don't want a person who takes things even less simply than I do myself. Mr. Sherringham, poor man, must be very uncomfortable, for one side of him is perpetually fighting against the other side. He's trying to serve God and Mammon, and I don't know how God will come off. What I like in you is that you have definitely let Mammon go — it's the only way. That's my earnest conviction, and yet they call us people light. Poor Mr. Sherringham has tremendous ambitions — tremendous *riguardi*, as we used to say in Italy. He wants to enjoy every comfort and to save every appearance, and all without making a sacrifice. He expects others — me, for instance — to make all the sacrifices. *Merci*, much as I esteem him and much as I owe him! I don't know how he ever came to stray, at all, into our bold, bad Bohemia: it was a cruel trick for fortune to play him. He can't keep out of it, he's perpetually making dashes across the border, and yet he's not in the least at home there. There's another in whose position (if I were in it) I would n't look at the likes of us!"

"I don't know much about the matter, but I have an idea Peter thinks he has made, or at least is making, sacrifices."

"So much the better — you must encourage him, you must help him."

"I don't know what my daughter is talking about — she is much too clever for me," Mrs. Rooth put in. "But there's one way you can encourage Mr. Sherringham — there's one way you can help him; and perhaps it won't make it any worse for a gentleman of your good

nature that it will help me at the same time. Can't I look to you, dear Mr. Dormer, to see that he does come to the theatre to-night — that he does n't feel himself obliged to stay away?"

"What danger is there of his staying away?" Nick asked.

"If he's bent on sacrifices, that's a very good one to begin with," Miriam observed.

"That's the mad, bad way she talks to him — she has forbidden the dear, unhappy gentleman the house!" her mother cried. "She brought it up to him just now, at the door, before Miss Dormer: such very odd form! She pretends to impose her commands upon him."

"Oh, he'll be there — we're going to dine together," said Nick. And when Miriam asked him what that had to do with it he went on, "Why, we've arranged it; I'm going, and he won't let me go alone."

"You're going? I sent you no places," Miriam objected.

"Yes, but I've got one. Why did n't you, after all I've done for you?"

She hesitated a moment. "Because I'm so good. No matter," she added: "if Mr. Sherringham comes, I won't act."

"Won't you act for me?"

"She'll act like an angel," Mrs. Rooth protested. "She might do, she might be, anything in the world; but she won't take common pains."

"Of one thing there's no doubt," said Miriam: "that compared with the rest of us — poor, passionless creatures — mamma does know what she wants."

"And what is that?" inquired Nick, chalking away.

"She wants everything."

"Never, never — I'm much more humble," retorted the old woman; upon which her daughter requested her to give, then, to Mr. Dormer, who was a reasonable man and an excellent judge, a general idea of the scope of her desires.

As, however, Mrs. Rooth, sighing and deprecating, was not quick to comply with the injunction, the girl attempted a short cut to the truth with the abrupt inquiry, "Do you believe for a single moment he'd marry me?"

"Why, he has proposed to you — you've told me, yourself — a dozen times."

"Proposed what to me? I've told you that neither a dozen times nor once, because I've never understood. He has made wonderful speeches, but he has never been serious."

"You told me he had been in the seventh heaven of devotion, especially that night we went to the *foyer* of the Français," Mrs. Rooth insisted.

"Do you call the seventh heaven of devotion serious? He's in love with me, *je le veux bien*; he's so poisoned, as Mr. Dormer vividly says, as to require an antidote; but he has never spoken to me as if he really expected me to listen to him, and he's the more of a gentleman from that fact. He knows we have n't a common ground — that a grasshopper can't mate with a fish. So he has taken care to say to me only more than he can possibly mean. That makes it just nothing."

"Did he say more than he can possibly mean when he took formal leave of you yesterday — forever and ever?"

"Pray don't you call that a sacrifice?" Nick asked.

"Oh, he took it all back, his sacrifice, before he left the house."

"Then has *that* no meaning?" demanded Mrs. Rooth.

"None that I can make out."

"Oh, I've no patience with you: you can be stupid when you will as well as clever when you will!" the old woman groaned.

"What mamma wishes me to understand and to practice is the particular way to be clever with Mr. Sherringham," said Miriam. "There are doubtless depths of wisdom and virtue in it.

But I can see only one way; namely, to be perfectly honest."

"I like to hear you talk — it makes you live, brings you out," Nick mentioned. "And you sit beautifully still. All I want to say is, please continue to do so; remain exactly as you are — it's rather important — for the next ten minutes."

"We're washing our dirty linen before you, but it's all right," Miriam answered, "because it shows you what sort of people we are, and that's what you need to know. Don't make me vague and arranged and fine, in this new thing," she continued: "make me characteristic and real; make life, with all its horrid facts and truths, stick out of me. I wish you could put mother in too; make us live there side by side and tell our little story. 'The wonderful actress and her still more wonderful mamma' — don't you think that's an awfully good subject?"

Mrs. Rooth, at this, cried shame on her daughter's wanton humors, professing that she herself would never accept so much from Nick's good-nature, and Miriam settled it that, at any rate, he was some day and in some way to do her mother and sail very near the wind.

"She does n't believe he wants to marry me, any more than you do," the girl, taking up her dispute again after a moment, represented to Nick; "but she believes — how indeed can I tell you what she believes? — that I can work it (that's about it), so that in the fullness of time I shall hold him in a vise. I'm to keep him along for the present, but not to listen to him, for if I listen to him I shall lose him. It's ingenious, it's complicated; but I dare say you follow me."

"Don't move — don't move," said Nick. "Excuse a beginner."

"No, I shall explain quietly. Somehow (here it's *very* complicated and you must n't lose the thread), I shall be an actress and make a tremendous lot of

money, and somehow, too (I suppose a little later), I shall become an ambassador and be the favorite of courts. So you see it will all be delightful. Only I shall have to go straight! Mamma reminds me of a story I once heard about the mother of a young lady who was in receipt of much civility from the pretender to a crown, which indeed he, and the young lady too, afterwards more or less wore. The old countess watched the course of events and gave her daughter the cleverest advice: '*Tiens bon, ma fille*, and you shall sit upon a throne.' Mamma wishes me to *tenir bon* (she apparently thinks there's a danger I may not), so that, if I don't sit upon a throne, I shall at least parade at the foot of one. And if before that, for ten years, I pile up the money, they'll forgive me the way I've made it. I should hope so, if I've *tenu bon*! Only, ten years is a good while to hold out, is n't it? If it is n't Mr. Sherringham it will be some one else. Mr. Sherringham has the great merit of being a bird in the hand. I'm to keep him along, I'm to be still more diplomatic than even he can be."

Mrs. Rooth listened to her daughter with an air of assumed reprobation which melted, before the girl had done, into a diverted, complacent smile — the gratification of finding herself the proprietress of so much wit and irony and grace. Miriam's account of her mother's views was a scene of comedy, and there was instinctive art in the way she added touch to touch and made point upon point. She was so quiet, to oblige her painter, that only her fine lips moved — all her expression was in their charming utterance. Mrs. Rooth, after the first flutter of a less cynical spirit, consented to be sacrificed to an effect of an order she had now been educated to recognize; so that she hesitated only for a moment, when Miriam had ceased speaking, before she broke out, endearingly, with a little titter and "*Comédienne!*"

She looked at Nick Dormer as if to say, "Ain't she fascinating? That's the way she does for you!"

"It's rather cruel, is n't it," said Miriam, "to deprive people of the luxury of calling one an actress as they'd call one a liar? I represent, but I represent truly."

"Mr. Sherringham would marry you to-morrow — there's no question of ten years!" cried Mrs. Rooth, with a comicality of plainness.

Miriam smiled at Nick, appealing for a sort of pity for her mother. "Is n't it droll, the way she can't get it out of her head?" Then, turning, almost coaxingly, to the old woman, "*Voyons*, look about you: they don't marry us like that."

"But they do — *cela se voit tous les jours*. Ask Mr. Dormer."

"Oh, never!" said Miriam: "it would be as if I asked him to give us a practical illustration."

"I shall never give any illustration of matrimony; for me that question's over," said Nick.

Miriam rested kind eyes on him. "Dear me, how you must hate me!" And before he had time to reply she went on, to her mother, "People marry them to make them leave the stage; which proves exactly what I say."

"Ah, they offer them the finest positions," reasoned Mrs. Rooth.

"Do you want me to leave it, then?"

"Oh, you can manage, if you will!"

"The only managing I know anything about is to do my work. If I manage that, I shall pull through."

"But, dearest, may our work not be of many sorts?"

"I only know one," said Miriam.

At this Mrs. Rooth got up with a sigh. "I see you do wish to drive me into the street."

"Mamma's bewildered — there are so many paths she wants to follow, there are so many bundles of hay. As I told you, she wishes to gobble them all,"

Miriam went on. Then she added, "Yes, go and take the carriage; take a turn round the Park—you always delight in that—and come back for me in an hour."

"I'm 'too vexed with you; the air will do me good," said Mrs. Rooth. But before she went she added, to Nick, "I have your assurance that you will bring him, then, to-night?"

"Bring Peter? I don't think I shall have to drag him," said Nick. "But you must do me the justice to remember that if I should resort to force I should do something that's not particularly in my interest—I should be magnanimous."

"We must always be that, must n't we?" moralized Mrs. Rooth.

"How could it affect your interest?" Miriam inquired, less abstractly, of Nick.

"Yes, as you say," her mother reminded him, "the question of marriage has ceased to exist for you."

"Mamma goes straight at it!" laughed the girl, getting up, while Nick rubbed his canvas before answering. Miriam went to Mrs. Rooth and settled her bonnet and mantle in preparation for her drive; then stood for a moment with a filial arm about her, as if they were waiting for their host's explanation. This, however, when it came, halted visibly.

"Why, you said awhile ago that if Peter was there you would n't act."

"I'll act for *him*," smiled Miriam, encircling her mother.

"It does n't matter whom it's for!" Mrs. Rooth declared sagaciously.

"Take your drive and relax your mind," said the girl, kissing her. "Come for me in an hour; not later, but not sooner." She went with her to the door, bundled her out, closed it behind her, and came back to the position she had quitted. "*This* is the peace I want!" she exclaimed, with relief, as she settled into it.

XLV.

Peter Sherringham said so little during the performance that his companion was struck by his dumbness, especially as Miriam's acting seemed to Nick Dormer magnificent. He held his breath while she was on the stage—she gave the whole thing, including the spectator's emotion, such a lift. She had not carried out her fantastic menace of not exerting herself, and, as Mrs. Rooth had said, it little mattered for whom she acted. Nick was conscious, as he watched her, that she went through it all for herself, for the idea that possessed her and that she rendered with extraordinary breadth. She could not open the door a part of the way to it and let it simply peep in; if it entered at all it must enter in full procession and occupy the premises in state.

This was what had happened on an occasion which, as Nick noted in his stall, grew larger with each throb of the responsive house; till by the time the play was half over it appeared to stretch out wide arms to the future. Nick had often heard more applause, but he had never heard more attention; for they were all charmed and hushed together, and success seemed to be sitting down with them. There had been, of course, plenty of announcement—the newspapers had abounded, and the arts of the manager had taken the freest license; but it was easy to feel a fine universal consensus and to recognize the intrinsic buoyancy of the evening. People snatched their eyes from the stage for an instant, to look at each other, and a sense of intelligence deepened and spread. It was a part of the impression that the actress was only now really showing, for this time she had verse to deal with and she made it unexpectedly exquisite. She was beauty, she was music, she was truth; she was passion and persuasion and tenderness.

She caught up the obstreperous play in soothing, entwining arms and carried it into the high places of poetry, of style. And she had such tones of nature, such concealments of art, such effusions of life, that the whole scene glowed with the color she communicated, and the house, as if pervaded with rosy fire, glowed back at the scene. Nick looked round in the intervals; he felt excited and flushed — the night had turned into a feast of fraternity and he expected to see people embrace each other. The crowd, the flutter, the triumph, the surprise, the signals and rumors, the heated air, his associates, near him, pointing out other figures, who presumably were celebrated but whom he had never heard of, all amused him and banished every impulse of criticism. Miriam was as satisfactory as some right sensation — she would feed the memory with the ineffaceable.

One of the things that amused Nick, or at least helped to fill his attention, was Peter's attitude, which apparently did not exclude criticism; rather indeed mainly implied it. Sherringham never took his eyes off the actress, but he made no remark about her and he never stirred out of his chair. Nick had, from the first, a plan of going round to speak to her, but as his companion evidently meant not to move he had a delicacy in regard to being more forward. During their brief dinner together (they made a rigid point of not being late), Peter had been silent and irremediably serious, but also, his kinsman judged, full of the wish to make it plain that he was calm. In his seat he was calmer than ever; had an air even of trying to suggest to Nick that his attendance, preoccupied as he was with deeper solemnities, was slightly mechanical, the result of a conception of duty, a habit of courtesy. When, during a scene in the second act — a scene from which Miriam was absent — Nick observed to him that, from his inexpressiveness, one might

gather he was not pleased, he replied after a moment, "I've been looking for her mistakes." And when Nick rejoined to this that he certainly would n't find them he said again, in an odd tone, "No, I sha'n't find them — I sha'n't find them." It might have seemed that, since the girl's performance was a dazzling success, he regarded his evening as rather a failure.

After the third act Nick said candidly, "My dear fellow, how can you sit here? Are n't you going to speak to her?"

To which Peter replied inscrutably, "Lord, no, never again; I bade her good-by yesterday. She knows what I think of her manner. It's very fine, but she carries it a little too far. Besides, she didn't want me to come, and it's therefore more discreet to keep away from her."

"Surely it is n't an hour for discretion!" cried Nick. "Excuse me, at any rate, for five minutes."

He went behind, and reappeared only as the curtain was rising on the fourth act; and in the interval between the fourth and the fifth he went again for a shorter time. Peter was personally detached, but he consented to listen to his companion's vivid account of the state of things on the stage, where the elation of victory had made every one merry. The strain was over, the ship was in port, and they were all wiping their faces and grinning. Miriam — yes, positively — was grinning too, and she had n't asked a question about Peter nor sent him a message. They were shaking hands and fraternizing, all round. They were on the eve (more was the pity) of a tremendous run. Peter groaned, irrepressibly, at this; it was, save for a slight manifestation a moment later, the only sign of emotion that Nick's report elicited from him. There was but one voice of regret that they had n't put on the piece earlier, as the end of the season would interrupt the

run. There was but one voice, too, about the fourth act — it was believed that all London would rush to see the fourth act. There was a wonderful lot of people, and Miriam was charming; she was receiving there, in the ugly place, like a kind of royalty, with a smile and a word for each. She was like a young queen on her accession. When she saw him, Nick, she had kissed her hand to him, over the heads of the courtiers. Nick's artless comment on this was that she had such pretty manners. It made Sherringham laugh, apparently at his companion's conception of the manners of a young queen. Mrs. Rooth, with a dozen shawls on her arm, was as red as a turkey; but you could n't tell whether Miriam was red or pale: she was so cleverly, awfully cleverly, painted — perhaps a little too much. Dashwood, of course, was greatly to the fore, but you did n't have to mention his own performance to him: he was magnanimous and would use nothing but the feminine pronoun. He did n't say much, indeed, but he evidently had ideas; he nodded significant things and whistled inimitable sounds — "heuh, heuh!" He was perfectly satisfied; moreover, he looked further ahead than any one.

It was on coming back to his place after the fourth act that Nick put in, for Sherringham's benefit, most of these touches in his sketch of the situation. If Peter had continued to look for Miriam's mistakes he had not yet found them: the fourth act, bristling with dangers, putting a premium on every sort of cheap effect, had rounded itself without a flaw. Sitting there alone, while Nick was away, he had leisure to meditate on the wonder of this — on the art with which the girl had separated passion from violence, filling the whole place and never screaming; for it had seemed to him, in London, sometimes, of old, that the yell of theatrical emotion rang through the shrinking night

like a fatal warning. Miriam had never been more present to him than at this hour; but she was inextricably transmuted — present, essentially, as the romantic heroine she represented. His state of mind was of the strangest, and he was conscious of its strangeness; just as he was conscious, in his person, of a cessation of resistance which identified itself absurdly with liberation. He felt weak at the same time that he felt excited, and he felt excited at the same time that he knew, or believed he knew, that his face was a blank. He saw things as a shining confusion, and yet somehow something monstrously definite kept surging out of them. Miriam was a beautiful, actual, fictive, impossible young woman, of a past age and undiscoverable country, who spoke in blank verse and overflowed with metaphor, who was exalted and heroic beyond all human convenience, and who yet was irresistibly real and related to one's own affairs. But that reality was a part of her spectator's joy, and she was not changed back to the common by his perception of the magnificent trick of art with which it was connected. Before Nick Dormer rejoined him Sherringham, taking a visiting-card from his pocket, wrote on it in pencil a few words in a foreign tongue; but as at that moment he saw Nick coming in he immediately put it out of view.

The last thing before the curtain rose on the fifth act Nick mentioned that he had brought him a message from Basil Dashwood, who hoped they both, on leaving the theatre, would come to supper with him, in company with Miriam and her mother and several others: he had prepared a little informal banquet in honor of so famous a night. At this, while the curtain was rising, Peter immediately took out his card again and added something — he wrote the finest small hand you could see. Nick asked him what he was doing, and after an hesitation he replied —

"It's a word to say I can't come."

"To Dashwood? Oh, I shall go," said Nick.

"Well, I hope you'll enjoy it!" his companion replied, in a tone which came back to him afterwards.

When the curtain fell on the last act the people stayed, standing up in their places for the most part. The applause shook the house — the recall became a clamor, the relief from a long tension. This was a moment, in any performance, that Sherringham detested, but he stood for an instant beside Nick, who clapped like a school-boy. There was a veritable roar, and the curtain drew back at the side most removed from them. Sherringham could see that Basil Dashwood was holding it, making a passage for the male "juvenile lead," who had Miriam in tow. Nick redoubled his efforts; heard the plaudits swell; saw the bows of the leading gentleman, who was hot and fat; saw Miriam, personally conducted and closer to the footlights, grow brighter and bigger and more swaying; and then became aware that Sherringham had, with extreme agility, slipped out of the stalls. Nick had already lost sight of him — he had apparently taken but a minute to escape from the house. Nick wondered at his quitting him without a farewell, if he was to leave England on the morrow and they were not to meet at the hospitable Dashwood's. He wondered even what Peter was "up to," since, as he had assured him, there was no question of his going round to Miriam. He waited to see this young lady reappear three times, dragging Dashwood behind her at the second with a friendly arm, to whom, in turn, was hooked Miss Fanny Rover, the actress entrusted, in the piece, with the inevitable comic relief. He went out slowly, with the crowd, and at the door looked again for Peter, who struck him as deficient for once in form. He could not know that, in another direction and while he was helping the house to "rise" at

Miriam, his kinsman had been particularly explicit.

On reaching the lobby Sherringham had pounced upon a small boy in buttons, who appeared to be superfluously connected with a desolate refreshment-room and was peeping, on tiptoe, at the stage, through the glazed hole in the door of a box. Into one of the child's hands he thrust the card he had drawn again from his waistcoat, and into the other the largest silver coin he could find in the same receptacle, while he bent over him with words of adjuration — words which the little page tried to help himself to apprehend by instantly attempting to peruse the other words written on the card.

"That's no use — it's Italian," said Peter; "only carry it round to Miss Rooth, without a minute's delay. Place it in her hand, and she will give you some object — a bracelet, a glove or a flower — to bring me back as a sign that she has received it. I shall be outside; bring me there what she gives you, and you shall have another shilling — only fly!"

Sherringham's small messenger sounded him a moment with the sharp face of London wage-earning, and still more of London tip-earning, infancy, and vanished as swiftly as a slave of the Arabian Nights. While his patron waited in the lobby the audience began to pour out, and before the urchin had come back to him Peter was clapped on the shoulder by Nick Dormer.

"I'm glad I have n't lost you," said Nick; "but why did n't you stay to give her a hand?"

"Give her a hand? I hated it."

"My dear fellow, I don't follow you," Nick rejoined. "If you won't come to Dashwood's supper I fear our ways don't lie together."

"Thank him very much; say I have to get up at an unnatural hour." To this Peter added, "I think I ought to tell you she may not be there."

"Miss Rooth? Why, it's for her."

"I'm waiting for a word from her — she may change her mind."

Nick stared at his companion. "For you? Why, what have you proposed?"

"I've proposed marriage," said Peter, in a strange voice.

"I say" — Nick broke out; and at the same moment Peter's messenger squeezed through the press and stood before him.

"She has given me nothing, sir," the boy announced; "but she says I'm to say, 'Yes, sir.'"

Nick marveled a moment. "You've proposed through *him*?"

"Ay, and she accepts. Good-night!" Peter exclaimed; and, turning away, he bounded into a hansom. He said something to the driver through the roof, and Nick's eyes followed the cab as it started off. Nick was mystified, was even amused; especially when the youth in buttons, planted there and wondering too, remarked to him —

"Please, sir, he told me he'd give me a shilling, and he've forgot it."

"Oh, I can't pay you for *that*!" Nick laughed. He was vexed about the supper.

XLVI.

Peter Sherringham rolled away through the summer night to St. John's Wood. He had put the pressure of strong words upon Miriam, entreating her to drive home immediately, without any one, without even her mother. He wished to see her alone, for a purpose that he would fully and satisfactorily explain — could n't she trust him? He supplicated her to remember his own situation and throw over her supper, throw over everything. He would wait for her, with unspeakable impatience, in Balaklava Place.

He did so, when he got there, but it took half an hour. Interminable seemed his lonely vigil in Miss Lumley's draw-

ing-room, where the character of the original proprietress came out to him, more than before, in a kind of after-glow of old sociabilities, a vulgar ghostly vibration. The numerous candles had been lighted for him, and Mrs. Rooth's familiar fictions were lying about; but his nerves forbade him the solace of taking a chair and a book. He walked up and down, thinking and listening, and as the long window, the balmy air permitting, stood open into the garden, he passed several times in and out. A carriage appeared to stop at the gate — then there was nothing; he heard the rare rattle of wheels and the far-off hum of London. His impatience was unreasonable, and though he knew this it persisted; it would have been no easy matter for Miriam to break away from the flock of her congratulators. Still less simple was it, doubtless, for her to leave poor Dashwood with his supper on his hands. Perhaps she would bring Dashwood with her, to time her; she was capable of playing him — that is, playing Sherringham — or even playing them both that trick. Perhaps the little wretch in buttons (Peter remembered now the neglected shilling) had only pretended to go round with his card, had come back with an invented answer. But how could he know, since, presumably, he could n't read Italian, that his answer would fit the message? Peter was sorry now that he himself had not gone round, not snatched Miriam bodily away, made sure of her and of what he wanted of her.

When half an hour had elapsed he regarded it as proved that she would not come, and, asking himself what he should do, determined to drive off again and seize her at Basil Dashwood's feast. Then he remembered Nick had mentioned that this entertainment was not to be held at the young actor's lodgings, but at some tavern or restaurant, the name of which he had not heeded. Suddenly, however, Sherringham became

aware with joy that this name did n't matter, for there was something at the garden-door at last. He rushed out before Miriam had had time to ring, and saw, as she stepped out of the carriage, that she was alone. Now that she was there, that he had this evidence she had listened to him and trusted him, all his impatience and exasperation melted away and a flood of pleading tenderness came out in the first words he spoke to her. It was far "dearer" of her than he had any right to dream, but she was the best and kindest creature — this showed it — as well as the most wonderful. He was really not off his head with his contradictory ways; no, before heaven he was n't, and he would explain, he would make everything clear. Everything was changed.

Miriam stopped short, in the little dusky garden, looking at him in the light of the open window. Then she called back to the coachman — they had left the garden-door open — "Wait for me, mind; I shall want you again."

"What's the matter — won't you stay?" Peter asked. "Are you going out again at this absurd hour? I won't hurt you," he urged gently. And he went back and closed the garden-door. He wanted to say to the coachman, "It's no matter; please drive away." At the same time he would n't for the world have done anything displeasing to Miriam.

"I've come because I thought it better to-night, as things have turned out, to do the thing you ask me, whatever it may be. That is probably what you calculated I would think, eh? What this evening has been you've seen, and I must allow that your hand is in it. That you know for yourself — that you doubtless felt as you sat there. But I confess I don't imagine what you want of me here, now," Miriam added. She had remained standing in the path.

Peter felt the irony of her "now," and how it made a fool of him, but he

had been prepared for it and for much worse. He had begged her not to think him a fool, but in truth, at present, he cared little if she did. Very likely he was, in spite of his plea that everything was changed — he cared little even himself. However, he spoke in the tone of intense reason and of the fullest disposition to satisfy her. This lucidity only took still more from the dignity of his tergiversation: his separation from her the day before had had such pretensions to being lucid. But the explanation, the satisfaction, were in the very fact, and the fact had complete possession of him. He named it when he replied to Miriam, "I've simply overrated my strength."

"Oh, I knew — I knew! That's why I entreated you not to come!" she groaned. She turned away impatiently, and for a moment he thought she would retreat to her carriage. But he passed his hand into her arm, to draw her forward, and after an instant he felt her yield.

"The fact is we must have this thing out," he said. Then he added, as he made her go into the house, bending over her, "The failure of my strength — that was just the reason of my coming."

She burst out laughing at these words, as she entered the drawing-room, and her laugh made them sound pompous in their false wisdom. She flung off, as a good-natured tribute to the image of their having the thing out, a white shawl that had been wrapped round her. She was still painted and bedizened, in the splendid dress of her fifth act, so that she seemed in a certain way covered and alienated by the character she had been representing. "Whatever it is you want (when I understand), you'll be very brief, won't you? Do you know I've given up a charming supper for you? Mamma has gone there. I've promised to go back to them."

"You're an angel not to have let her come with you. I'm sure she wanted to," said Sherringham.

"Oh, she's all right, but she's nervous," Miriam rejoined. Then she added quickly, "Could n't she keep you away, after all?"

"Whom are you talking about?" Biddy Dormer was as absent from Sherringham's mind as if she had never existed.

"The charming girl you were with this morning. Is she so afraid of obliging me? Oh, she'd be so good for you!"

"Don't speak of that," said Peter gravely. "I was in perfect good faith yesterday, when I took leave of you. I was—I was. But I can't—I can't: you are too unutterably dear to me."

"Oh, don't—please don't," moaned Miriam. She stood before the fireless chimney-piece with one of her hands upon it. "If it's only to say that, don't you know, what's the use?"

"It isn't only to say that. I've a plan, a perfect plan: the whole thing lies clear before me."

"And what is the whole thing?"

He hesitated a moment. "You say your mother's nervous. Ah, if you knew how nervous I am!"

"Well, I'm not. Go on."

"Give it up—give it up!" stammered Sherringham.

"Give it up?" Miriam fixed him like a mild Medusa.

"I'll marry you to-morrow if you'll renounce; and in return for the sacrifice you make for me I'll do more for you than ever was done for a woman before."

"Renounce, after to-night? Do you call that a plan?" asked Miriam. "Those are old words and very foolish ones: you wanted something of the sort a year ago."

"Oh, I fluttered round the idea then; we were talking in the air. I didn't really believe I could make you see it then, and certainly you didn't see it. My own future, moreover, was n't definite to me. I didn't know what I could

offer you. But these last months have made a difference, and I do know now. Now what I say is deliberate, it's deeply meditated. I simply can't live without you, and I hold that together we may do great things."

"What sort of things?" Miriam inquired.

"The things of my profession—of my life—the things one does for one's country, the responsibility and the honor of great affairs; deeply fascinating when one's immersed in them, and more exciting than the excitements of the theatre. Care for me only a little and you'll see what they are, they'll take hold of you. Believe me, believe me," Sherringham pleaded, "every fibre of my being trembles in what I say to you."

"You admitted yesterday it would n't do," said Miriam. "Where were the fibres of your being then?"

"They trembled even more than now, and I was trying, like an ass, not to feel them. Where was this evening, yesterday—where were the maddening hours I've just spent? Ah, you're the perfection of perfections, and as I sat there to-night you taught me what I really want."

"The perfection of perfections?" the girl repeated interrogatively, with the strangest smile.

"I need n't try to tell you: you must have felt, to-night, with such rapture, what you are, what you can do. How can I give that up?" Sherringham asked.

"How can I, my poor friend? I like your plans and your responsibilities and your great affairs, as you call them. *Voyons*, they're infantile. I've just shown that I'm a perfection of perfections: therefore it's just the moment to renounce, as you gracefully say? Oh, I was sure, I was sure!" And Miriam paused, resting kind, pitying eyes upon her visitor, as if she were trying to think of some arrangement that would help him out of his absurdity. "I was sure,

I mean, that if you did come your poor dear doting brain would be quite addled," she presently went on. "I can't be a muff, in public, just for you, *pour-tant*. Dear me, why do you like us so much?"

"Like you? I loathe you!"

"*Je le vois parbleu bien!* I mean, why do you feel us, judge us, understand us so well? I please you because you see, because you know; and because I please you, you must adapt me to your convenience, you must take me over, as they say. You admire me as an artist, and therefore you wish to put me into a box in which the artist will breathe her last. Ah, be reasonable; you must let her live!"

"Let her live? As if I could prevent her living!" Peter cried, with unmistakable conviction. "Even if I wanted, how could I prevent a spirit like yours from expressing itself? Don't talk about my putting you in a box, for, dearest child, I'm taking you out of one. The artist is irrepressible, eternal; she'll be in everything you are and in everything you do, and you'll go about with her triumphantly, exerting your powers, charming the world, carrying everything before you."

Miriam's color rose, through her paint, at this vivid picture, and she asked whimsically, "Shall you like that?"

"Like my wife to be the most brilliant woman in Europe? I think I can do with it."

"Are n't you afraid of me?"

"Not a bit."

"Bravely said. How little you know me, after all!" sighed the girl.

"I tell the truth," Peter went on; "and you must do me the justice to admit that I have taken the time to dig deep into my feelings. I'm not an infatuated boy; I've lived, I've had experience, I've observed; in short I know what I'm about. It is n't a thing to reason about; it's simply a need that consumes me. I've put it on starva-

tion diet, but it's no use — really, it's no use, Miriam," poor Sherringham pursued, with a soft quaver that betrayed all his sincerity. "It is n't a question of my trusting you; it's simply a question of your trusting me. You're all right, as I've heard you say yourself; you're frank, spontaneous, generous; you're a magnificent creature. Just quietly marry me, and I'll manage you."

"Manage me?" The girl's inflection was droll; it made Sherringham change color.

"I mean I'll give you a larger life than the largest you can get in any other way. The stage is great, no doubt, but the world is greater. It's a bigger theatre than any of those places in the Strand. We'll go in for realities instead of fables, and you'll do them far better than you do the fables."

Miriam had listened to him attentively, but her face showed her despair at his perverted ingenuity. "Excuse me for saying so, after your delightful tributes to my worth," she returned, in a moment, "but I've never listened to such a flood of determined sophistry. You think so well of me that humility itself ought to keep me silent; nevertheless, I *must* utter a few shabby words of sense. I'm a magnificent creature on the stage — well and good; it's what I want to be, and it's charming to see such evidence that I succeed. But off the stage — come, come; I should lose all my advantages. The fact is so patent that it seems to me I'm very good-natured even to discuss it with you."

"Are you on the stage now, pray? Ah, Miriam, if it were not for the respect I owe you!" her companion murmured.

"If it were not for that I should n't have come here to meet you. My talent is the thing that takes you: could there be a better proof than that it's to-night's exhibition of it that has settled you? It's indeed a misfortune that you are so sensitive to this particular kind of talent,

since it plays such tricks with your power to see things as they are. Without it I should be a dull, ignorant, third-rate woman, and yet that's the fate you ask me to face, and insanely pretend you are ready to face yourself."

"Without it—without it?" Sherringham cried. "Your own sophistry is infinitely worse than mine. I should like to see you without it for the fiftieth part of a second. What I ask you to give up is the dusty boards of the playhouse and the flaring footlights, but not the very essence of your being. Your talent is yourself, and it's because it's yourself that I yearn for you. If it had been a thing you could leave behind by the easy dodge of stepping off the stage I would never have looked at you a second time. Don't talk to me as if I were a simpleton, with your false simplifications! You were made to charm and console, to represent beauty and harmony and variety to miserable human beings; and the daily life of man is the theatre for that—not a vulgar shop with a turnstile, that's open only once in the twenty-four hours. Without it, verily!" Sherringham went on, with rising scorn and exasperated passion. "Please let me know the first time you're without your face, without your voice, your step, your exquisite spirit, the turn of your head and the wonder of your eye!"

Miriam, at this, moved away from him with a port that resembled what she sometimes showed on the stage when she turned her young back upon the footlights and then, after a few steps, grandly swept round again. This evolution she performed (it was over in an instant) on the present occasion; even to stopping short with her eyes upon him and her head erect. "Surely it's strange," she said, "the way the other solution never occurs to you."

"The other solution?"

"That *you* should stay on the stage."

"I don't understand you," Sherringham confessed.

"Stay on *my* stage; come off your own."

Sherringham hesitated a moment. "You mean that if I'll do that you'll have me?"

"I mean that if it were to occur to you to offer me a little sacrifice on your own side, it might place the matter in a slightly more attractive light."

"Continue to let you act—as my wife?" Sherringham demanded. "Is it a real condition? Am I to understand that those are your terms?"

"I may say so without fear, because you'll never accept them."

"Would *you* accept them, from me—accept the sacrifice, see me throw up my work, my prospects (of course I should have to do that), and simply become your appendage?"

"My dear fellow, you invite me with the best conscience in the world to become yours."

"The cases are not equal. You would make of me the husband of an actress. I should make of you the wife of an ambassador."

"The husband of an actress, *c'est bientôt dit*, in that tone of scorn! If you're consistent," said Miriam, "it ought to be a proud position for you."

"What do you mean, if I'm consistent?"

"Have n't you always insisted on the beauty and interest of our art and the greatness of our mission? Have n't you almost come to blows with poor Gabriel Nash about it? What did all that mean if you won't face the first consequences of your theory? Either it was an enlightened conviction or it was an empty pretense. If it was heartless humbug I'm glad to know it," Miriam rolled out, with a darkening eye. "The better the cause, it seems to me, the better the deed; and if the theatre *is* important to the 'human spirit,' as you used to say so charmingly, and if, into the bargain, you have the pull of being so fond of me, I don't see why it should be

monstrous to give us your services, in an intelligent indirect way. Of course, if you're not serious we need n't talk at all; but if you are, with your conception of what the actor can do, why is it so base to come to the actor's aid, taking one devotion with another? If I'm so fine I'm worth looking after a bit, and the place where I'm finest is the place to look after me!"

"You were never finer than at this minute, in the deepest domesticity of private life," Sherringham returned. "I have no conception whatever of what the actor can do, and no theory whatever about the importance of the theatre. Any infatuation of that sort has completely quitted me, and for all I care the theatre may go to the dogs."

"You're dishonest, you're ungrateful, you're false!" Miriam flashed. "It was the theatre that brought you here; if it had n't been for the theatre I never would have looked at you. It was in the name of the theatre you first made love to me; it is to the theatre that you owe every advantage that, so far as I'm concerned, you possess."

"I seem to possess a great many!" groaned Sherringham.

"You might certainly make more of those you have! You make me angry, but I want to be fair," said the glowing girl, "and I can't be unless you will. You are not fair, nor candid, nor honorable, when you swallow your words and abjure your faith, when you throw over old friends and old memories for a selfish purpose."

"'Selfish purpose' is, in your own convenient idiom, *bientôt dit*," Sherringham answered. "I suppose you consider that if I truly esteemed you I should be ashamed to deprive the world of the light of your genius. Perhaps my esteem is n't of the right quality (there are different kinds, are n't there?); at any rate, I've explained that I propose to deprive the world of nothing at all. You shall be celebrated, *allez!*"

"Rubbish — rubbish!" Miriam mocked, turning away again. "I know, of course," she added quickly, "that to befool yourself with such platitudes you must be pretty bad."

"Yes, I'm pretty bad," Sherringham admitted, looking at her dismally. "What do you do with the declaration you made me the other day — the day I found my cousin here — that you'd take me if I should come to you as one who had risen high?"

Miriam reflected a moment. "I remember — the chaff about the orders, the stars and garters. My poor dear friend, don't be so painfully literal. Don't you know a joke when you see it? It was to worry your cousin, was n't it? But it did n't in the least succeed."

"Why should you wish to worry my cousin?"

"Because he's so provoking. And surely I had my freedom no less than I have it now. Pray, what explanations should I have owed you and in what fear of you should I have gone? However, that has nothing to do with it. Say I did tell you that we might arrange it on the day that you should come to me covered with glory in the shape of little tinkling medals: why should you anticipate that transaction by so many years and knock me down such a long time in advance? Where is the glory, please, and where are the medals?"

"Dearest girl, am I not going to America (a capital promotion) next month," Sherringham argued, "and can't you trust me enough to believe that I speak with a real appreciation of the facts — that I'm not lying to you, in short — when I tell you that I've my foot in the stirrup? The glory's dawning. I'm all right, too."

"What you propose to me, then, is to accompany you *tout bonnement* to your new post."

"You put it in a nutshell," smiled Sherringham.

"You're touching; it has its charm."

But you can't get anything in America, you know. I'm assured there are no medals to be picked up there. That's why the diplomatic body hate it."

"It's on the way—it's on the way," Sherringham hammered, feverishly. "They don't keep us long in disagreeable places, unless we want to stay. There's one thing you can get anywhere if you're clever, and nowhere if you're not, and in the disagreeable places, generally, more than in the others: and that (since it's the element of the question we're discussing) is simply success. It's odious to be put on one's swagger,

but I protest against being treated as if I had nothing to offer—to offer to a person who has such glories of her own. I'm not a little presumptuous ass; I'm a man accomplished and determined, and the omens are on my side." Peter faltered a moment, and then, with a queer expression, he went on: "Remember, after all, that, strictly speaking, your glories are also still in the future." An exclamation, at these words, burst from Miriam's lips, but her companion resumed quickly: "Ask my official superiors, ask any of my colleagues, if they consider that I've nothing to offer."

Henry James.

THE VALUE OF THE CORNER.

SOLITUDE is a kind of posterity. That is, it gives us a position from which we can survey our contemporaries and ourselves somewhat as a future generation may be expected to look at us. "How much solitude, so much power," also, was De Quincey's persuasive formula. But that statement is no doubt excessive; for solitude works in extremes, and may at times foster too much egotism. Yet those people who never have any solitude, whose existence is a restless whirling amid the dusty sunbeams of the business world or of social amusement, are apparently just as liable to an exaggerated self-esteem (and that, too, of a small and grasping sort) as the men and women who live quietly, somewhat withdrawn. Further, if solitude engenders egotisms, one must admit that it also tends frequently to the other extreme of developing great modesty. It is, in fact, the mixture of these two moods, an alternation of quiet, isolated self-confidence with an equally pronounced modesty in rating the worth of human efforts, which enables one to withstand the popular optimistic current.

and throw things into that perspective which, as I have hinted, resembles the view of posterity.

Not, of course, that either posterity itself or this imaginary anticipation of it is always right. We of the present may be appreciably wrong in many of our most confident and cherished judgments upon a former age; and, similarly, the generations yet to come are likely enough to misjudge us. What more likely, seeing that a whole race of fathers and sons living together, with every facility for explaining themselves and interchanging ideas, so frequently fail to understand each other or to form just mutual estimates? So, the man who plays at posterity by getting off into a corner to do his thinking, and there passing in review current actions or affairs, may no doubt surround himself with an abundance of errors. Numerous evidences of this are to be met with in literature. Yet mistakes are really one of the greatest charms of literature; they take a large part in composing that curious, inimitable combination known as individuality. Do we accept without

question all that we find in Carlyle or, especially, in Ruskin, writers who seemingly have often gone out of their own way in order to put themselves in *our* way? Not at all. They are the sort of men who have drawn much from solitude, have built up their intellectual character in seclusion, and have believed themselves commissioned to correct the faults of their time; to pronounce upon the present from the stage of a sort of improvised futurity, entered only by their own little side-doors and belonging exclusively to them. We sometimes question their utterances as freely as we would those of our most gifted but unrenowned companions of daily life; although if, everything considered, the choice were to be made deliberately, we should hardly dare to wish their defects and misconclusions removed, since, without these, they would lose their peculiar value as individuals. I do not at the moment think of any American writer (unless it be Thoreau) possessing their vigor of self-assertion, or their delightful vein of error, wandering like a thread of gold through solid blocks of what would generally be received as good sense.

Of the quality which they represent we have hardly enough, as it seems to me, in our books and magazines. Vigor and downrightness crop out plentifully enough in our newspapers, where, however, they are for the most part dissociated from the literary element, and lack the saving grace of frank and earnest personality. In American character, again, there is any quantity of resolute force and untrammelled expression. The country abounds in persons who believe in themselves, confidently hold positive opinions, and have little hesitation in announcing them. They are bold in their utterances; they know how to make their way; they effect prodigies by their energetic action. This is what makes us interesting and refreshing to Europeans, and sometimes puzzling; for they never know just where or how we

are going to explode, in some new form, with some new notion or unexpected scheme. A democratic republic, one would suppose, ought to afford an almost unlimited opportunity for the manifestation of such characteristics in its literature. But, so far as we may judge by actual accomplishment, our republic does not do so. Among the reasons usually given to explain the fact, by those who are convinced that it is a fact, there are two that seem to account for it in a measure. One of them is our formerly natural dependence on foreign literature; which dependence we have taken pains to continue by artificial means, and with some success, — notwithstanding the steady growth of American authorship under difficulties, — through our unhealthy system of seizing upon such literature without remuneration. The other reason, which possibly has a good deal more to do with the matter, is our observable inclination to cultivate a certain outward uniformity; although it is impossible to extend this uniformity to our real and interior selves, which, in spite of every effort to the contrary, insist upon remaining diverse. To some extent, of course, uniformity is indispensable in every civilized nation. The willingness of men in the mass to have their hair cut and brushed, their beards trimmed or effaced, according to prevalent custom, and their submissiveness in wearing clothes substantially alike, are unconscious tributes to that unity of the race which most of us regard as something to be prized. Custom in these little matters is an essential accompaniment in the organization of society, as consent to certain principles and adherence to the forms of civil government are necessary. It is more than doubtful whether custom should apply with the same rigidity to the exhibition of thought and character in literature. But in this country we seem to treat our literature as if it were a church or state; a fixed and accepted form of belief or

a political party; something to be organized and "run" on a particular plan, within lines which a constant pressure tries to fix exactly and conventionally, in the spirit of hair-cutting and clothing.

A friend of mine tells an amusing anecdote about a tailor, which I shall venture to borrow. Having long been puzzled to guess why millions of men, through one decade after another, should persist in wearing on the backs of their coats, just at the waist, two buttons for which there is no discoverable use, he asked his tailor why buttons are invariably attached in that spot. "Oh," was the answer, "they are put there to — to carry out the idea!" The nature of the idea, however, was not explained; and probably it never can be. So with too much of American literature: it must have buttons on its back. It must be deferential to — something, I don't know what; for it is as hard to say what the standard is as to find out who fixes it and why. At all events, there is a lack of independence, an insufficient variety of bold opinion, an indefinable disposition to discourage or modify salient individuality, in our writing, which is detrimental to vigor and diversity. Yet we have no lack of appreciation for those qualities when we find them in the foreign authors whose works we read with avidity.

If I am wrong in this view, still it may be of service to state it; for some one will perhaps take the trouble to set me right. The wise are careful of their wisdom; remembering the precept as to a proper economy in disposing of pearls. But sometimes they are more careful than they need be. They become too reticent. It is possible to push reticence to the extent of making it a foible. A wise man should at least make known his conclusions, for the benefit of the world; and upon the foolish man also it is incumbent occasionally to present for inspection such opinions as he may have. Let it be admitted that I am now meditating

in a corner, and speaking from one, — a corner where, although I have an impression that it is light, I may be in the dark. Even so, we are testing the supposed benefit of solitude, of thinking and speaking for one's self. A very natural effect of solitude is to cause divergence from the beaten track. It is apt to stimulate a disposition to differ from what may seem to be the general belief or want of belief, the prevailing sentiment or absence of sentiment, among our fellows. It emphasizes the distinction between that which we actually think and that which we are expected to think or assent to; between our own views as we know them and the views of others as we see them. These little differences are of immense importance in life. There is much more significance in fractions than the world commonly recognizes, except when it is dealing with arithmetic or driving a bargain. It is the small variations from tone to half-tone in the scale of sound that make it possible, when we understand them, to create music and command harmony. In stating a difference or uttering dissent, one may not be setting forth indisputable truth, but may on the contrary be sounding merely one of those discords without which, curiously enough, some of the highest reaches of harmony would be impossible. Perhaps one has got hold of a partial truth or a bit of error; but, whatever be the fragment, he has grasped it by means of his own conviction, and contributes it towards that general fund of ideas, or half-ideas if you choose, which is bound to become by additions from many hands a complete and beneficent accumulation. We shall understand the whole truth better from having handled and helped to gather the imperfect parts; including sundry isolated half-truths and errors, deposited somewhat at random but sure to be adjusted at last.

It is very well, I should say, to hoard up your wisdom for use at the suitable

moment; but, on the theory just advanced, you should be quite as solicitous to treasure up your unwisdom, your error, knowing it to be a valuable commodity. You will do well, of course, to be modest in displaying it, and expend it cautiously. But your caution should not obey the ordinary motive, which is simply a fear that some one will deride your foolishness. The controlling idea should rather be that, having this element which may become useful, you ought not to throw it away. Most persons see no more value in a good, sound, conscientious mistake than the Indian sees in the coal mine under his wigwam. Yet there is very little doubt that mistakes may serve excellently as fuel. If they do nothing else, they keep us warm with debate; and heat, in the human system, is necessary to circulation and life. To confer a mistake upon the world, candidly and good-naturedly, is a notable performance. I like the man or woman who comes to us, with the frankness and good faith of childhood, bringing some little shard or honest scrap of observation, and exclaiming in substance, "See what a beautiful specimen of dissent, what a sparkling crystal of protest, I've discovered!"

These, it must be confessed, are not usually the popular persons. But they exercise an influence which is often wholesome, and in emergencies they may actually become leaders; for their little pebbles, which seem to be so misdirected when cast into our reservoir of reflection, send out ripples spreading through a wide circuit, that, unlike glory, do not "disperse to naught." It may be asked, by the way, What is a real leader in the accepted sense? What is that man who is adopted by large bodies of other men as a guide, and somehow or other is always found going with the current, or, if he seem to oppose it for a time, first makes sure of a strong following? In the actual course of events, he frequently turns out to be

no more than an aggressive combination of errors, with a leavening measure of truth and accuracy, varied in its proportions to meet the situation of the hour. The extraordinary career of Gladstone gives a striking illustration in point. Here is an eminent man, of wonderful ability, who has never hesitated to move in a circle, and at the same time has always risen; his course being a spiral, on which at different stages he has stood diametrically opposed to some position which he had previously occupied. In passing through so many changes of opinion and policy, some of them very pronounced and extreme, it is fair to infer, without throwing the slightest discredit on his essential sincerity, that he must at some time have been wrong, may be wrong now, or may be wrong hereafter. Perhaps he has been somewhat carried away, here and there, by the necessities of public life, which compel a popular leader to keep moving, and at all hazards to keep on top. But it cannot well be denied by us, who are impartial observers at a distance, that he has been a factor of the utmost importance in the conduct of English affairs, notwithstanding his inconsistencies, and perhaps in part because of them. It is also clear, I think, that in those crises where he has felt obliged to make some new stand, to adopt a view contradicting some former view, he must first have fallen back upon convictions independently matured by him, in solitary reflection. He must have retreated into a corner of his own mind, and fortified himself there, before beginning a fresh campaign on a new plan. So much he has in common with humbler minds that consult their own convictions. Gladstone is popular, though he has often had to face the hisses of transient unpopularity. The man who is not swept away by public life, and ensconces himself in his corner for free reflection, will not be popular, like Gladstone. He will appear less graceful.

because he will fail to accommodate himself to the elastic Gladstone spiral; but he will have the compensation of facing things squarely and straightforwardly at all times, instead of at uncertain intervals.

It is in the nature of a corner, if well constructed, that it should be square; and in the support of its rectangled sides there is something that braces and reassures. Every life built on enduring lines should have its points of support in angles that include something of the recluse and the dissenter. In a letter to Sir George Beaumont, dated May, 1807, Wordsworth wrote, after publishing his complete poems: "Trouble not yourself upon their present reception; of what moment is that, compared with what I trust is their destiny? To console the afflicted; to add sunshine to daylight, by making the happy happier; to teach the young and the gracious of every age to see, to think and feel, and therefore to become more actively and securely virtuous: this is their office, which I trust they will faithfully perform, long after we (that is, all that is mortal of us) are mouldered in our graves. I am well aware how far it would seem, to many, I overrate my own exertions when I speak in this way, in direct connection with the volume I have just made public. I am not, however, afraid of such censure." In those words one hears the tone of solitude and self-reliance. Doubtless, if any man were so to prophesy concerning himself to-day, his condition of mind would appear to the majority of observers fatuous. Yet the resolve to look beyond the immediate popular estimate, precisely as Wordsworth did; to sustain individuality, and make bases for independent thought and action, might well be brought to a higher pitch than it now reaches in our common life, our literary development, and our public functions. Loyalty to party, for example, which is quite necessary up to a certain point, is insisted upon among us to

an extent that may easily work against the real good both of parties and of the country. Party leaders do not hesitate to be inconsistent, and a party itself becomes inconsistent. Its membership is sometimes greatly changed within ten years; perhaps within a single year. New captains come to the front, with new aims that may differ essentially from those which controlled it before. Nevertheless, the citizen who has once joined such a body is loudly called upon to follow without question, wherever it may bid him go. In this unqualified demand there is an obvious element of unreasonableness; yet, familiar and self-evident though the conditions are that I am here only restating, how seldom they are recognized, and how often are they misunderstood or perversely misrepresented! It is the habit, with many, to assume that a careless or insincere ballot, yielded to a party for form's sake, offends but venially; is a mere political white lie, harmless and spotless as the paper of which it consists. But the ethereal chemistry of morals remarks a change in the hue of that ballot, as it falls into the voting-box and is converted into a dark calumny against good citizenship.

To apply our idea, for a moment, on a somewhat large scale, we may say that in politics and government, in the science of society, the centre of gravity is found somewhere between the extremes of license and tyranny. Both the anarchist and the tyrant, instead of poisoning on this centre, attempt to balance themselves on some line along the perilous edge of things,—at the supposititious "jumping-off place." The healthily independent and useful citizen, therefore, must try to counteract their misplaced weight. In doing so he will sometimes be obliged to place himself in unexpected corners, and prop himself therein with all his force. It is quite likely, also, that his attitude at such moments may appear to a casual spectator

exaggerated and unnecessary, that it may give him the air of throwing himself altogether too much on one side; when the real reason for his leaning in that direction is, not a desire to be extreme, but, on the contrary, an earnest effort to maintain an equilibrium, and keep the vehicle of civilization (upon which he is riding as a humble passenger) from overturning. The strict and immovable conservative fancies that, by staying always in one spot, as near to the apparent centre as he can get, he is doing the best that can be done to prevent an upset; and undoubtedly this precaution of his will prove essential to the general safety. He too uses the support of a strong and secure corner, if he can; but none the less the attitude of the man on the side will present itself to him as ridiculous. When we come to divergences less wide-reaching, and conflicts of opinion as to details in literary and social questions, the same difference of attitude will still exist, naturally, and the same effect of absurdity will be produced on the mind of the fixed conservative. In a light, unconscious way, the negro minstrels present us with a general though imperfect scheme of the arrangement of minds in society. Does not the traditional "Mr. Johnson," in the minstrels' hemicycle, always occupy the precise middle of the line? He typifies the *juste milieu*; he is the sedate and dignified representative of the conventional; while the extravagant, frolicsome, or defiant members are the bones and tambourine, who sit in opposite corners. But who would abolish the bones or the tambourine? They appear eccentric, they excite our laughter; yet if we look deeply enough we shall see that they have, if not precisely a sober purpose, at least a solid reason for being. For all sound comedy or travesty is in the end, even if remotely, an independent commentary on the serious business of life, and one that we cannot dispense with.

Just as the independent criticism implied in good comedy is an element of health, so is that kind of impartial observation which adopts the serious tone; even though at times it may seem to be as extreme as the bones and tambourine, and may actually be the reverse of amusing. What we need, at present, is an increased proportion of this comment, — the comment of the corner. Swayed as we are in this country by majorities, let us not overlook the value of the distinct individual voice. The quiet confidence of Wordsworth, the belligerent castigations of Carlyle, the calm, cultivated, slightly obstinate persistence of Matthew Arnold in administering correction to his countrymen, have all played their important part in English literature and life. It can hardly be that our development is so nearly perfect as to relieve us from the need of minds akin to these, — vigorous minds which refuse to be intimidated, which do not hesitate to make protest, and are willing to incur unpopularity, for the sake of preserving to all men the benefit of free expression. It is possible that we rely too much upon a theoretical freedom of speech, as the excuse for our comparative neglect to encourage or support this order of mind, or to develop it in sufficient strength for uttering the untrammelled but reasonable and requisite word of independence. Perhaps it would be well for us if we were to consider and respect more carefully than we do now the man in the corner, who sometimes emerges thence as Abraham Lincoln did, with its angular impress upon him. May we not pertinently bear in mind that Lincoln, skilled in many ways to deal with men, but in other points uncouth and crude, offended some of his strongest associates and allies by his unconventionality, as also by his determined reliance on his own judgment? Yet had it not been for those peculiar traits, which came from his growing up in his own way, his own place, and acting upon his own plan,

he would have been of little value to the nation in its time of need. The Lincoln type and quality do not appear often in our public life; and in our literature they have as yet appeared hardly at all. There is plenty of room for them still, and they would have their use. In the quiet fireside nooks of remote villages

there are doubtless many young men to-day who are destined to take an important part in affairs. It is to be hoped that, instead of trying to make corners in the market, some of them will demonstrate the value of the corner in resolute thought and action for some higher end.

George Parsons Lathrop.

SIDNEY.

VII.

ALAN CROSSAN, as Miss Sally said, was really devoted to his friend. There had been scarcely a day since Robert had come to the major's that the doctor had not called to see him. "And it's so nice for Sidney and me," Miss Sally asserted, in one of her long, pleasant talks with Mr. Steele. "To think, now, that he should have taught her to carve so beautifully! But then Sidney could be taught anything. I've always said that."

They were in the long parlor, which was only a little more dreary than usual, with the gray rain sweeping in under the dark roof of the porch against the front windows, and spattering down the chimney once in a while upon the fire. Except Miss Sally Lee's kind face, the soft-coal fire was the only cheerful thing in the room; it burned with a dancing whirl of flames in an old-fashioned grate, which had an iron back wrought into the flaring rays of a broad-faced sun, and two brass balls on the hobs. On the high black mantelpiece stood an ormolu clock, with a dome-like glass shade to protect the figures of Iphigenia and Diana; it had not moved a gilt hand across its fretted face for years. Robert Steele watched it now vaguely, listening to the rain and to Miss Sally's chatter. He was thinking of her rather than of

what she said. She was so upon the outside of what was greatest to her, so ignored and unnoticed, and yet so true and good, that she stirred his pity and then his tenderness. When to tenderness he added gratitude, it is no wonder that the quiet little spinster was transformed in his eyes. "Yes, a noble woman, nobly planned," he thought. Yet he did not finish the quotation; he could not, despite his convictions, looking at the simple, gentle face, matter of fact and incapable of subtlety, with mild eyes under sleek brown hair, which she wore in old-fashioned bands over her ears. But though she might not warn or command, at least she comforted, because, he said to himself, she believed in him; he did not reflect that she believed in every one, even in Miss Sidney Lee, whose neglect of her aunt filled him with indignation. Nor did he realize that to be one's self neglected will sometimes bias the judgment. With this thought of Sidney, he glanced, reluctantly, towards the portrait at the other end of the room: here was the same insolent sweetness, the same serene selfishness, the same charm which stung him into anger and, he said, dislike. Yet he still looked at the painting, with something beneath his anger, which he called content. It was so much better to be with Miss Sally, he thought, than to see that look in the face of Miss Sidney Lee.

"You are so much better," he heard Miss Sally saying; "and when you are well, just think what good things you will do with that money." Robert had made some dreary comment upon his money, and it was thus Miss Sally received it, following out a suggestion she had made some time before, but which she had taught Robert to feel had been his own.

"If the thirty pieces had come back to Judas," he answered, "do you think that the establishment of a lazaretto would have washed them clean?"

"But it is not the same kind of thing," said Miss Sally, with a little awe at the allusion, but much good sense; "and it's time for you to have your beef-tea, anyhow."

"I think," returned Robert, smiling at her with wistful eyes, "that your good opinion is better for me than beef-tea."

"I'm afraid," she said, with a gleam of fun (it was wonderful how, under kindly influences, she was developing a harmless gayety, which had never been called out when it might have better matched her years), — "I'm afraid that you could n't live up to the good opinion without the beef-tea." She nodded and smiled, as she went to fetch it, with a small assumption of authority, and presently came back, balancing on her hands a tray on which was a frail blue bowl of soup and a glass of sherry.

"How are you so wise in caring for people, Miss Sally?" Robert asked, watching her spread a little table at his side. "You know just what to do for everybody."

"Well, I am an old woman, you know," she answered brightly. But it was strange how young she looked with the glow of the fire on her face, although there were some threads of gray in the knot of ringlets at the back of her head.

"You are not old." Robert protested loyally; but nevertheless he was astonished when she said she was but thirty-

seven. "You are so wise," he explained, with the simple candor which Miss Sally had been quick to appreciate, "so wise and kind, that I had thought you were more than thirty-seven. I am thirty-five, you know, and you are so much wiser than I am."

Miss Sally blushed. "Oh, but indeed I am not at all clever. When I think how much Mortimer knows, and Sidney, I feel as if I really belonged in the kitchen with Susan. But you?" she added, with sudden constraint, — "why, I thought you were Alan's age."

It was curious what an instant change of atmosphere this mutual knowledge caused. Miss Sally began to wonder if she had been quite polite in telling a man as old as Mr. Steele what he ought or ought not to do. She began to feel a little awe of him. Perhaps he had thought her forward? Robert, too, was aware of a subtle difference. He became more assertive; sympathy and confidence meant more from a woman of his own age than from one so much his senior as he had supposed Miss Sally to be. A friendship which holds a possibility within it is always attractive, whether the possibility is recognized or not. Robert, hearing at that moment Sidney's voice in the hall, said to himself that while he was honored with Miss Sally's friendship it made no difference whether Miss Sidney Lee ignored him or not. But he felt suddenly old and tired, as the room darkened with a sudden dash of rain against the windows, and Sidney and Alan entered.

As he looked up at them a surprising thought first presented itself to his mind. Perhaps it sprang from Sidney's careless glance; but he did not stop to analyze it. His thoughts went back to the dull rooms in town, the empty days, the weight of undesired wealth; and then — he was so far recovered — came the thrill of fear at the old bondage, but with it the thought of Miss Sally's belief in him, and then — the possibility!

"Steele," Alan's voice broke in, — Miss Sally had slipped away, "to look after somebody's comfort," Robert was sure, — "Steele, I have been telling Sidney about your charming cousin, Miss Townsend. I can't persuade her to go to see her. She would teach you lots of things, Sidney; even to read novels, perhaps. Bob, did you know Miss Sidney Lee scorned novels?"

"No, I don't," said the girl; "only I do not read them, Alan. Is n't it a little waste of time to read novels? And Miss Townsend — if she is a teacher, I should think she might be positive, and" —

"And what, pray, are you?" cried Alan. "No, really, she is delightful. I called on her last night, which is more than you've done for a month, Bob. School-ma'am? Not a bit of it! Simply a charming woman, though worldly and decidedly practical."

Sidney smiled, with serious eyes. To hear him talk in this way gave her a curious feeling of being left out; she did not understand it. She did not answer him, but waited for him to go on, with that peculiar and silent graciousness which stirred Alan's heart as an unseen and noiseless wind blows red coals into a flame.

"She brought up a question which interested me," Alan proceeded. "I don't know whether to call it ethics or taste. Bob, listen. You look half asleep. She had come across a sketch, or story, or something, — she said it was true, — about a man and his wife who came over in a steamer; I think it was that one which went down on the Newfoundland coast. Well, the man, it seems, was the sole support not only of his wife, but of his mother and his sisters. When the steamer began to sink, it was found that only a few could be saved; so of course the women were to go first. But this fellow's wife would n't move. 'No,' she said. 'You've got to be saved because of your mother and sisters.' And

the man — if you'd call him a man — actually did go off in the life-boat, and leave his wife to drown! What do you think of that, Steele? Your cousin told me of half a dozen people who upheld him. He saved his miserable life at the cost of his wife's."

"I don't see that he had any choice," Robert answered.

"Bob," the doctor admonished him, "I shall have to order you to bed, if you utter such sentiments; it shows that you are not strong. Sidney, you are not going to agree with him?"

She shook her head. "I think they should have died together. They had a right to themselves. Why should the woman have insisted that her husband should live heart-broken all his days? Oh, she was cruel! She did n't really love him."

"Do you think that?" Robert asked, with that hesitation which always came into his voice when he spoke to Sidney. "I think she loved him divinely, because she wanted the highest thing for him; and what must have been his passion for duty that he could leave her!"

"My dear fellow," said Alan, "the value of an effort is determined by its result, not by the nobility of motive which prompts it. You are both wrong; he should have saved her and died himself. Here's Miss Sally. What do you say, Miss Sally?" And then he told her the story.

"I think they should both have put on life-preservers," answered Miss Sally earnestly; at which they laughed at her, even Robert; yet there was a new consciousness in his heart as he did so, a sort of pity that she had not seen the deeper thing; and with it that tenderness, without reason, which excuses and commends at the same time. The laughter, Sidney's at least, made him resentful as well as tender.

Robert Steele, not yet strong, very pitiful, very grateful, was drifting gradually to a position where he should say,

"She is so kind to me. I am so sorry for her. I will try to be worthy of her friendship. I—love her!" He sighted this point that rainy morning in December, though it was nearly two weeks later that he fairly rounded it, being then within three days of his departure from Major Lee's house. His visit had prolonged itself far beyond Alan's expectation; indeed, it had been evident to the doctor ten days before that Robert had stayed as long as the most ardent hospitality might desire; but such a thought had not occurred to the sick man. Miss Sally had assured him, when he protested at the trouble he gave, and said he must go away, that it was a pleasure to have him stay; and Major Lee, courteous, indifferent, almost unconscious of the young man's presence, but never forgetful of that forlorn, half-invalid life of which he had had a glimpse, said, too, "Pray do not think of leaving us, sir." So Robert had remained. He had, of course, no inkling of Mrs. Paul's joy in this, as he had not seen her. She had fallen ill, "and when I have a cold in my head," she announced to Miss Sally, "I don't go about making an object of myself." It was for this reason, too, that the tea-party had been postponed, and that she did not know that John had gone away from home for a week; for it was not Mrs. Paul's habit to receive her son in her bedroom, and no one cared to impart the information. Only Scarlett and Miss Sally were privileged to see the undress of their tyrant, and they found her more awful with her white hair drawn straight and tight away from her fierce eyes, and without the softness of lace about her neck and wrists, than in the dignity of her satin gowns.

She had taken cold the day of the sleet storm,—she remembered the date with angry exactness,—and the Lord only knew when she could be downstairs again, and able to ask the people to tea. Yet Mr. Steele's lengthened

stay was somewhat pacifying, and the first time that she was in the drawing-room again, and had had a talk with Sidney about him, she was really pleasant for the rest of the evening, even to Mr. Brown, when he called, as was his duty, to congratulate the richest member of his parish upon her recovery. But all the while that she was listening to him or giving advice ("I never shrink from giving advice," she had declared more than once, which, indeed, was strictly true), she was making many plans for Sidney and Robert Steele.

It was almost a pity, for it would have saved her much disappointment in the future, that she could not at that moment have seen Miss Sally and Robert Steele sitting by the fire in the yellow parlor. The major was in his library, where, as a matter of course, Sidney had joined him; so these two persons, no longer young, and therefore to be trusted, were alone.

It was a relief to Robert when Sidney left them. That wide, questioning look in her frank eyes always kindled in him a hot disgust with himself, and a desire to be soothed by Miss Sally's gentle if ignorant approval. How well she understood his moods, he said to himself, as she fell into a pleasant silence. So long as he did not know that her thoughts were upon the failure of her beef stock to clear, his content could not be lessened. He sat in his usual attitude, his head resting on his hand, and his sad eyes watching the dancing shine of the flames. Miss Sally had drawn a bit of cambric from her green work-bag, and was softly stroking the gathers with her needle.

"That is something for somebody, I am sure?" Robert commented, looking at her.

She nodded pleasantly. "Sidney does n't like to sew," she explained.

Robert Steele sighed. "I suppose you have never known the feeling of self-reproach for neglect of any one you love?"

"Why, I almost think," said Miss Sally, "that love means self-reproach. I don't see how a person can ever be satisfied with what he does for any one he cares for."

"Still, love always forgives love," Robert answered, "even for apparent neglect." He was thinking of that last look in his mother's face, when weakness and fear had silenced her reproaches, and she had — how Robert blessed her for it! — "forgiven" him. Then his thoughts followed the story of his own miserable cowardice. "It is your own forgiveness that it is hardest to get," he said.

Miss Sally looked puzzled; then, with a gleam of that good sense which seems an actual part of a somewhat foolish character, she said, "But I think you forgive yourself when you make yourself worthy to be forgiven by somebody else; not when they do forgive you, but when they ought to. Sometimes, it seems to me," continued Miss Sally, who could not remember an injury over night, "that we pardon things too easily."

Robert sighed. "You are so kind, in spite of your justice. You have forgiven me."

"Oh, dear me, Mr. Steele," protested Miss Sally, "I did n't mean — why, of course I was not talking about you; you have done nothing which needs forgiveness; you know what I think about that money."

As for his remorse for his cowardice, it never entered Miss Sally's mind. To tell the truth, she had been reproaching herself for not scolding Susan about the ruined beef stock, and wishing that she had been more strong-minded than to forgive her so quickly.

"If I am ever anything in this world," cried Robert, his face lighting with earnestness, "it will be because you believe in me, Miss Sally!"

"Oh, Mr. Steele," she said humbly, "don't say that. God gives you the hope and strength. I only see it. I

sometimes think that I can see such things, because I am a little on the outside of life, you know; and so perhaps I have more time to see what is good in other people."

"If you think that a man is good, it will make him so. He has got to live up to it," Robert answered.

Miss Sally laughed. It was so strange and pleasant, this talking out her little thoughts.

"If you believe in me," he went on, "I will grow into something for your sake. I will build a better future on this miserable past, if you will show me how." Miss Sally put her work down, startled by the earnestness in his voice. His eyes had a strained and hunted look in them, and his lips, under his soft brown beard, were pressed hard together. "And you shall not be on the outside of anybody's life; you shall be in mine, you shall make it!"

"I — I'll help you all I can," she said simply, but her voice trembled; she did not know why, but she was vaguely frightened; she began to sew very fast, and looked towards the door, as though meditating flight.

"I will be something in the world. Oh, care for me just a little, Miss Sally!"

"I — I don't understand," she faltered, and then regained her presence of mind. "I'm sure we all like you, Mr. Steele." But her hands shook, and the needle flashed in and out unsteadily.

"Why, I" — he paused, and put his hands over his face for an instant; he was saying to himself that it was for her sake that he was conquering his sin — "I love you. You have been good to me, you have made me feel that there is hope for me yet, you have given me life — and I love you!"

Nothing could have been more honest than this declaration. No young man who has played the sighing lover for a year could, at that one instant of unrecognized pity and profound gratitude,

have felt himself more truly in love than did Robert Steele now. How could he tell that his growing hold upon life was due not only to Miss Sally's belief in him, but also to a firmer pulse and a healthier circulation? And how could the timid, trustful little spinster discriminate? She had had no past experience with a man in love, with which to compare this scene; she merely began to cry with all her might, stealthily wiping her eyes on the bit of cambric, and saying, "Oh, why, my! You must n't talk that way, Mr. Steele!"

Robert had risen, and stood beside her; one nervous hand upon the back of her chair, and the other covering the bit of cambric and her trembling fingers. It would have been hard to say which trembled most. He had always seen her strong for him, and this weakness stirred him profoundly. "Don't you see? I love you. I want you to love me, Miss Sally," — he spoke as gently as to a sobbing child, — "care for me, and for your sake I will try and be all you can desire."

"You've got to have your wine," replied Miss Sally, with sudden determination and calmness. "I don't know what I've been thinking of to let you talk — so much."

She thrust her sewing into the green bag in a resolute way, but her lips were unsteady, and the tears glittered upon her lashes.

"Just say one word," he pleaded. His own earnestness was like wine to him. "Love me, and I'll be worthy of you."

"I — I must think," she said. So many things came rushing into her mind: assured comfort for Sidney and the major; some one who would care for her; a happiness of her own, which might show Sidney many things. All this without the slightest thought of love itself. "I *must* think!" she repeated, and, without waiting to hear his entreaty, she slipped out into the hall and up to the darkness of her bedroom. Her

face burned and throbbed, and she put her hands up to her throat, as though she could not breathe; a little quivering sob parted her lips. She made haste to light her lamp, for the reserve of darkness was not a comfort to Miss Sally. Then she sat down on the edge of her high bed, and tried to compose herself; but her breath was hurried, and her eyes blurred once or twice with half-frightened tears.

"I must really," said Miss Sally to herself, — "I must really take some pellets. I am — I am agitated." A small chest, holding many little vials, stood on the straight-legged dressing-table. Miss Sally lifted the lid and regarded the contents critically. "What would be best?" she pondered, and was not satisfied until she had opened her Domestic Physician, and, glancing down the list of emotions of the mind, learned that fear, excessive joy, violent anger, and unhappy love might be benefited by — and then a list of names. Miss Sally did not pause to classify her emotion. Ignatia was advised for three of the four conditions, so it was the safest thing to try. Five little white pills were counted carefully into one shaking palm, and then placed upon her tongue, while she stood, the bottle in her hand, waiting for their effect. A moment later she went over to her bedside, and, kneeling, buried her face in her hands. She was ashamed that she had not thought of this before. The small pills had no doubt calmed her mind enough for faith. She prayed with all her simple heart for wisdom, then looked up to see that the lamp was not smoking, and prayed again.

It must have been nearly three hours later, when the house had fallen into the sleepy silence of night, that Sidney, sitting by the old hour-glass table in her bedroom, her smooth forehead frowning over some accounts the major had begged her to settle for him, heard a hesitating knock at her door, and Miss Sally entered.

The bare and lofty room was full of shadows, except for the spot of light in which the young woman sat, so, glancing up in a preoccupied way, she did not see that Miss Sally's eyes were red and her mouth tremulous. Miss Sally's gray flannel dressing-gown was short and scanty, and when she knelt by the hearth and stirred the fire she shivered a little.

"It is cold in here, Sidney," she said.

"Is it?" the girl answered tranquilly. With the soft color in her cheek and the swift, warm youth in every vein, how could Sidney know that the little drowsy fire in the wide black fireplace quite failed to heat the big room? There were many draughts in Sidney's bedroom, which had windows on two sides, and sagging doorsills, and a great chimney, and the room was cold, — so cold that on the small fan-lights which capped the windows there was a faint cross-hatching of frost, and when the moon looked in upon Sidney, adding the columns of figures, these wonderful lines and feathers sparkled as though a diamond had been shivered against the glass. A path of moonlight lay across the floor, and touched the pillows and the white canopy of the bed. It glimmered on the brass knobs of the dressing-table, and spread a film of silver upon the oval mirror balanced on the chest of drawers. It showed, too, Miss Sally crouched upon the hearth, and holding up one hand to shield her face from the fire.

Is a woman ever too worldly or too simple, too young or too old, to desire sympathy in a love affair? A man rarely burns to pour even a successful love into any other man's bosom; but a woman must say, or look, "My life is not uncrowned." The acceptance or non-acceptance of the crown is the usual excuse for such confidences. Miss Sally felt vaguely that her niece was altogether remote from love and loving, and yet, she must talk to some one!

"Sidney," she began.

The girl glanced at the forlorn gray heap beside the fire, and noted, with the cruel exactness of youth, that Miss Sally's hair showed some white threads about the temples. "Well, dear?" she said.

"How do you think?" — Miss Sally seemed absorbed in following the pattern of the brass fender with her eyes — "that a woman knows she is in love?"

Sidney put down her pen, and stared at her aunt in undisguised astonishment. "I am sure I don't know! How do you suppose?" There was the impersonal interest in her voice with which an inhabitant of another world might question a state of mind he could never know. "Who has been asking your advice?"

Miss Sally shook her head miserably. "I've always thought, at least it has seemed to me, that one would feel, if she fell in love," — Miss Sally blushed, — "that she could n't have any life in the future without — the other person; and as if she had not been alive in the past, not having had — the other person. And yet, you see, Sidney, there are so many other things?"

"What other things?" Sidney asked, curiously. This odd conversation did not suggest anything serious; it only amused her. Miss Sally never needed a premise, and was incapable of reaching a conclusion, so her niece was not apt to look for meaning in her chatter.

"Well, if you like a person very much, and he likes you very much, and he will make you happy, and he needs you, and you think it would be pleasant, — only of course life would be pleasant, anyhow, but not *as* pleasant, — in fact — well, if you want to — Sidney, I suppose that's a kind of love?"

Sidney flung her head back with a laugh, closing her account-book with a soft bang. "I don't pretend to know what love is, but I know what it is not! Has your Mr. Steele been asking your advice? Has he fallen in love with

anybody? He had better ask father's advice." A quick gravity came into her face as she spoke of the major.

Miss Sally shook her head. "You know I don't think as brother does?"

Perhaps if she had not just risen from her knees, she would not have invited argument by even so mild an assertion of her opinion. Very long ago, she had given up discussion upon such subjects, and put her theories into an unselfish life. In earlier days she had tried argument once or twice, but she had been quickly worsted by her brother's logic, given in Sidney's silver voice.

"It's better," Miss Sally had assured herself with wistful humility, "for little minds to leave great things alone; somehow, if I meddle with them, it is n't only I that am ridiculous, but the great things are, too." That she referred to her belief now showed how deeply she was moved.

"I think people are happier when they love each other," she said.

"If they believe themselves immortal," Sidney answered, with that pitying contempt which affection keeps good-natured, "or if they can forget death."

"I think," answered Miss Sally, rising and looking at her niece with another kind of pity, "that if they remember the dear Lord, they can trust the rest." She was so earnest, she almost forgot that she had been asking advice for herself. "If they just take God into their lives, darling, they need n't fear death."

Sidney smiled. "Dear!" she said, putting her strong young arms about the little figure; and the amusement in those starlike eyes silenced Miss Sally.

VIII.

It was sadly a matter of course that Sidney should forget that half hour by her bedroom fire, and Miss Sally's trou-

bled look. Like every one else, she was used to her aunt's in consequence; and that Miss Sally should have discussed the symptoms of falling in love meant nothing more practical than did her views on political economy, when she suggested that all the money in the world might be divided, so that there should not be any more poverty. "Well, at least," she had explained, blushing but persistent, "it would be more like the golden rule." Only Robert Steele had had the insight to know how brave she was to stand by her little foolish opinion, and it was he, now, who knew the meaning of the blush that flickered in her face when any one spoke to her.

There was a look of half-frightened importance in Miss Sally's eyes the morning after Robert had told her that he loved her, and a fluttering delight, which, however, had no relation to love. She was undeniably pleased, but as for accepting Mr. Steele, — that was another matter. Yet there were so many reasons for it, she said to herself, absently dusting the library for the second time. "It would be a good thing for Sidney, oh, in so many ways! And if I still lived here" (it did not occur to her to say "we"), — "if I still lived here, I could take better care than ever of Mortimer. And oh, what pretty dresses Sidney should have!" And there was something as near malice as could come into her gentle soul, when she reflected, "How surprised Mrs. Paul would be!" To Robert himself she had only said, looking hard out of the window, as she handed him his beef-tea, in a sidewise, crab-like manner, "Please to wait a little, Mr. Steele; please to let me think." She looked so small and frightened that, with a warmer wave of that impulse he had called love, he answered very tenderly, "Yes, Miss Sally, — only do not give me up."

The pleading in his voice seemed to his listener irresistible; she had the same desire to make him happy which

she felt whenever she stopped to comfort a crying child in the street, and give it a penny and a kiss. But she could not frame the words for which he asked. Instead, he heard her in the hall, and caught the major's patient impatience as she fussed about his coat. "Fussed" was the uncompromising word which flashed into Mr. Steele's mind; yet he knew very well, as he resented his own thought, that had that care been expressed in his behalf he would not have called it "fuss." He was to leave the major's the next day, and as the two households were almost one, it was only proper that he should say good-by to Mrs. Paul; the strain of expectation made it hard to sit alone in the parlor, and Miss Sally seemed suddenly occupied up-stairs, so it was a relief to go out.

He found Mrs. Paul just getting into her carriage, a bad moment for pleasant commonplaces, or indeed for anything, — a moment at which Davids, diplomat as he was, always quailed. She was angry that Robert Steele should see her thus, muffled in hideous wraps and supported by her man-servant; looking — no one knew it better than she — old, and awkward, and pitifully feeble. Yet the quiet way in which Mr. Steele took Davids' place, and with wonderful gentleness lifted her into the carriage, disarmed her pride by its appeal to the suffering body. She glared at him through her veils, and said grudgingly, "Come, get in. You might as well call upon me in the carriage as anywhere else." Yet when he had seated himself opposite her, and Davids had slammed the door, pride asserted itself. With weak, uncertain hands, and bitter impatience at the weakness, she pulled the lace back from her face. She was perfectly aware that the soft black folds made a fitting frame for her dark eyes and her shadowy puffs of white hair. Then she smiled.

"Really, this is very nice of you," she said, "though I wonder Sally Lee

permitted you to come out alone. She has been a most devoted nurse." She lifted her eyebrows, with that air which says, "I can sympathize with you!"

"She has indeed," Robert answered. He was aware that he spoke warmly, and vaguely dismayed at his own consciousness. "There is no one so kind as Miss Lee," he added.

"True," returned Mrs. Paul, with the slightest shrug under her laces. "Kindness is Sally's *métier*. A woman has to have some peculiarity; goodness is Sally's. It is very monotonous."

"If it were more general, it would not be a peculiarity," Robert answered curtly.

"I suppose you have found it amusing sometimes," said Mrs. Paul, again with that look of *camaraderie* and understanding. "A little of it is amusing; it is only when one goes through years of it, as I have done, — really from a sense of duty, you know, to keep my hold upon Sidney, — that one finds it a bore. Poor little Sally! How well I remember when I saw her first! Mortimer Lee brought her with him to take care of Sidney, when he came North, after his wife's death. But it was a pity he could n't have had a person of more sense. She has encouraged all his wicked ideas, even that folly of never going into the parlor where his wife's picture hangs, you know. She means well, no doubt, but she is so silly; sometimes I almost fear she makes Sidney dull."

She looked at him keenly as she said that. Mrs. Paul knew very well that a little slur is like oil upon the fire, and there certainly was a quick annoyance in his face, which gave her much satisfaction.

"Yes," she went on, "Sally was quite plump when she first came to Mercer, — twenty years ago and more; let me see, she must have been twenty-five, — and she looked for all the world like a pin-cushion in a tight black cover; she wore a jacket, — should n't you know that Sally would wear a jacket?"

Robert Steele tingled under the contempt in her voice. "Whatever Miss Lee wore must have been suitable."

Mrs. Paul laughed. "I am glad you admire Sidney's aunt, — that is quite proper. But, really, between ourselves, she is amusing? Oh, how I used to admire her moral courage in those days! It was before there was a Mrs. Brown at the Rectory, and Lord! how regularly Sally went to church! Really, you know, Mr. Steele, where an unmarried woman goes with increasing devotion to a church where the clergyman is attractive and also unmarried, it shows a willingness to be misunderstood which is noble. It is a common virtue among old maids; if the clergy only knew how the female mind confounds religion and love, they might not be so hopeful of their converts."

"There was never such a thought as that in Miss Lee's mind!" cried Robert, his face dark with anger. (If only she had given him the right to defend her!)

"Ah, well," said Mrs. Paul carelessly, "it does n't signify. Mr. Brown was too intelligent a man; although once I really did fear — but I had a word with him! I've no doubt he's been grateful ever since; for a clergyman is so unsuspecting that a designing — Who was that young woman you bowed to?"

"My cousin, Katherine Townsend," Robert answered; "and if you will allow me, I shall say good-afternoon. I must see her for a moment."

This terrible drive must end. He could not protect Miss Sally, but he need not listen to her maligner.

"She walks superbly," observed Mrs. Paul, watching the tall, straight figure hurrying along the road. "Is she handsome? Who is she?"

Robert gave her antecedents, with one hand on the door-knob, and said she was not at all handsome; but Mrs. Paul nodded approvingly at the name of Drayton, and forgave the lack of beauty.

"A woman," she declared, "who holds her head like that can afford to be positively ugly. And poor, you say? That is nothing. She's her mother's daughter, and she can't escape the habit of good manners any more than any other habit. And it is manner that counts."

She was reluctant to have him leave her, and as he stood bareheaded by the carriage door she dealt one more blow for her cause.

"Sidney will miss you when you go," she said; "she hears so little sensible talk; for Mortimer Lee, with his egotism, — his grief is nothing in the world but inordinate self-love, — is as absurd in his way as Sally is in hers. Good-by, good-by, — let me see you often."

Robert joined his cousin, and walked on with her to make the long-delayed call; but when he went away Katherine Townsend drew a breath of relief. He was so preoccupied, so silently depressed, that it was an effort to talk to him. He had had an instant of dismay in realizing that he perceived a perverted truth in some of the things Mrs. Paul had said of the woman he loved, — "the woman I love with all my heart;" and his dismay was, he declared, because of the weakness of his character, not the weakness of his love. "That is the strongest thing about me, at least," he thought drearily. He brightened up a little when, upon the bridge, Alan overtook him. Alan made too many demands upon his friends to admit of anything so selfish as depression. Just now, too, the doctor was full of an impetuous determination to be happy. He had come out to walk with this purpose distinctly in his mind.

It was one of those still, raw days, with a feeling of snow in the air, and a mist settling like smoke along the thawing ground. On hills that faced the south, patches of sodden grass showed here and there through the melting snow. The river had not been frozen over for nearly a fortnight, but its black, hurrying current bore occasional blocks of

broken, snowy ice. Alan was blind to the cheerlessness of the day. He was thinking, with an intentness which was a new sensation, of Sidney and her view of life. Not because he feared it, but because it was a part of her charm, this strange and exquisite aloofness from the things which other women took into their lives. He would not have had it otherwise, he told himself, and yet—he was not altogether happy. “We are queer beings,—men,” he declared, smiling and frowning together.

He had taken this walk out into the country for the pleasure of thinking about Sidney, but sometimes this pleasant thinking was interrupted by an annoyed remembrance of a certain erratic action of his heart, which he had watched with a good deal of interest for nearly two years now. “That’s the worst of being a doctor,” he grumbled; “knowledge divides your chances by two. But hang it! I won’t think about it.” And he dismissed it, as he had often done before, but this time with a new unwillingness to see a thing which might affect Sidney Lee! This determination and the joyous flight of his fancy had brought exhilaration and satisfaction into his face.

“Hello, Bob!” he called out gayly, as he saw Robert walking slowly through the mist; and, as he reached him, he struck him lightly on the shoulder. “Where do you hail from? Been to see the charming Katherine?”

“Yes,” Robert answered, “and Mrs. Paul. Alan, what a woman she is!”

“Superb!” cried the other, with a grimace.

Robert was in no mood for flippancy. He did not reply, but looked drearily before him and sighed. He was trying to understand his depression. “With such hope of happiness as I have,” he was saying to himself, “why can I not conquer what is, of course, bodily weakness?” But he sighed again; it was at such a moment as this that his face was an especial index of

his character. Deep, wistful gray eyes, under a sweep of brown hair that fell across his forehead, and required at times a half-backward toss of his head to keep it in its place; a delicate and sensitive mouth hidden in a pointed beard, which concealed a chin whose resolution belied the tenderness of his eyes and the weakness of his lips. It was an interesting face; not from what it hinted of reserve, but because of its confiding sweetness. He was only silent now, he thought, because he had no right to tell Alan of his new hope.

On the bridge the two men stopped and, leaning on the hand-rail, looked down into the water. The river was so high that there was a jar and thrill all through the tumbling old structure.

“Look here,” Alan said, when they had watched the sweep of the water a moment in silence, “what a mighty fine girl Miss Townsend is!”

“Why, of course,” Robert answered, smiling; “is n’t she my cousin, man?”

“No nonsense about her,” Alan proceeded; “no money; reasonably good-looking; no morbid father with preposterous theories.” (Alan had not yet reached the point where he could take the major seriously, although, to be sure, he was apprehensive that the major might take him seriously.) “I should think you would be the fellow to say you saw the hand of Providence in it.”

“I don’t know what kind of a hand John Paul would see in it, then,” returned Robert.

“Oh!” said Alan. “What? Well, I always knew Paul was a man of intelligence, though he has no tongue. I’m sorry for you, Bob.”

“You need n’t be,” Robert assured him.

“Now, look here,” Alan insisted. (“Come on, don’t stand here in the cold.) There must be some reason that you did n’t fall in love with her, because it was so plainly the thing for you to do. A girl who is poor, charming — well, I said all that — and yet you did n’t?”

"I don't see why this does n't apply equally to you," answered the other; "and, furthermore," — he looked at his friend with affection shining in his eyes, — "furthermore, I don't see how she or any other woman could have helped" —

"Bah!" cried Alan. "No, there's a reason for your not doing it. I swear, Steele, I believe there is 'Another'! What?"

Robert's face flushed. Alan was delighted.

"Come, now," he demanded, "out with it!" Then his amusement suddenly faded in the thought of Sidney; he even looked anxious.

"Don't be an ass," Robert began, laughing to protect himself. But Alan was in earnest under his lightness.

"You'd better tell me," he said. "If you don't, I'll think that it is — Miss Sally! There! I've no business to jest about her. But, seriously, you may just as well make up your mind to ask my advice, because, you know, you've got to have my consent, and" —

Robert had been breathless for a moment; then he broke in sternly, "You are right; you have no business to use Miss Lee's name."

The doctor looked at him in astonishment. "Bob" — he began, and paused. A woman had brushed past them, coming with hesitating and uncertain steps out of the mist. Alan, seeing her face, forgot his raillery, and forgot too the thought which had flashed into his mind at Robert's words. "Poor soul!" he said; "did you see that, Bob? What a face! — sick with misery. A look like that strikes on your heart like a hammer." He stopped and glanced back, but seemed to check the impulse to follow her. "Poor, forlorn creature! At least, we never saw that kind of wretchedness in Italy. The earth was kind, and the air. People were not physically wretched, and to me physical suffering is no end worse than moral misery."

"That is unworthy of you, Alan," Robert began to say, hearing only the end of the sentence in his confusion at those other words; then he too looked back at the hurrying shape in the fog. "Hold on a minute, will you?" he said. "She is in some sort of trouble; perhaps a little help" — and he turned to follow the gaunt young figure which had so old and awful a face. Alan tried to detain him.

"No good, Bob; money given that way does no good except to the giver. Sidney says that's the use of all philanthropy."

But Robert had gone, and Alan sauntered on slowly, alone. He smiled as he spoke Sidney's name, and now, as he walked, he whistled softly to himself. Just then, back from the middle of the bridge, and wavering down to the water, came a shrill scream, followed by a splash which sent a shudder through the darkening mist. Alan turned and ran back, while the sound still rang in his ears. How very long the bridge seemed before he reached Robert! He had one glimpse of him, starting forward as though to jump into the river, and then staggering back, faint with horror, against the side of the bridge. "She climbed upon the rail," he gasped, "and then" —

Alan pulled off his coat, and with one bound swung himself over the hand-rail and would have dropped into the water, but Robert clung to his arm.

"No," he cried, "you shall not, you've no right" —

"Let go!" the doctor said between his teeth; he twisted himself from his friend's grasp, and in another moment was in the river. He must have known, even as he jumped, that it was too late, and that Death had already pulled the woman under the water. But he called out to her not to fear, — that he was coming, that he would save her. The echo of that brave young voice surely followed her into eternity.

As for Robert, he stood an instant

in horror and dismay, staring at the hurrying river, with its flecks of white ice, where Alan, buffeting the water and the mist, was whirling out of his sight. Then he made as though he would follow his friend; then cried out, "My God, what have I done!" then ran towards the toll-house, shouting madly for a boat. But a skiff had been put out. Mrs. Jennings had seen the girl jump, and had screamed to a man upon the shore, with all the might of her little voice hid in folds of flesh. The whole thing was over in ten minutes, and Alan safe on land. But it seemed to Robert Steele as if he lived a year as he stood waiting for the boat to come back. He saw them rowing about, — looking for the woman, he supposed; the suspense was unbearable.

"You're hardly able to stand," Job Todd was saying to Alan, for it was he who had pulled the doctor into the skiff; "and what made you try to do it, anyhow? A woman's bound to have her own way about dyin', like everythin' else. And in that current you had about as much heft as a shavin'."

Alan was shivering so that he could scarcely speak; but he laughed. "I believe you'd have been the very man to do it, if I had n't had the first chance."

"Well, very likely I should have been just such a fool," Job admitted modestly, and then leaped ashore to help Alan out of the boat and hurry him up to the toll-house.

"I'm all right," the doctor said to Robert, "but, poor soul — we were too late!" As he spoke, it occurred to him that Robert had been almost at the woman's side when she threw herself into the river. He was too confused by the shock, just making itself felt, of his plunge into the icy water to have anything but puzzled wonder in his mind; but when he was in the toll-house, and Mrs. Jennings, with tears and brandy and hot blankets, was hovering about

him, ponderous, but ecstatic, his wonder took definite shape. Why had not Robert tried to save her? Why had he waited? Fear? He refused to harbor the thought. But *why*?

Mrs. Jennings was pouring out her unheeded praises, and regretting that her 'Liza had not been at home to see such bravery, though it "would 'a' been a shock, too, — that poor, dear, beautiful young woman. Job, take a sup o' somethin' hot; it's agitatin' to see such sights, — I feel it myself." So she took the sup of something hot, which Job, having signed the pledge for Eliza's sake, declined. Then she looked at Robert, standing silent, with despair agonizing in his eyes, which he never lifted from Alan's face. "I suppose," she said, "you ain't in no great need of anythin'? I saw you on the bridge watchin' her, till this dear gentleman came up. Well, the Lord knows it's pleasanter not to be so feelin' as some of us is. 'Tis n't everybody as could 'a' stood there, and not 'a' tried to save the poor creature. Now, this blessed gentleman here, I see he's one to give way to his feelin's, like me," declared the mistress of the toll-house, weeping comfortably. Then she asked him, being anxious to learn his name, to write in her 'Liza's autograph album. Alan laughed, protested that he did not deserve the honor of Miss Eliza's autograph book, admired the geraniums, and told Mrs. Jennings he believed she'd make a first-rate nurse, especially for any one needing stimulants; but he never looked at Robert Steele.

When the carriage which Job had made haste to order had arrived, it seemed as though Mrs. Jennings' enthusiasm would lead her to bundle herself into it; it made her praises of Alan almost insulting to the silent "coward" — she only hinted at that word — who took his place beside the doctor. But when the two men were alone in the carriage, with Mrs. Jennings' admiration

shut out, it was Alan who was silent.

"Oh, Alan," Robert said, in a smothered voice, "what is right?" The doctor frowned. "I thought — and yet to see you do it — risk your life because of me! And if you had died, what then?" He covered his face with his hands, in overwhelming and passionate pain.

"Please do not give it another thought," Alan answered, with a carelessness which seemed too perfect for disdain; "you see I am none the worse."

"I saw her first," Robert went on, almost as though speaking to himself, and with that singularly distinct enunciation with which a man baffled by conflicting emotions seeks to keep one idea clear in his mind. "I — I watched her there in the water, in an eddy, — I could have saved her then. But I felt so sure — then you came. Oh, what is right? That man in the toll-house would have done it; even that woman said" —

"Pray drop the subject," Alan interrupted, impatient and shivering. The suggestion of Mrs. Jennings was more than he could bear. He was saying to himself, "He was afraid."

"Oh, Alan," cried the other, in an agony, "help me! Was I right? You saw it one way, I another. To which of us does God speak, Alan? What is right?"

"I was very glad to do it," Alan answered curtly; "probably you were not strong enough to attempt such a thing. Of course you were wise to hesitate, and — oh, damn it, Steele! why did n't you do it?" His face was quivering.

Robert looked at him, dimly seeing what his friend's thought had been. He was not hurt. The moment was too great for personal pain.

"I did not try to save her," he said simply, "because I believe that no one ought to interfere with a moral act. The woman had a right to take her own

life; it lay between herself and her God."

Alan stared at him incredulously, but his face flushed with shame.

"I dared not interfere," Robert ended, with sad sincerity.

Alan drew a quick breath; then he caught his friend's hands in his own, his voice breaking as he spoke. "Forgive me, Steele," he said.

IX.

Of course, afterwards, they talked it all over. "Suicide is another name for insanity, Bob," the doctor declared. "To my mind, we have as much right to try to save such a person as to treat a man with a fever." But Robert insisted that no one had a right to say that weariness of life was insanity.

"What about the right and wrong of it?" Alan questioned.

"It is a sin," the other admitted.

"Then," said Alan, "according to your theory, one should not interfere to prevent crime?"

"If it injures no one but the sinner, I should not interfere; but there are few crimes which do not injure others than the criminal. For instance, I should not feel justified in preventing a man by force from shameless drunkenness, if the community did not see it, so that no one could be contaminated by his example. Otherwise, I should prevent him. With suicide, only the principal and his God are concerned."

"Stuff!" cried Alan, with wholesome common sense. "It depresses the community; and, by Jove! it's given my heart a knock that takes a year off my life. I don't believe any act can be confined in its consequences to the principal. There is always the example."

But Robert would not grant that.

"Bob," said the doctor, his hands clasped behind his head and a cigar between his lips, "I give you up, — I can't

follow you; and in the matter of this poor soul, you may be right, — you may be right. But I never should have had the courage to let her drown!”

Robert shook his head. “I cannot seem to see the point at which what is theoretically right begins to be practically wrong,” he said after a while, sadly. “I tell you, Alan, I understand the comfort of making somebody else your conscience. That is the peace of the Catholic Church.”

“Stuff!” cried Alan again, good-naturedly.

When Robert went back to the major’s, that evening, he was very silent. “Very sad,” Miss Sally thought, touched, and filled with self-reproaches for her uncertainty.

She had been trying all day to make up her mind, but to see him now unhappy, and about her! She *must* decide. She grew more shy, and scarcely spoke, so that Robert almost forgot her presence. It was recalled to him, however, when, with a curious mixture of humiliation and justice, he mentioned at the tea-table what Alan had done that afternoon. Even before her pity for the “poor thing” and pride in Alan could be put into words, Miss Sally’s thought of Robert sprang to her lips. “Oh, I am so glad you did n’t do it,” she said; “you might have taken cold!” There was a half sob in her voice, and an instant resolution to “ask Mortimer” at once. For the first time since he had been her patient, Robert did not find Miss Sally’s solicitude sweet.

Mr. Steele was to go away in the morning, and although Miss Sally was inclined to be sentimental in the silence of her heart, she knew, vaguely, that she should feel a curious kind of relief when the excitement of his presence had been withdrawn, — an excitement felt only since he had declared himself her lover. It was not, however, until the evening of that day that Miss Sally summoned courage to ask her brother’s

consent to Mr. Steele’s proposal. There was, to her mind, a sort of impropriety in speaking of it while Robert was still under the major’s roof.

“May I come to-morrow, Miss Sally?” he had said meaningly, when he bade her good-by; and she, remembering his low-spiritedness of the night before, could only reply, trembling, “Yes, please.” The necessity of having some sort of an answer ready gave her the courage to knock at the library door that night.

She had waited in her bedroom, growing momentarily more chilly and more timid, until she had heard Sidney’s door close, and knew that her brother was alone. Then she went out into the upper hall and looked over the stair-rail, to see that no one was wandering about below. She felt her heart pounding in her throat, and her small hands clasped themselves nervously together. All was quiet; there was only the faint crackle of the fire in the parlor, which still sent a dull glow out into the darkness of the hall. It took her many minutes to go down the wide staircase, but the very effort made something which had a likeness to love stir in her heart.

Major Lee, writing at the square table in the room beyond the library, looked up with surprise as his sister entered. He even put on his glasses for a moment, with a keen glance at the agitation in her face.

“Mortimer,” began Miss Sally, “may I have a few words — a short conversation with you?” Only Robert Steele had seen the pathos of Miss Sally’s unflinching effort to “express herself well” when talking to her brother.

“Pray sit down, Sarah,” said the major, with grave politeness. “I trust nothing has troubled you?”

“I am sure you are very good,” Miss Sally answered. She was so silent after that one speech, and her agitation was so apparent, that the major looked at her with sudden alarm.

"Is there anything wrong with Sidney?" he asked sharply, half rising from his chair.

"Oh, dear me, no!" said Miss Sally, relieved to have something to say; then she coughed a little, and gazed intently at the small, scuffed toe of her slipper. "I merely wished to say — to observe, at least — don't you think, Mortimer, that there has been a good deal of snow this winter?"

The major did not smile. This was probably his sister's way of leading up to the needs of the coal-bin; poor Sarah had a somewhat tiresome habit of coming to the point sidewise. She seemed to the major like a little hurrying sailboat, which yet tacked and tacked, in an endless zigzag, before reaching its destination; especially when she wished to make a request was there this rather foolish hesitation.

But Major Lee's unfailing courtesy forbade that he should hurry his sister, so he only replied, "Yes, a great deal; and the skies are overcast, so that it is probable there will be more before day-break."

"Yes," said Miss Sally, "very true," and then lapsed into silence.

Major Lee's habit of refusing to be interested spared him much. He did not urge her to proceed. He sat brooding and dreaming before the fire; whatever she had to say, good or bad, would come soon enough without a question from him. It did not concern Sidney; that was all he cared to know.

"Mortimer," she began, and stopped to cough behind her hand, "I — I think it is wonderful how well Mrs. Paul keeps; it is really remarkable for a woman of her age."

This needed no reply. The major, gazing at the fire, his chin resting on his breast, was twisting, absently, the thin gold ring upon his left hand.

"What a pity Annette did not live to cheer her!" Miss Sally commented. "Only, perhaps she would have mar-

ried, and left her mother. Most young women do."

"Yes," said the major, noticing only the pause for his reply.

"Don't — don't you think they do, Mortimer? Don't you think most women marry — more than men do?"

He smiled. "I should think it was about equal."

"But women," Miss Sally explained, "generally expect to be married. Don't you think so?"

"I suppose," the major admitted, with a politeness that might have softened his words even to a more sensitive hearer, "that they are generally less intelligent than men."

Miss Sally did not see the connection, but she was too intent upon her subject to seek an explanation. I know, Mortimer," she said, "that you think marriage is a mistake, but — but I can't help thinking Annette might have been happier married."

Her brother made no comment.

"And oh, dear me, if somebody had been living in the same house with her, and — and cared for her, you couldn't really blame her?"

"Pity, Sarah, — pity, pity. One does not blame a child."

"But you see" — Miss Sally was too earnest to pause — "if he cared, oh, very much, and would be unhappy if she — did n't! And oh, Mortimer, I do respect him!" The major put on his glasses and looked at her in sudden astonishment. This emotion was not because of Mrs. Paul's dead daughter. He was interested, but vaguely alarmed. "You see," she proceeded tremulously, "he has been with us for more than a month now; long enough for anybody to learn to like him. And when he told me — oh, Mortimer, I was so surprised I did n't know what to say! Nobody knows it, of course; not even Sidney."

Miss Sally's fright had made her eyes overflow, so that she did not see the flush on Major Lee's face. "What!"

he said, in a low voice. "But you say Sidney does not know it?"

Miss Sally shook her head, in a bewildered way. "No, no; it did n't seem proper to tell her."

Major Lee had risen, in his alarm and indignation. "Certainly not; but are you sure that he has not told her?"

"Oh, no, indeed," answered Miss Sally. "He would n't say a word until — until I said he might. And if you are not willing that I should accept him, Sidney need never know it."

"Sarah," he said, after an empty moment of astonishment, "I thought he spoke of — her."

"Sidney?" she repeated vaguely. "Oh, no; it's only me."

Major Lee turned sharply away, and walked the length of the room and back before he could trust himself to speak. Miss Sally had risen, and stood watching him. Her brother's relief did not hurt her; it was only natural. "Sarah," he said, coming back to her, "I fear I was abrupt. Pray sit down. I am distressed that you should have been annoyed by this young man. I have been neglectful, or such a thing could not have come about. I will see him to-morrow."

"You — you are so kind, dear brother," Miss Sally answered, trembling very much, and with a look of the keenest perplexity on her face.

"I am much disappointed," the major began sternly. "The young man was my guest. It had not struck me that it was necessary to protect my household from possible annoyance. I must beg your pardon, Sarah."

Miss Sally twisted her fingers together and breathed quickly. "But, Mortimer, I thought — I thought perhaps you would be willing for me to — to live here, so that I could still take care of you and Sidney."

It was a long time since Mortimer Lee had experienced such successive shocks of emotion. He looked at her a moment in silence; then he said, "Sarah,

do I understand that it is your wish to accept Mr. Steele?"

"Yes, if you please, dear Mortimer," she answered faintly.

Again the major walked away from her and back before he spoke. "Sally, of course you shall do as you wish, but — I am sorry."

She looked at him furtively. His voice was so gentle that she realized vaguely the thought behind his words, and yet it eluded her as she tried to speak. "I — I'm sure he is a good man, Mortimer. You don't disapprove of him, brother, do you? I'm sure he will do anything you wish, — only he seemed to want me, Mortimer?" The major smiled. "I know," proceeded Miss Sally, the words fluttering upon her lips, "that you think it's a mistake to — to care; but I've never been afraid of sorrow."

"Have you ever known any joy?" he said. "But I wonder if you can know joy, — I wonder if you can love." He looked at her with sad intensity. "Do you love him, Sally?"

His sister's face flushed from her little chin to the smooth line of her hair. "I — I have a regard for Mr. Steele," she said.

The major threw himself down into his chair. "You are safe. You might as well marry him. And I suppose he has a regard for you? Well, that is as it should be. Never cease to have a regard for him, my dear, and you need not fear the future."

Miss Sally saw that he was amused by something, and she smiled, but with a wistful tremor of her lips. "Then you are willing, Mortimer?"

He did not reply for a moment; then he said, "I see no reason to object. I hope you will not be too happy, but I think there is no danger, at least for you." Mortimer Lee would not permit himself to think that Miss Sally could not inspire profound love. He took her hand and led her to the door. "Good-

night, Sally," he said; and then, taking her face between his hands, he gently kissed her forehead.

The fire had burned low before he

left it that night, and the wind, rumbling in the upper chimney, had scattered the white ashes out upon the hearth.

Margaret Deland.

LOITERING THROUGH THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

A BEAUTIFUL, brilliant Paris, a Paris all gayety and good-humor, a Paris without politics, — this was the Paris of the past centenary summer. Every street, every shop, had its link with the great show on the Champ de Mars, which pervaded the town and had possession of an entire quarter, extending to both banks of the Seine. I felt, on first crossing the threshold of the Porte Rapp, that it would be foolish and futile to spoil a holiday by working at the Exposition as if it were a task, so I made no study of its serious aspect, and addressed myself to some of its pleasure-giving sides. But the most irresponsible loafer could not fail to pay a tribute of admiration to France for the magnificent scope of plan and completeness of execution which give this a place above former world's fairs. The achievement was not cosmopolitan, but French, — a world-wide manifestation of French genius, to which the nations of the earth have lent helping hands. It is the outcome of her best qualities, — method, organization, executive ability, a liberal conception, exactness of detail, finish, industry, the desire for knowledge and for its diffusion, the love of art, and, above all, taste. These are combined and controlled by practical sense and a splendid imagination; the same which signalized the Grand Siècle and the Napoleonic era.

The lounge was idly aware of how much there must be to engage the attention of the publicist and political economist, not in the history of human labor

only, in its manifold illustrations, but at almost every step of his round. On the Esplanade of the Invalides, for instance, there was a pompous muster of the French colonies, a long double row of architectural caprices in gold, white, red and other gay colors, diminished reproductions of royal abodes, or places of worship or amusement, in the far East. Cochin China, Tonkin, Annam, Senegal, Algeria, and portions of other fractured empires had representative structures on each side of the wide thoroughfare, along which slim, smiling little Asiatics ran nimbly, pulling portly Europeans in jinrikshas. There was an air of family resemblance among these buildings and their contents and inhabitants, which may have existed chiefly in the ignorant eye of the beholder. They were imposing in name and number, however, and calculated to rouse the pride of the French and the jealousy of rival countries.

Americans bore no part in these heart stirrings and burnings, and the Malay village was more attractive to most of us than the party-colored, lacquered erections of the colonies. It was nothing more than a cluster of bamboo cottages thatched with palm-leaves, but so light and graceful in their simplicity that no civilized architect could excel them in design. They were disposed with such art that the effect was less of their having been brought from Java than of our having been transported thither. The delicate maize-colored surfaces were half hidden by the dark green foliage of

planes, and in recalling them there is an impression, possibly delusive, of mango and cocoanut trees. In a larger and more decorated inclosure, roofed over, but open at the sides, was a sort of theatre, where a troop of Javanese girls danced at intervals all day. They were pretty, diminutive creatures, like a cross between babies and idols, wearing helmet-shaped head-dresses, heavy armlets, brooches, and buckles, and beautifully embroidered garments which swathed the figure from the armpits to the feet, leaving the shoulders and arms bare. The dance was a curious performance and a puzzling one, *bizarre* rather than barbarous; as monotonous as the devotional exercises of the Shakers, but graceful and sinuous, it ran through a series of evolutions, each dancer advancing, retreating, sidling, circling, without a partner, and punctuating the time slightly with the head. The clothes hid the feet, but although there was very little action from the waist down, the movements indicated a swift succession of mincing steps. The arms and hands were incessantly in play, and were extraordinarily lithe and flexible; each finger moved independently of the rest, like leaves on a twig, and the hand turned on the wrist like the twig on a branch, and the arm on the shoulder like the branch on a tree. There were many pairs of slender arms, inviting, repelling, interlacing, now arched like bowers, now stretched out like wings for flight, more bewildering than the legs in a ballet, for those at least follow the same step, while each of these bayaderes danced her *pas seul* subversive only to a common idea. What that may have been nobody could guess, even after watching them for half an hour through different figures, in some of which they whisked the end of a sash from one shoulder to the other. The steps, at times, became more rapid, complex, and mazy, and either the dancers or the musicians, I could not

make out which, uttered little cries like the mew of a cat, but the dance did not become more exciting nor apparently reach a climax; it seemed like an Oriental tale, full of trivial incident, and ending without crisis or conclusion. The part played by the hands and arms is akin to the manner of Spanish gypsy dancing, but the immobility of the lower limbs, with a constant use of the feet, recalled the dancing of our Southern negroes, which is strange, as the Malay race has nothing in common, and can hardly have had communication, with the primitive tribes of Africa, from whom both the plantation and the Andalusian dancing come. The music was much wilder and queerer even than the dances; it was in $\frac{2}{4}$ time, and had the dotted notes which mark the double shuffle of the bamboula, but recalled no other music I ever heard, not even Chinese. The instruments are all said to be made of reeds, but included a sort of drum and several rude frames like the ancient lyre and Irish harp, from which the players drew sounds like the violin and viola and flute, as well as a ringing note, like musical glasses. The strains were rapid, plaintive, monotonous, and sweet, despite discords and insane intervals, which no musician in his senses could catch; there was less melody than rhythm, and a repetition which produced a not unpleasing irritation of the nerves. When musicians and dancers both came to a pause, the wonder still remained what it was all about.

Outlandish minstrels have become a feature of the great Expositions. In 1878, the gypsy bands from Hungary, at the Trocadéro, made a furore which led to a final solution of the mystery of gypsy music. A good deal had been written on the subject, to which Liszt devoted an entire volume, but a Hungarian gentleman settled the question by proving authoritatively that all their melodies were popular tunes of his native country, so old that they had been

generally forgotten, which the gypsies had picked up ages ago on the steppes. This being established, the African character of the gypsy music in Spain is explained, and no doubt the Russian gypsy music can be tested by the same theory, Russia being rich in ancient melodies; it would account, too, for the absence of music among the English gypsies, England proper having no native music. Last summer I met a large party of Alsatian gypsies, most of them showing purity of type in feature, complexion, and other physical signs, and speaking no language fluently except Romany. They practiced peddling in addition to their usual modes of making a livelihood, were Roman Catholics, and said that they had been members of that church and inhabitants of Alsace from the beginning of time; they had never heard of Egypt or Bohemia. They knew nothing of gypsy music as a tribal possession; three of them played hackneyed waltzes and opera airs on fiddles distractingly out of tune, yet with original modulations and intervals unlike mere vulgar strumming; they said they had learned these tunes *par principe*, whatever that meant. Yet they were genuine gypsies, — swapped horses, told fortunes, and were not above robbing hen-roosts. The fact is that the gypsies, who, as far as I know, pretend to nothing themselves and have nothing mysterious about them, but, like most other uncivilized people, sincerely wish to be let alone, have been put into the position of impostors by a class of pseudo-philologists who have made some small fame thereby. But now that this wandering race are proved to have no music of their own, the only art that was ever claimed for them, and have given up their tents and wagons, and taken to traveling and living in omnibuses, with cast-iron stoves and all the modern conveniences, they have lost every pretext to interest.

This must have occurred to the Eu-

ropean public, for one heard of no gypsy bands at the late Exposition; there were several Hungarian ones, and most likely gypsies among them. One of these was led by the Princess Lilia Dolgourouki, an eccentric Russian who, being separated from her husband and poor, plays the first violin of her little orchestra at *cafés chantants*. Another and better band, played at the Café Franco-Américain, was also led by a woman, very handsome and defiant-looking, pony-built, but with a fine, free bearing, aquiline features with sharp, spirited curves, great dark eyes open to the temples and over-arched by high, slender brows, a fruity complexion, and a thick plait of black hair hanging down her back. She wore a white cloth dress, braided and corded with gold; a green hussar jacket on one shoulder; and a stiff white cap like a visor turned back, from which fell a soft purse-shaped green crown ending in a gold tassel. She led, playing the violin with immense dash and go, the time beating through her from head to foot. Some of the other instruments were played by young girls, slim and flashing, but swarthy, unlike their queen, wearing short, dark blue dresses, red jackets braided with black, black Astrakhan caps shaped liked hers, and red, drooping purse-crowns. They played Strauss's waltzes, airs from Offenbach and Lecoq, interspersed with Hungarian marches and dances, without notes, and with astonishing rapidity, rhythm, and a wild vagabond carelessness of consequences, looking about, chatting and laughing all the while. The consequences were a blissful jingle and clash, producing an indescribable intoxication in the hearer, differing with different temperaments, like more vulgar forms of the same vice. The difficulty is to get away from that music; it is easier after the first piece than the second, and after the second than the third. You eat and drink as much as you can, and more than you want; other people are waiting for your

table and chair ; the waiter fidgets about, but his fee has been in keeping with your lavish, reckless mood, so he does not remonstrate ; you call for another glass of Tokay or Voslauer, which you cannot drink, as a new lease of your place. The crowd thickens ; you feel that there is no excuse for staying, but you stay on until the queen comes in from her home stretch with a flourish of her bow, and lays down her violin. Then she and her musicians descend from the platform, sit down at an inner table, call for large cups of coffee and small glasses of Cognac, and light cigarettes, with a tranquil air of leisure in strong contrast to the tearing pace of their last performance, and you see your chance and go. Yet this was a shrill, noisy, rattling band compared to that which played nightly at the Hungarian restaurant, under the trees of goodness knows what remote spot, which was reached through garden paths, and pillared solitudes, and lurid cafés, and Egyptian darkness. There was nothing picturesque or military in the aspect of this orchestra, composed of eight or ten men, untidy and unkempt, but their music was entrancing. There were not a dozen instruments ; the leader played the first violin like a master, and the viola, if viola it was, and violoncello were scarcely inferior. They did not play from notes, and often as I heard them I could not discover whether they played by memory, ear, or improvisation. The first violin always took the air ; the other musicians, who played on instruments which clashed like cymbals, rang like musical glasses, and clattered like castanets, seemed merely to follow. At the beginning of the concert they did not always pull together, there was a lack of sympathy ; but as they played, especially if it were one of their national marches or dances, a perfect understanding came about. While the leader rushed along, the second violin neck and neck, like Faust and Mephistopheles on their midnight ride, the others marked

the time by a monotonous beat, or pranced off into wild caracolings or mad spurts, racing back to the theme as to the goal. The melody is wild, but not always frantic ; sometimes it is a long, slow rhapsody drawn from the heart of memory and longing, of precious moments missed, of everything “by hopeless fancy feigned ;” the voice of the violin grows softer and lower, until it sinks to a whisper, then to a murmur, yet the tones steal into the ear and thrill the soul with the passion for what is out of reach, past forever, with the persuasion that could one follow that music it would lead to the land of desire. It is the tune the Pied Piper played to the children of Hammelin, and that the gypsy sang to the Duchess. The accompaniment purls like a brook muffled in rushes. When the charm is at its height, and musicians and listeners are rapt in the same ecstasy, one vibrating stroke of the bow breaks up the sorcery, and the mood changes, frenzy possesses the Hungarians again, and they are flying like a handful of Attila’s horde through the strains of some barbaric march. The hearers sit spellbound, with burning eyes and bewildered brains, before empty glasses and plates. A train on the Decauville railroad comes shrieking by, hidden in the night, overpowering the music for a moment, and everybody jumps up and tears themselves away.

Yet fickle Parisian fashion went over, at this Exposition, to the Roumanian band. Their instruments are for the most part stringed ; there were some reeds, and the pandean pipe, more associated now with Punch and Judy than with Arcadia, but giving a rustic character to the performance, sentimental or humorous according to the melody. They played in excellent time and tune, with extreme sweetness and tenderness of expression. The airs have not the originality of the Hungarian, nor a spark of their fire ; they seem, like the Roumanian language, enfeebled, uncultivated

Italian; when they are more distinctly national they are pastoral, with a certain regretfulness which pervades even the lively tunes. It is the music of a conquered people, without the martial despair of the Polonaises or the unconquerable turbulence of the Cszardas. The musicians are a fine-looking set of men, tall, well made, with Roman profiles, olive or ivory complexions, lustreless black hair in masses, and the same absence of polish on the thick black eyelashes which shadow soft, gleaming dark eyes,—long almond-shaped Eastern eyes, which have nothing European in their setting or glance, though they are noble and pensive. The national costume, white relieved by red, and profusely braided with black, is handsome and striking, and gives them a capital advantage. Costume had something to do with success at the Exposition; there was an orchestra of Viennese girls, prettily dressed in the Austrian colors, yellow and black, who played gay dance music with great style and swing, and who attracted a crowd as much by their likeness to a female regimental band in an *opéra bouffe* as by their music.

Yet costume did not play an important part in the general view; the pictorial effect which so gladdens the eye when it is brought about by arrangement or accident was missing. Men and even women in their national attire were to be met at every few steps, but the excessive preponderance of the so-called European dress, which is more truly English and American, extinguished more graceful and picturesque modes. The only relief from this prosaic aspect of the crowd was caught for an instant, now and then, in the Rue du Caire; there, minarets, moucharabies, Saracenic roofs, horseshoe arches, and fretted lattices, under a strip of dark blue sky, overhung booths in which a brilliant confusion of Eastern colors, shapes, fabrics, physiognomies, turbans, fezes, perfumes, and sounds, with the more frequent Ori-

ental dress, created a theatrical East, neither genuine nor spurious, but illusory and fantastic, like the hallucinations of anodynes. If at these moments a magnificent white donkey, bearing himself as proudly and gently as if he were carrying a Caliph, broke through the throng, with a bronzed Arab keeping step beside him, you had one of Gérôme's pictures; it had not local color or spirit enough for a Fromentin. The stately donkeys were much petted and patronized, not by children only, but by that class of sight-seer whom the French denominate *badaud*,—human jackass, in fact. One evening, early in September, the plaintive strains of the Roumanians were broken by the sound of feet tramping in step, men's voices singing in unison, mixed with cheers and laughter. A big white donkey trotted by, with a bedizened *badaude* (the noun takes the feminine) jolting and bouncing, followed by a procession of volunteers from the Latin Quarter, in double file, carrying their hats on canes and umbrellas, and chanting a soldier's chorus. Everybody laughed and cheered as they passed, and some young men joined the procession, which lengthened indefinitely as they burst along the Rue du Caire. Nevertheless, there was something that made the blood run cold in this demonstration on such a centenary; it was like a sinister parody.

Except among the historical portraits and in the building dedicated to the Arts of War, there was nothing at the Main Exposition to wake terrible recollections. The Revolution was commemorated with excellent judgment by a separate exhibition in the remaining wing of the Tuileries. A bright garden with flowers and fountains occupies the area of the Place du Carrousel, which some of us remember filled by the beautiful buildings of the old palace, and later with the heaps of its ruin. There was a double fitness in this site for the Exposition Historique de la Révolution

Française. It was divided with great exactness into periods, beginning with the Preliminaries and the Precursors, among whom were reckoned Montesquieu, Voltaire, and Rousseau, with likenesses of the last two at almost every age and in every material: they were represented in bronze, marble, earth, plaster, alabaster, china, *biscuit*, oil, crayon, pastel, pen and ink, pencil, ivory, terra cotta, and even some sort of dry goods stuff; by engravings, etchings, colored prints; on snuff-boxes, clocks, trinkets; and treated in every spirit, from apotheosis to caricature. Madame du Châtelet was there, too, — Voltaire's divine Emilie, rather a pinched great lady. Washington and Franklin figured among the Precursors. Then came Louis XVI. and his hapless family, from the early scenes of his reign to the last act in the Temple. The pictures of the unfortunate Dauphin, first as a young prince, then as an abused and broken-hearted child, slipping from stage to stage of physical degeneration, were on the whole the most painful objects in the collection. There were departments for the Assemblée Constituante and the Assemblée Législative, chiefly illustrated by engravings and prints of processions and celebrations and of the taking of the Bastille. The portraits of Delaunay, the valiant governor of the Bastille, and of the Abbé Bailly, gentle, venerable, learned-looking, were very affecting. The National Convention followed, and the clubs, among which were some fine heroic heads, carried away and lost by a great idea, conspicuously many of the Girondists'. Danton was there with mother and sisters, broad, short, strong middle-class faces, and Camille Desmoulins with his Lucile. Of them there were several portraits; two in crayon were the most interesting, — comely, youthful, enthusiastic countenances. Lucile is the perfect example of the extinct race of *grisette*, rather pretty, arch and charming; her betrothal ring was there, a token which could not

fail to rouse emotion, even in the breasts of royalists. There was a later portrait of her, powdered and dressed like a fine lady, not so pleasing. Among the leaders of the Revolution a type occurs peculiarly repulsive in its anomaly, — the *muscadin*, the bloodthirsty dandy. Fabre l'Eglantier and St. Just were of this class, though the patriotic flash of the last named belies his frills and ruffles. Robespierre was the worst specimen; it was frightful to see him as a pretty little man in a high starched muslin cravat and smart waistcoat. But there were plenty of faces and mementoes to curdle the blood, in that collection. The actors of the Terror肘bowed the victims; there were sanguinary and incendiary proclamations, vile lampoons, decrees of exile and confiscation, sentences of death. There were clothes which belonged to the royal family, remnants of female finery, pieces of furniture, fans, a little carpenter's tool with which the poor harmless king worked hours when he should have been saving his kingdom and his life: these relics of short-sighted frivolity and short-lived happiness were the most pathetic of all.

The transition from the rule of the lamp-post to that of the guillotine brought in the Committee of Public Safety; the objects connected with the deaths of Marat and Robespierre were revolting, hideous in their association. With the Directory the horror abated: military engravings of the bridge of Lodi, Arcola, the Pyramids, commemorated the new era of hope; the classic fashions came in, — portraits with hair à la *Titus*, the exaggerations of the *merveilleuses* and *incroyables*, which the folly of the year 1889, reproduced for women. The fatal, predestined face of Bonaparte in its haggard young beauty appeared among the pictures, as if every painter to whom he sat had the prophetic eye. In this department were curious engravings and relics of the festivals in honor of the Supreme Being, of Reason, of Youth, of

Age. With the Consulate the family of Bonaparte comes on the scene, sculptural, august, antique; and portraits of the generals of the republican armies, young, ardent, triumphant, with beautiful young wives, recalling Madame Junot's observation, "They were all thirty, we were all twenty." As fitting accompaniment to these were the flags and arms of their victories. Besides the portraits of soldiers of the last period were those of physicians, men of letters, actors and actresses, musicians, painters, men of science, clergymen. The series closed with the Consulate.

The French talent for classification and arrangement, which made this illustrious chapter in modern history so remarkable, was shown in a line of buildings setting forth the progress of human habitation. Beginning with the caves of the troglodytes, they passed through prehistoric stages, marked by cabins of mud and straw, by huts of unhewn stone, by the tents of the nomads, by the wattled cots on piles of the lake villagers, by the baked clay and thatched lodge of a later period. The infant race could be traced through the stone age, the iron and bronze ages, and the misery of those silent eras, struggling with the obdurate substances of nature in the search for a home. By degrees these were turned into weapons and tools. But the great stride of man in raising his home from a mere shelter against weather and wild beasts to an abode of comfort, with the incipient notion of adornment, begins with nations who had easily worked materials at hand, — the Egyptians and Assyrians, who built in brick, the Phœnicians, who used wood. Their constructions had symmetry and a style of their own a thousand years before the Christian era, and were more ornamental than the Greek house of the time of Pericles, five hundred years later. The refinement of an older civilization, too, was apparent in these models; it was like going back to ruder times when

one reached the European dwelling of the Merovingians in its due place and period. Yet it had architectural merit, the first qualities of which in a house are stability and comfort. The example at the Exposition was very striking, with its outer staircase of stone, the arched recess over the door, the belfry, and the walls built of both rough and hewn stone, mixed with broken pillars and capitals, fragments of the Roman Empire which had been trampled under the hoofs of barbarian hordes over the whole surface of Europe. Those invaders were recalled by a rude wain, of primitive pattern, such as served the Huns for transporting their women and children and storing their booty; except that it was covered, it could not have differed much from the state chariot of the Merovingian princes. The prettiest abodes were those of the latest Carolingians, during the tenth century, and of the time of St. Louis of France, three hundred years later. The first was a cheerful example of domestic Romanesque; the second was a large cottage, Gothic and cross-timbered. Next to them stood the most charming, the gayest of European habitations, a "hostel of the Renaissance," which looked like the wing of a Valois château transported from the banks of the Loire to the Seine. It was at this point, and scarcely anywhere else, that want of room was felt; the dwellings of different epochs and races were crowded too close for each to fill its place in the gaze or the imagination. These exquisite reproductions, in most cases necessarily reduced from the original size, would have gained greatly by being isolated and screened by trees or shrubbery; it must have been a grief to the architect, Mr. Charles Garnier, to see them set thus cheek by jowl. The elegance with which he has invested every structure, from the ancient Hindoo palace and the hostel of Henri II., to the red man's wigwam and the bee-hive huts of central Africa, is

the property of his individual talent, and to reconstruct them from monuments and exhumed or excavated specimens is a feat of artistic capability, knowledge, and ingenuity. It would have gladdened Prescott to look upon the abodes of the Mexicans and Peruvians as he depicted them before the Spanish invasion, in their smiling and simple luxury, — the luxury of warm and kindly climates, which foster the passive enjoyment of existence. There was a general resemblance between these shreds of the annihilated civilizations of our hemisphere and some of the world's older half, Moorish, Arab, and Persian, but not to any of Mongol origin.

The interest of this review insensibly roused the desire for information, against which I had shut my mind. From the history of human habitations there was an inevitable tendency to see something of the earth on which they are based. In a separate pavilion there was a model of the terrestrial globe, some forty feet in circumference, therefore about the size of an ordinary three-story house; the reduction from reality was one millionth. It was not only the globe of the school-room magnified, — it was a synopsis of the conditions and the resources of this world of ours: the course of the rivers, the chains of the mountains, the infractuosities of the coast and the appalling expanse of the sea, the extent of the forbidden region which guards the poles, could be seen and comprehended; the mineral products were indicated by dots of different colors for the different species; the lines of navigation and railway travel and telegraphic communication could be traced. The globe slowly revolved, and the spectators, hushed and subdued for the most part by the grandeur of the scheme, passed round it by a spiral gallery of three grades, by which they could look down on the north pole and up at the southern one. The enormous disproportion between the habitable

earth and the inhospitable sea amazed the mortals creeping along the huge ball; *terra firma* is degraded to the rank of an island. To me, the numerous chains of great lakes in various countries which I had supposed to be arid, and the gradual passage from the equatorial to the arctic zones in lands which I habitually think of as tropical, were the greatest surprise. But it was less any detail than the whole by which I was impressed, and by the overwhelming calm of the vast blue ocean spaces. M. Melchior de Voguë, who has described the Exposition in some very able and agreeable papers for the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, noticed the "majestic gravity" which settled on the visages of the spectators, who, as the globe turned before their eyes, felt that they were becoming suns. I cannot say what the effect of this contemplation had on Frenchmen, but certain Americans found their personality entirely absorbed by it for the moment.

One left the terrestrial globe with renewed curiosity about the countries so far apart on its surface, so near together on the Champ de Mars. The Centennial Exposition of 1876, and the multiplication of Chinese, Japanese, Turkish, and Algerine shops in the cities of Europe and America, have singularly cheapened the fascination which ten years ago was so powerful in sticks and straws, paper screens, and olive-wood rosaries. The mongrel Levantines, who represent many Eastern countries at world's fairs, help to dispel the charm and illusion. In the Rue du Caire, the semblance of an Oriental street justified the trumpery wares of the booths and bazaars; but many of their departments, notwithstanding some really precious things which they had to show, made an irritating display of pinchbeck gimcracks and rubbish. There was relief in getting out of them into the solid semi-barbaric gorgeousness of Siam, with its scarlet and gold, and deep, rich flower-pattern carving. Stroll-

ing away from more distant regions, which had been brought too near, I came upon Greece, where gaudy tastelessness was to be seen on every side. For one ungrateful moment, the indolent dilettante forgot that the museums of other countries contain the treasures of Greece; the best modern objects in her exhibition were fierce and fine-looking manikins in beautiful costumes. In the miniature republic of San Marino, on the contrary, the taste and harmony of assorted color were remarkable, not only in old carpets and canopies, but in modern imitations of them, almost large enough to cover the whole of that interesting little state. The Danubian principalities excited sympathy by their uncomfortable position of nuts in the crack of a door; whichever face Janus turns, they fare ill. With manners of hardy simplicity, they possess some of the perceptions and talents of luxury, as their embroidery shows, but their native arts are said to be perishing under the grind of political pressure and the importation of cheap manufactures. The Norse countries have a fresh, unspoiled originality and charm, a distinct character, which will be remembered by everybody who went to the American Centenary Exposition in 1876; they have lost nothing of it, and Norway in particular has pursued her handicrafts along the old lines, which continue to lead only to successful results.

But at every turn one came face to face with France, giving new delight by some new outgrowth of her versatile genius. The Exposition was a summary of her characteristics, her serious qualities, and her seductive foibles. Taste, ingenuity, and manual skill are present in her humblest work, and her artisans are nearly always artists in their crafts. There were jewels in the Parisian exhibition worthy of a place in the Green Vaults at Dresden, or among the *cinquecento* trinkets in the Louvre; there was a minute monster formed of a pearl,

pink coral, and enamel, from the firm of Froment-Meurice, as perfect as any similar product of the Renaissance. But it was among the toys that the frivolous side of the French was seen in its most attractive light. One glimpse of the show-cases made men and women merely children of a larger growth. They crowded about the plate-glass, leaving the little people to howl for a sight. The loveliness, the exquisite raiment, the infinite variety, of the dolls, and the scenes which they enacted, were enough to keep an intelligent visitor amused all day. They included every nation and social station. For the most part, they represented children, though there were some Lilliputian ladies and gentlemen variously occupied, as, for instance, in learning the minuet, three figures in the dress of Louis XVI.'s reign, — an old gentleman playing the violin, and a handsome young couple dancing; they were mechanical puppets, and the slow, stately motions, the ineffable airs and graces, the pointing of the lady's toe and dropping of her fringed eyelids, were in keeping with the business on hand. A delicate sense of high life and humor designed that group, which even to the very chair and music-book were of the *ancien régime*; but what fingers trimmed their dresses, and tied the bows, and fastened the shoe-buckles? It was in such creations that French finish and perfection of detail could be studied. Even more delightful than this was the party round the cherry-tree, — half a dozen boys and girls, about a third the size of life: one exulting in having got to the top; another, with a face of consternation, losing his grasp and about to fall; those below holding up hats and pinafores for the fruit. They represented charming children of eight or nine, with expressions as natural and vivacious as portraits. A group on a smaller scale gave the daily drama of the Tuileries gardens. The Russian nurse, in national costume (for whom there is now a fashion in France),

sits on a bench, holding a beautifully dressed baby ; but her attention is absorbed by a rakish doll in uniform leaning over her shoulder, while a toddling child falls on the gravel, and cries with a piteous grimace and tears of glass, a little elder sister, full of anxiety, stooping to pick him up. There was the utmost cleverness and truthfulness in these small parodies of life ; the smiles which the nurse and her admirer exchanged were enough to raise a blush.

A large portion of the toy department was taken up by military playthings, weapons of every sort, which might furnish the arsenals of Oberon. There were cavalry, infantry, artillery and ordnance, sappers and miners, sailors and marines, correct in every accoutrement ; battles fought by the latest rules of warfare ; sieges by land and water, where gun-boats and torpedoes played their part, and redoubts were assaulted and defended by hundreds of tiny soldiers of every grade, with every appliance of modern engineering. These toys were exceedingly beautiful and instructive ; they testified painfully to the determination constantly expressed by French people of fortune to bring their children up from the cradle in familiarity with military science and the art of war.

The arts of luxury were on the whole best set forth by the Lyons silk manufacturers. There were velvets, satins, brocades, crapes, gauzes, and other fabrics, costly and ephemeral, an inexhaustible variety of hue, shade, and texture. The harmonious effect of so many colors thrown together was an æsthetic feat of the persons who arranged the show-cases. The revived taste for flowered stuffs and ribbons, the latter a separate branch and worth an hour's study, has opened a new field for the French workman, and many of the designs had the beauty of fine flower-painting. It is distressing that these superb and exquisite inventions, that so much taste, sentiment, and fancy, should be expended on the most transient

of caprices ; a year, three at the most, and the fashion will have changed, the designs and tints will be out of date, the very names of the tissues forgotten. Their duration is as fugitive as that of the delicious scents which exhaled from the perfumery department, near by ; heliotrope or violet are the odors of elegance one season, ylang-ylang or vetiver the next, and the last choice essence makes those of former years vulgar. It is not too much to say that the Lyons exhibition gave a pleasure akin to that one finds in picture-galleries and flower-gardens.

But there were real gardens, besides the gay, graceful planting which embellished the grounds of the Exposition in every direction, and set the pavilions of distant countries among the bloom and foliage of their native climate ; for the grassy slopes of the Trocadéro were the scene of successive flower-shows, each seeming more lovely and luxuriant than the last. And there were real pictures, so many and so fine that not a few visitors turned their backs on everything else, and gave themselves up to the Gallery of Fine Arts. There too France led, far in advance, and her superiority has been recognized by all the other countries which could presume to compete with her. Belgium, Holland, Bavaria, and Austria at eight international expositions have given her the palm, and at Paris, last spring, the international jury proposed to award a medal of honor to every Frenchman who exhibited a picture. The rules of the Exposition wisely forbade such a compliment, but the jury incorporated in their report the tribute to the supremacy of their hosts. It was with mingled excitement and calm, the emotion of great moments, that the picture-lover crossed the threshold of the Gallery of Fine Arts, where the eye was instantly held by the novelty of material and color and the new mode of architecture. Blue was the predominant tone, clear and positive like the

sky of May, and the first effect was cold and crude, particularly in juxtaposition with the many-shaded terra cotta; but it was soon found to be restful and soothing to the nerves, and peculiarly advantageous to the statuary which filled the porticoes and halls of entrance. Few people who entered them with the belief that sculpture is a lost art can have come away of the same mind. There was much that was ugly and some that was bad, but there was a vigorous manifestation of creative power. The French have the secret of giving life to their statues and busts, among which there were many strong and many beautiful productions. There were fine groups of men and animals, some, I believe, from Belgium; and in the small exhibition from Scandinavia there were works of great talent, grace, and spirit, though I am uncertain whether they were Norwegian, Swedish, or Danish. The art of those northern countries, which has slumbered since their appearance in history, except as regards architecture, has begun to make itself seen and heard. First arose a school of music. Lindblad, Jenny Lind's countryman and early master, has left a large collection of beautiful songs, which are not as well known as they deserve to be. Since his time there has been a great change: the name of some Scandinavian composer is now to be seen on the programme of almost every fine concert; such artists as Ole Bull, Christine Nilsson, the brothers De Reszké, Madame Essipoff, — for Russia awoke at the same time, — prove that neither creative genius, nor the gift of voice, nor the facility of the virtuoso, nor dramatic talent is wanting among them. With almost the sole exception of Thorwaldsen, the Norsemen were absent from fine art exhibitions, but of late years they have claimed a modest place. There were small compartments devoted to Swedish, Danish, Norwegian, and even Finnish painting, opening on the long gallery in the second story of the Palace of

Fine Arts, in the Champ de Mars. Some of them were merely creditable school compositions by pupils of Parisian painters; others showed true originality and developing strength. There are fewer tricks, and mannerisms, which the French call *tics*, in the contributions from those remote coasts than from the studios of central Europe. One characteristic which they have in common with the Russians (who made no great show on this occasion) is a look of hard truth, something different from so-called realism. They have their share of this tendency, too, and in many of their pictures there is struggle between it, a raw realism like a child's attempt at painting, and a childlike, dreamy imaginativeness, as if they had not got their foothold yet. Their *technique* is painstaking in every branch, but they succeed best with landscape, and with strange atmospheric effects which are nevertheless felt to be faithful. These offspring of the vikings paint the ocean well. A small and exceedingly beautiful sea-piece, by a Norwegian named Nils, holds its place in my mind's eye, — a rising tide under a sunset sky. It was touching to see the light-haired men and women staring with their sea-blue eyes at their countrymen's pictures. Some of them wore their handsome national dress; in one party there was a fair bride, with glittering golden locks and a complexion like sunset on snow, in her fresh veil and bravery.

English and American visitors owe a word of thanks to these good people and to all like them, who enlivened the prosaic crowd by a touch of variety and sentiment. There were French peasants, men and women, who went about with intent, intelligent faces and manners often of chilling dignity, in smart, clean array, unconsciously helping to keep alive a sense of the picturesque.

The English made a fine show, which must have been a consolation to national vanity, if it ever needs consoling, for the

lamentable competition in London, last season, at the Royal Academy, Grosvenor and New galleries. No doubt these had suffered by so many good pictures having been sent to Paris, but it was noteworthy that the painters who made the best figure there were those whose canvases had redeemed the London exhibitions.

The Belgians came next the French, to my thinking. They made an agreeable display with the largest proportion of pictures which would be suitable for drawing-rooms and boudoirs; but perhaps it might be termed a subdivision of the French school, of which they show the influence far more than of their own glorious predecessors.

The excellence of the United States department of painting must have been a joyful and proud surprise to a great many diffident Americans, if such there be. The trademark of the Paris studio is on many of our pictures, too, but not to the same degree as with the Flemish; it might also be objected that such names as Dannat, Rheinhardt, Klumpke, De Meza, and many more equally foreign do not represent native American talent; but they would represent a vote at our elections, and if the genius of our people derives some of its quality from an infusion of foreign blood, no doubt some of our progress in art comes from the same element. Among the painters who are most vivid in their inspiration and most noxious in their influence are Whistler and Duverneck. There were very few pictures of the former, but one, at least, was a masterpiece, — a portrait. At his best he is inimitable, and he is not to be imitated when he is below it. Hitchcock's Madonna among the Lilies attracted the attention of American visitors more than his Tulip Culture, — a large canvas, on which a woman clad in lilac-gray stands among bands of deep pink, white, straw-color, and pale pink flowers diversified by green, crossing the picture horizontally, against the near

background of a gray barn and olive-green cottage, wall, and trees. This memorandum gives an idea of the composition, but not of its charming result. Alexander Harrison had a fine picture, even if to the mere observer of nature the color might not seem quite true, — artists know best, — a gentle surf and full moon above the horizon. A beautiful sea-piece by T. W. Richards, and one or two more studies of the same subject by painters not yet famous, gave promise that we shall soon have a fine marine school. I could give a long list of the pictures before which I spent some time, though less than I wished, in the United States exhibition; but a catalogue of names would be tedious, and trying to describe works of art is vain, unless one be both painter and writer.

The French pictures were so many and so good that it would be hopeless to try to do them justice. The last exhibition I had seen was the triennial Salon of 1883, comprising the best works of art of the previous three years. The exhibition at the Champ de Mars was a decennial one, again made up chiefly of the cullings from the annual Paris exhibitions since their last international exposition. I noticed three marked improvements, from an æsthetic point of view: as a rule, the representations of the nude were not indecent, the scenes of violence were not revolting, and there was a distinct decrease of the mode of painting which makes a picture look like the wrong side of worsted work or a bit of rag carpet. But there never was a time in which there were so many diversities of style; contrasts could hardly go further in conception and treatment of the same subject in every school of painting, — portraits, landscapes, religious, marine, military. One would like to say, "My brethren, be not many masters," but the difficulty is rather that there are too many pupils. The military painters were all there; the French certainly put action, furious action, the *furia francese*

of their old charges, into their battle-pieces. The landscape school of this century was magnificently represented: all the great names were seen in great works; there was an autumn wood by Rousseau, into which you seemed to be walking as you advanced toward the picture. An uncomfortable conviction for Americans follows an hour in a Paris fine arts exhibition, that notwithstanding famous names and fabulous prices the best specimens of contemporary French art do not come to us, not even in *genre* pictures; the *Angelus* and its companions at the American Art Association are the exceptions which prove the rule.

Besides the decennial exhibition, there was a centennial collection of paintings in the broad, square gallery under the dome of the Palace of Fine Arts, brought not only from the Louvre, but from the provincial museums throughout the country. After the effete, effeminate art of the expiring monarchy, the splendid outburst of artistic vitality is as striking as the explosion of military genius under the Consulate and the Empire.

The retrospective exhibitions at the Trocadéro went back to the rise of the various arts and trades. The history of sculpture in France filled a suite of spacious halls with reproductions of her most venerable and interesting monuments and examples of every period and style. The extraordinary dignity and beauty of the series and the impression it made on the imagination contrasted singularly with the effect produced on me, not long before, by the collections in the South Kensington Museum, with their modern air of well-classified facsimiles.

This exhibition of sculpture was one of the few departments of the Exposition where the past was not pressed out of sight by the present and the future. Modern invention possessed the field. The Seine was bordered by a line of

buildings exhibiting the operations of the Commissariat of Subsistence of peace, the Panification of Paris, the development of coffee and chocolate. It was a pleasure to look at them from the opposite bank with the certainty of never setting foot inside them. Enough could be guessed of the place which, supplying the mere necessities of life, holds in life itself by making the round of the Exposition grounds on the little Decauville railroad. The stations and track had a holiday air, and you took a seat in the wagonette with a feeling that you would presently arrive in an unknown country. Directly it whirled by Eastern kiosks, modern manufacturing, Chinese pagodas, mediæval battlements, bamboo inclosures, openings into contemporaneous Paris with its omnibuses, tramways, and cabs. The juxtaposition and sequence were brain-feverish. There were intervals of relief, when nothing could be seen on either side but a row of trees within walls posted with cautions to the passengers in every known and unknown tongue. Though not an Orientalist, I felt at home with the Arabic, Hebrew, Persian, and Chinese inscriptions, after puzzling over the bewildering characters of Coptic and Malay. There was one in Latin which began "O Cives," with a Ciceronian appeal to passengers not to put their heads and arms out of the windows, etc., and the Spanish placards headed "Haro!" stirred the spirit of adventure instead of repressing it. To satisfy the cosmopolitan, there was a notice in Volapük, which must commend itself to every linguist in search of a simple, natural basis for the universal language: "Sanitö! Die-dolsöd bimis no pladolsöd lögis ni kapi plö vars."

The praise bestowed on the architecture of the Galerie des Machines, or, as M. Melchoir de Vogüé termed it, the Palace of Force, led me once to traverse it slowly. The might of Nature, the tremendous energy of man, come home to the mind with overwhelming

power in the presence of the enormous engines by which the one holds the other in check and subservience. They justify the boast of Archimedes. But the monster of Frankenstein and M. Renan's Caliban, and the awful revenges of these stupendous slaves when they turn upon their masters, haunt the fancy. The brain reels between exultation at the Titanic achievements of man and the perpetual defeat and sacrifice of men; at the thought of the innumerable victims to these victories, of the more innumerable whose existence is lifelong thrall to those mastodons. I nearly forgot that I was there for enjoyment, and made haste to get into the open air.

To a mind incapable of grasping the simplest principle of mechanics, the sight of the Eiffel Tower and the adjacent buildings was a pleasanter manifestation of human prowess. I found that they were most imposing by night. Then the vulgarity inseparable from an indiscriminate crowd, the trivial details, the clap-trap, the pasteboard aspect of huge temporary structures, were lost in a vaster and more comprehensive impression, at once more real and more fantastic. At a stated hour, the illumination of the fountains produced a marvelous transformation scene, beautiful enough for fairy-land if it could have been watched from some coign of vantage out of reach of the many thousand pairs of elbows below; this drew the crowd to one point, and then was the time to see the exterior of the Exposition. Then the palaces and temples threw black silhouettes on wide glaring white spaces, and quivering shadows of leaves and tendrils decorated the black walls. Then the broad alternations of darkness and brightness were deserted, and one wandered among their mysterious pavilions and strange gardens like Haroun Alraschid in search of adventures. There was a transcendent grandeur in the luminous outlines of the main buildings against the soft

summer dusk. Through the broad arch in the base of the Eiffel Tower, across a murky interval warmed by the presence of indistinguishable gold and color, rose the colossal semblance of an altar lighted with numberless tapers; it was like the nave and choir of some Byzantine cathedral of fabulous dimensions, waiting for the nations of the earth to gather for midnight mass. From a different angle one saw the halls and colonnades of Lucifer,

“High on a hill far blazing, as a mount
Rais'd on a mount, with pyramids and towers
From diamond quarries hewn and rocks of
gold.”

The steadily shining high altar seen through the overarching vault was the terrace of the Trocadéro, on the right bank of the Seine. In crossing the Alma bridge to reach it, another wonderful scene was revealed: as far as the eye could follow, the banks glittered with millions of many-colored lights, jeweling the darkness and doubled in the jet-black stream. Along the edge they threw a reflection like the pillars of an endless arcade; elsewhere they were flung and heaped together like flowers of fire. The river was spanned by gleaming bridges, below which the dark ripples changed to a sparkling network, and the surface was broken into lines and dashes of light by boats of every size darting to and fro like fireflies, the gilded Bucentaur of the Louvre gliding smoothly between the flashing links mirrored from its galleries. My companion and I passed from this into an embowered avenue, emerging on a broad gravel walk between borders of emerald turf: a high rose hedge on one hand, covered with countless buds and full-blown blossoms; on the other, a dazzling flood, rising in waterspouts, falling in cataracts, flowing away in tossing waves between marble embankments. We walked slowly up the solitary garden, following the flash of the waters which drowned our speech, breathing the fragrance of the roses,

watching the architectural lines of the terraces carved in light, which cast their reflection upward on the pale, unilluminated façade of the Trocadéro. We were alone, we had it to ourselves; the solitude and the splendor, the delicious odors, belonged to the precincts of enchantment. When we reached the highest grade we turned, and beyond the Seine the Champ de Mars in its nocturnal effulgence lay before us like a city of palaces, its gold and silver and rainbow fountains leaping into the air.

It was by night, and miles away from the Exposition, that I had my last sight of those lofty piles looming over Paris, and looking down from their sublime height upon the cupolas, towers, and spires, monuments of other triumphs. Below

me spread a dark, billowy expanse of tree-tops, into which from the further side a double line of light jutted like a pier; southward the branches lifted and gave a glimpse of myriad tiny, twinkling, hurrying lamps, but the foliage rolled together again, and rose densely to the horizon. Above, up among the stars, three radiant shapes were outlined in white fire against the firmament,—a vast dome, an amphitheatre, and an aerial tower of slender convergent lines ending in a mild, intense beacon light, with a long wake like a comet sweeping this way and that over the enshadowed city and the dim, sleeping country. It was a symbol of the light of knowledge streaming from the great pharos of the Exposition.

THE BEGUM'S DAUGHTER.

XXXII.

THE following letter from Madam Van Cortlandt to her husband explains itself:—

ALBANY, 10th May, 1698.

MY BELOVED HUSBAND,—I am much concerned to know how affairs go on since B——t's accession. His l'dshp's coming, if all that's said be true, is not likely to make for the benefit of some we wot of. There's an end once and for all of a certain junker's chances. What next is to be undertaken we will consider of when we meet. The plan writ of in my last with such commendation, that he come hither to bear brother John company in his forthcoming embassy to the Five Nations, must no longer be thought of; for only last Lord's Day morning, as I sat at ease in church, who should pop up before me but that Leisler hussy! and upon inquiry I find the whole brood is settled down here.

Make shift rather to send him down to Lysbeth's for two or three weeks' shooting, until we hit upon a sufficient pretext for dispatching him to Holland. . . .

Your faithful, loving wife,

GERTRYD.

It was in accordance with the hint above given that Steenie was forthwith posted off to Vlacktebos. He received the hint from his father with instant favor. He was a zealous sportsman, Seawanacky abounded in game, there was nothing to keep him at home, and the suggestion of a possible voyage to Holland upon business of moment was a prospect tangible and alluring enough to rob the future of vagueness, life of aimlessness, and justify present idling.

Cousin Lysbeth welcomed him with her usual heartiness, but directly became aware of a change in him which perplexed her not a little. What had come over the ingenuous junker? Where

had he picked up that hard, disagreeable way of talking, and that laugh without a touch of mirth to it? Shrewd as she was, the good huysvrouw could never be quite sure whether he was in jest or earnest; and for the matter of that, many of his jests—if they were jests—she did not at all understand.

"So we have a new governor, it seems," she said, as they sat on the stoop after supper.

"I believe you, cousin, and we made the welkin ring at his coming."

"How so?"

"Nothing less than four full barrels of gunpowder could avail to bruit the matter to the world."

"And all well enough; 't is fitting he should be received with honor," remarked the dame, who had an hereditary but well-regulated love for parade.

"Humph, yes! In that respect 't was small measure. Nay, as I think on it, 't was niggardly. They should have burned the other two. Would you believe, now, they had two good barrels left, saved with old-granny prudence against an attack by the Indians? To such things are we come!"

"But his Excellency is of higher rank, 't is said, than any before sent out to us."

"So you would have sworn from the banquet; the like was never seen here; only your earls and lordships are born with stomachs for such feasts."

"What had they then so fine?" asked cousin Lysbeth eagerly, with a true huysvrouw interest.

"Everything that walks or creeps, or swims or flies,—venison, beef, mutton, pork, veal, lamb, sausages"—

"Meat to every man's liking, and none too much for the occasion."

—"turkeys, geese, ducks, chickens, grouse and quail"—

"Ei! ei!" exclaimed cousin Lysbeth in protestation.

"I swear to you!—was I not one of them?—together with pasties, puddings,

cakes without number, and wines without stint."

"And how many to eat?"

"Everybody worth counting in the town; a hundred and fifty at least,—all bowing, and smirking, and lordshipping with might and main, Mayor De Peyster at the head."

"What manner of man is his Excellency?"

"Not a woman in the land but will say we had never such a governor before."

"Humph!"

"For besides that, in stature and port, he outdoes De Peyster himself, he comes dangerously up to Solomon in glory of raiment."

"So? He should make a show in keeping with his office, but 't is pity if he have no more sense than to overdo the matter."

"Sense! Never fear. You have not more yourself. See what a great opinion I hold of the man. He has a will of his own, too. Heigho!" He interrupted himself with one of those laughs the honest dame liked not to hear. "Is it not enough to set a dog laughing, cousin, to see them yonder hugging and cossetting, when in three weeks they will be snarling and spitting like cats?"

"For me," said Vrouw Wickoff gravely, "I see no laughing matter in it; 't is time we had an end of quarreling and bickering, and some heed was given to the good of the province."

"The good of the province!" repeated the junker, with another laugh, louder and harder than before. "What, pray, mean you by that fine phrase, cousin? What is the good of the province but the good of Claes and Rip and Jan many times multiplied? Who cares for Claes and Rip and Jan singly? Not a mother's son but themselves. See you? 'T is every one for himself. The province is but a name which everybody writes on his banner to serve his turn."

The dame did not answer directly. She sat for several minutes studying her kinsman as his roving eyes gave her opportunity.

"I hope, at any rate," she began after a while, "his Excellency will let bygones be bygones, and rake up no old bones of contention."

"Why, know you not 'tis for that precisely he has come?"

"What?"

"To put down the pirates."

"'Tis high time, too."

"And put up the Leislerians."

"Ei?"

"For which these worthy merchants who have been feasting him are expected to supply the money."

"God grant they may never be such fools."

The junker laughed long and loud.

"See you there, who would be bickering now? Ei, cousin Lysbeth, 'tis as I thought; were you a man, there'd be no such roistering bickerer in the land."

"'Tis no bickering to make a stand against letting loose a lot of vipers upon us."

"Why should they not be let loose, tell me? Why should they not have their ups after being trod so long in the mire?"

"'Tis the place for them," retorted Vrouw Wickoff stoutly; "they're not to be trusted."

A look of demure gratification gleamed in Steenie's eye, as he watched his sober kinswoman take fire.

"Give them power again and they'd cast the whole province into an uproar," she continued, quite unconscious of being baited.

"They are all of one flesh and blood; 'tis but fair they should have their chance with the rest," went on the junker, casting about for material to keep up the flame.

"Go get you to bed!" cried cousin Lysbeth, suddenly awaking to the situ-

ation, "and to-morrow let me find you in better sense!"

The first week of Steenie's stay in Vlaktebos passed without any event of note. He spent the days tramping the country with his dog and gun, to such good purpose that his cousin's larder was supplied to overflowing. It was, perhaps, on account of this embarrassment of riches that she suggested sharing his gifts with the begum, in return for her kindness of long ago.

Accordingly, on his way home one day he stopped at the Staats farm with a bagful of birds. The begum was not at home, so, leaving his offering with a civil message, the junker turned away. Hardly had he reached the highway, however, when he saw the lady approaching. Upon hearing his errand she overwhelmed him with thanks, and, despite his excuses and bedraggled condition, by sheer insistence brought him back with her to supper.

At the entrance to the driveway she dismissed her palanquin, and loitered under the tall trees upon a pretext of pointing out the view.

"Here, if it please you, Mynheer, upon this knoll — so — looking to the west. There is nothing, I suppose, stirring in town?"

"Nothing of moment," he answered, busied with the view.

"'Tis strange, with the coming of a new governor."

"True, the new governor, — I quite forgot him."

"'Tis because he goes on with things where his late Excellency dropped them," continued the lady, attentively studying his averted face.

"Not he."

"So?"

Directly the questioner's eye darkened with interest, but she turned away with excellent control, and occupied herself with the scenery.

"A little further to the right, Mynheer. The doctor says 'tis the best

point for a view in all New Utrecht. Note the cliff yonder, glittering in the sunset; 't is like the glories of the Taj-Mahal. 'T is thought, then, his lordship will have other views than Governor Fletcher?"

"As different as dawn from dark, so goes the report."

"Yonder faint line you think the sky, Mynheer; 't is no sky, but the sea itself. When the sun is overhead 't is as blue as the sapphire on my hand."

Steenie, perhaps thinking of the last time he saw the sea in New Utrecht, was silent.

"What, then, called so loud for amendment in Governor Fletcher's doings?"

The junker replied with his new laugh, and his listener naturally stared.

"Pardon, madam, your question is so innocent. Know you not New York is become a den of thieves under him? The merchants are all turned pirates and the officials are hand in glove with the rogues, till there's not an honest man left in authority to enforce his Majesty's noble Acts of Trade."

The new note struck by her visitor, accompanied by a certain slight recklessness of manner, clearly fell upon the lady's ear as a discord, for she flashed upon him a searching look.

"What think you of the story of Madam Fletcher's jewels?" he went on.

"Ei?" cried the begum, with an outburst of curiosity, all guards forgotten.

"Her late lamented Majesty, 't is said, had nothing like them."

"I know nothing of all that!" interjected madam breathlessly.

"How comes it, tell me, they look so like to certain gems taken by pirate Tew from the Grand Mogul himself in the Indian Ocean?" asked the junker, with a look of mingled mockery and insinuation.

The begum did not speak, but she gazed at him as if every feature and limb had turned into bristling interrogation points.

"Again, how came Madam Bayard with that wondrous diamond, once worn by an Arabian princess, foully murdered, 't is said, on the high seas?"

"What say you?"

"Let Minvielle too explain, if he can, the chest of Arabian gold pieces found under his bed, and Adolphe Philipse why he steals out in a ketch, under cover of night, to meet his father's merchantmen coming in from Madagascar."

Steenie laughed again in a way which seemed to bewilder and irritate his hearer.

"How think you now?" he went on, not blind to the impression he was making; "has not his new Excellency something to do to drive out the rogues and bring back those dear Leislerians?"

"He dare not venture upon that!"

"Why, know you not they are the only honest men left in the province?"

"What huysvrouw's tales are these, Mynheer?" cried the lady, with a sudden flash of anger.

"Such as are flying about the Stadthuys and buzzing in his new Excellency's ears. — So! this, then, is the view you speak of? 'T is indeed a fine prospect of the land, but I see no water; perhaps 't is because the sun blinds my eyes I cannot make it out."

The listener paid no heed to the attempted digression.

"And will he have new councilors?"

"Trust him for that!"

"Men of his own mind, men of the mind to bring back those" — she choked over the obnoxious word — "those others to power?"

"Assuredly! Think you he would consort a minute with the rogues Fletcher had at his board?" questioned the junker, with another laugh.

Insensibly pressing closer to her guest, madam lowered her high-pitched voice to a more confidential key.

"What say you? He will give back to the vrouw and her children their goods and lands?"

"'T is so said."

"And take away — if he can — the guilt and disgrace?"

"God knows!"

Struck by the speaker's sudden sternness of tone, the begum stood looking at him with kindling eyes. There followed a moment of silence, in which she seemed busied with the form of her next question. Her trouble was lost. A cloud of dust arose on the highway, a sound of heavy trampling was heard, and the next minute a herd of young cattle came rushing and snorting down the road, with heads tossing and tails standing straight in air.

With a loud cry of terror the begum darted off towards the house, her soft draperies floating backward in the breeze of her own making.

Calling out vainly to reassure her, Steenie faced about to cover her retreat. But the danger was already over, and he stood staring at the cause of the stampede. Mounted on a colt, without saddle or bridle, her cap gone, her long braids hanging half unraveled down her back, Catalina galloped past in the wake of the flying cattle, followed afar off by a panting negro.

Steenie jumped upon a boulder to look after them. The disheveled rider soon overtook the herd, and dashing through their midst headed them back. The negro, meantime, had come up and opened a gate, and by dint of dodging and much shouting the cattle were soon all driven into the lane leading to the barn-yard. Thereupon dismounting and turning her colt in after them, the breathless young hoiden sauntered up towards the house.

Coming unexpectedly upon the junker, who stood waiting at the entrance to the driveway, she cast a swift glance downward at her disordered dress, and courtesying in some confusion stammered, —

"I — I knew not you were here, Mynheer."

Steenie did not answer; he stood

noting in silent amazement the physical development which had taken place in the speaker since their last meeting.

"If you come to wait upon my mother, she is within," continued Catalina, with a movement of impatience under the scrutiny.

"No — I — yes, I have seen her."

"So!"

Another minute passed in awkward silence, the visitor still absorbed.

"I bid you good-night, then, Mynheer!" cried the girl, courtesying again, and starting at a round pace for the house.

"Pray you — I — Catalina, will you run away?"

The fugitive halted with evident reluctance.

"I am bidden to eat supper with you."

"You are welcome," she said, constraining herself with ill grace to the duties of hospitality.

They turned and walked towards the house, Steenie's eyes still busy, and not without cause. With her tints all heightened and her limbs pliant from her late exercise, the girl's whole person seemed marked by a physical brilliancy not to be overlooked.

"Pray where learned you that trick of riding?" he asked, awaking suddenly to a sense of his responsibility for some part of the conversation.

"That colt is not broken yet; he cannot abide any sort of gear," she explained briefly.

"Your mother was in terror of the cattle, and ran away."

"Yes, she dreads all beasts with horns."

Steenie hemmed and hawed. For some reason not quite clear, he felt the contagion of his companion's constraint, and strove in vain to lift the conversation from the dead level of formality.

"I have come down for some shooting."

"So?"

"And am visiting at my cousin's."

"Vrouw Wickoff?"

"Yes. I met your mother upon the highway, when she would nothing but that I should stay, despite my sorry plight."

"She could not do less, it seems."

The begum stood on the stoop awaiting them; quite unconsciously she relieved the situation in a moment.

"Catalina, you have given me a great terror; never drive again those mad cattle! Ah!" she cried, with a shudder, "I tremble yet here at my heart to think of it. Mynheer, pardon that I left you. I was beside myself. You would order your dress before eating? There is a servant waiting within to attend you."

But a sudden impulse had seized Catalina. Turning quickly to their guest, she almost took his hand in her eagerness.

"Oh, Mynheer" —

"Pardon!"

"You come lately from New York?"

"Yes," murmured Steenie, somewhat taken aback by this unaccountable change of mood.

"You have seen her, then! Where is she? Is she well? How does she look?"

"She!"

"Catalina! Catalina!" nervously interposed the begum, "Mynheer has to make himself ready for supper, your own dress is to be thought of, the table waits."

The junker made excellent use of the moment's diversion. A dawning look of consternation upon his face was quietly checked, and he answered calmly if a little stiffly.

"You mean Hester: I hope she is well."

"Hope!"

Catalina's honest stare of amazement was more trying than her question.

"She is not in New York; she is in Albany. I have had no business to take me thither" —

The explanation was interrupted by the begum, who, putting the questioner unceremoniously aside with a profound courtesy to her guest, motioned for him to go.

Deeply grateful at the moment for the interference, it did not occur to the junker until long afterwards that the mother's behavior was somewhat peculiar.

When later they all met in the parlor, the begum explained that her husband was absent from home upon business, and herself led the way to the supper-room and did the honors of the table. Meantime, she held the conversation strictly within bounds, and prevented any further outburst from her daughter by doing all the talking herself.

Steenie's vacant look showed that he gave but little heed to what she said, and it is doubtful, indeed, if the lady herself could have given a very clear subsequent account of the drift of her own talk, so differently busied were her thoughts and tongue. Later in the evening, however, she was brought to a sharp recognition of time, place, and circumstance by a chance remark of Catalina's in answer to their guest's parting greeting.

"I know not," he said, "how much longer I may be in Vlacktebos, but I hope at any rate to see you soon again."

"There is good prospect of it, too, for we may go back to New York to live, now that father is made one of Lord Bellomont's councilors."

Lingering upon the stoop after their visitor had gone, Catalina's eye fell by chance upon an unfamiliar object lying near her on the bench. Taking it in her hand, she discovered it to be a powder-horn, heavily mounted in silver and bearing the initials "S. V. C." Starting up, she looked eagerly along the highway with the purpose of recalling the owner, but his tall figure had already disappeared.

"Mother!" she called, turning at the same time to go in.

Receiving no answer, her first impulse

evidently gave way to a later. She did not repeat her call, but stood hesitating, one foot upon the threshold, looking at the object in her hand.

Presently a step was heard in the hall. With a quick movement she thrust the horn under her apron, and went in "with an air of nothing."

An hour later, as she sat in the broad window-seat in the seclusion of her own room, she drew forth the bauble and studied the chasing upon the silver bands, holding it the while tenderly in her hand, and polishing it with her handkerchief in a caressing way.

After a little, with apparent forgetfulness she dropped it in her lap, and sat with her head resting on her hand, gazing at the fading tints in the west and the lighting up of the stars, until the tenuous silvery peal of Dominie Varick's far-off church-bell came floating over the meadows, a warning curfew. She arose at the familiar signal, forgetful of the treasure in her lap, which fell thumping to the floor.

With a quick look of remorse as for an injury done to a sentient creature, she sprang to pick it up, wiped it gently, and with a sudden impulse carried it to her lips. Directly she realized what she had done. A hot flush swept over her face, she threw the horn violently to the floor, and darting across the room cast back over her shoulder a startled, guilty look, as if under arraignment before her own accusing conscience.

Next morning, on going down-stairs, she sought her mother without delay, and handing over the horn said gravely, "Here is something Mynheer left behind him."

"'T is something he needs, too," said the begum, studying it curiously; "he will think it lost; you cannot do better than ride over speedily and take it back to him."

"I will do nothing of the sort!" cried the daughter, in a sudden flutter.

The matron, opening wide her small

black eyes, stared after the retreating maiden, and thereupon spent a good half hour puzzling over this trifling circumstance, as she paced to and fro upon the sanded floor.

Before she could take further action in the matter, however, there came a mounted servant with a message from Vrouw Wickoff, begging the begum and Catalina to do her the honor of supping with her the following day.

Without consulting her daughter, the begum returned an elaborate message accepting the invitation.

The old negro charged with the duty of repeating this grandiloquence to his mistress looked aghast, but, disdaining to ask either repetition or explanation, hied him home, and recited to Vrouw Wickoff an unintelligible jargon which drew from Steenie a shout of laughter.

The supper-party was a shrewd and characteristic move on the part of cousin Lysbeth. Having heard from her cousin that the Staatses might soon move back again to the city, she straightway bethought her that by one timely and well-directed stone she could bring down a small flock of birds, to wit: redeem her reputation from the taint of unneighborliness by a parting touch of hospitality; do honor to her kinsman's visit; avail herself—no small consideration in the case of so remarkable a personage as the begum—of his services in entertaining; and lastly—whisper it not beyond the pantry wall!—put to good use the uncommon delicacies with which her larder was stored.

When told that she was expected to make one of the supper-party, Catalina for a moment looked panic-stricken and declared she would not go. Waiting for the consternation to pass, her mother asked in the quietest way an artful question.

"Why, then, my daughter, are you in such fear to meet Vrouw Wickoff?"

Catalina was silent; she saw the alternative awaiting her disclaimer. With a

burst of resentment at the covert insinuation, she cried indignantly, —

"I care nothing for Vrouw Wickoff! I do not care for anybody. I will go."

"It is well."

Cousin Lysbeth's supper was worthy of her reputation: the napery was of home weaving and bleaching; the ware was brought from Holland by her grandmother; the silver was of honest Dutch handiwork; and as for the fare, each separate viand had been cooked under her own critical eye, from the partridges roasted on a spit before the coals to the delicious izer-cookjes, each branded in the middle with a big "S," her maiden initial, by the baking-iron brought to her husband's house as a part of her dowry.

The begum had honored the occasion with fitting splendor. Not only was her own toilet rich and elaborate, but her interference in Catalina's had invested the uncouth Dutch holiday garb with a touch of Oriental elegance. This, instead of the usual crude colors and violent contrasts, consisted of a dull red camlet petticoat richly wrought with Indian embroidery, relieved by a pale blue jacket of softest cashmere; while, instead of clumsy gold ornaments, the rich tints of her glowing eyes and unburned cheeks were softened by a double row of gleaming pearls wound closely about the throat.

The anxious mother, thinking perhaps to forestall invidious criticism upon her daughter, whispered Vrouw Wickoff at the first opportunity that Catalina was grown so shy since coming to the country that she had much ado to bring her. To her measureless amazement, however, she presently found herself stultified by the young woman's very unusual behavior. Far from being timid, the latter showed herself audacious. Without waiting to be addressed, she boldly accosted the company, she chattered like a magpie, she interrupted Vrouw Wickoff

without compunction, she flatly contradicted her mother, she rallied the astonished junker unmercifully, she paid no heed to anything said to her, and effectually prevented anybody else from talking.

The discomfited mother, affecting not to notice this odd behavior, strove in vain to divert the attention of her hostess. The trouble was, she could not divert her own. With her thoughts wholly fixed upon Catalina, her random words were without coherence. Vrouw Wickoff made no pretense of heeding them.

"What think you, Mynheer?" began Catalina as soon as they had exchanged greetings. "When it was discovered you had left your powder-horn behind, mother would have had me come over straightway to restore it."

"And why did you not?"

"Why did I not? Why did I not?" interposing a little scornful laugh. "Think you I would ride so far upon so slight a matter?"

"Tis no slight matter to make me lose a day's sport."

"So-o!" she exclaimed, with an almost insolent inflection.

"Besides, if you had come, I should have had the pleasure of seeing you."

"I had liefer do something to pleasure myself."

"It should have yielded you some satisfaction to procure me so great a boon."

"Tis a fine speech, that, but why waste so much breath without meaning?"

"I see you would draw me on to an oath to confirm it."

"Not I, indeed; I would have nothing sworn to but what is worth while."

"By what means am I to convince you?"

"One deed is better than a thousand words," returned the reckless girl, with a toss of the head and a bravado smile.

"So! Then shall I come to wait upon you to-morrow morning."

There was a passing look of conster-

nation, a quick rally, and the forced smile turned to a nervous laugh as she answered, —

"You had best make sure I am to be at home."

The begum, left alone by Vrouw Wickoff's withdrawal to give a supervising touch to the supper-table, listened aghast as the conversational ball was thus tossed back and forth between the young people.

"You may tell me now, then," continued Steenie, with a look of amusement.

"Indeed shall I not!"

"Then must I needs take the risk."

Further talk was prevented by the arrival of Dominie Varick and the announcement of supper.

Next day, Dr. Staats, who had come home on a flying visit, took his wife back to town with him to make some preparations for their forthcoming removal.

Catalina, left alone with the children and servants, wandered about the house in an aimless way, anxiously studying the movement of the shadows on the dial, or from her chamber window scanning at brief intervals the distant highway. She became more and more uneasy as the hours rolled by. At dinner-time she had reached such a state of suspense that she sat pushing about the dishes and drumming on the cloth, unable to swallow a mouthful.

Hardly had she risen from the table, when a man came with a note announcing that Mynheer Van Cortlandt had been called to Breuckelen on some business, which would prevent his coming to pay the promised visit.

An odd mixture of relief and chagrin showed itself in the reader's face as she finished the note. Her suspense, at least, was ended; she wasted no more time peering from the window, but, taking some needle-work, repaired to the orchard, where she disposed herself upon a shaded bench under the apple-trees, her favorite resort on a warm afternoon.

Her little fit of industry soon passed; her work fell unheeded from her lap, while eyes and thoughts were given up to reading and re-reading the bit of a note which she drew from her pocket.

To one in such oblivion the hours steal by on muffled feet, and so to Catalina the afternoon passed like a dream. The sun was already setting when, upon hearing a faint stir near at hand, she raised her head, and beheld the writer of the note himself standing before her. With a futile effort at concealment, she thrust the crumpled paper in her bosom, rose quickly from her seat, and, all her hardihood of yesterday flown, stood dumb and trembling before him.

"I am here at last, you see."

But instead of a welcome, the amazed junker had for his pains only a confused impression of burning blushes, eyes filled with tears, and a vanishing figure.

XXXIII.

A week or more after the supper-party, some social impulse prompted Steenie to send up and invite his old friend Cornelis De Peyster down for a day's shooting.

Cousin Lysbeth was captivated with their visitor. His name was well known and honored in the province. Tales of his family's wealth, moreover, and of the state maintained at the magnificent new mansion in Queen Street had reached the old dame's ears, and not without effect.

But Cornelis needed no such bolstering. Nature, as if to prove that she had not exhausted her resources of wit and comeliness upon his brothers, doled him out a double-handed measure of each at his birth. The hospitable huysvrouw showed that she well knew the meaning of the phrase "hungry as a hunter," by the repast she had ready for the two tired junkers at their home-coming.

Grateful for her bounty, Cornelis

crammed the ears of the delighted old woman with alternate compliments and gossip, as they sat at supper. "News, madam! the air is filled with it. You know well with what a high hand Bellomont started out; 't was child's play to the pitch he is now arrived at. He stops at nothing; he has set the whole town by the ears. He seizes upon ships and cargoes, no matter whose; charges the highest merchants with piracy; thrusts Bayard, Minvielle, and others as good out of the council in disgrace; and now outdoes everything yet by giving out that he will annul all grants of government lands made in the memory of man. Think of the panic among the owners! Rolling in riches to-day, to-morrow they may be beggars. Another breast of duck, Steenie — enough — enough! I never in my life tasted such cider, Vrouw Wickoff. But as I was saying, his lordship has stirred up a cage of lions, — oh, believe me, he has! Bayard is already flown to England to lay his grievance before the king, the great land-owners are making ready for battle, when just at this moment, alack for his lordship! comes news that the famous Captain Kidd has raised the black flag, turned freebooter on his own account, and is robbing and sinking every vessel that comes in his way. Mark you, 't was Bellomont had him appointed! Not another morsel, good huysvrouw, unless you would have my death at your door!"

So happily absorbed were guest and hostess in their gossip that neither noted Steenie's big eyes and gasp of astonishment.

"See you now how speedily his lordship's curses come home to roost! 'T was well known this villain was his bosom friend. But the worst remains: you would never believe it in a man of his lordship's birth and breeding; 't is incredible, I say, yet none the less true that he has gone over, body and soul, to the Leislerians. So! you have heard something of that? Yes, to be sure, Coun-

cilor Staats is your neighbor; but has his Excellency's latest freak perchance come to your ears? What think you 't is? Why, hearing that Parliament has at last taken off the curse of attainder from old Jacob's progeny, his lordship straightway issues an order that their lands and chattels be restored, — *restored*, mind you, after all these years when they have been bought and sold over and over again. Oh, there never was such a storm since the deluge. Eh, Steenie, what now? Your face is the color of a rag; that last pull through the swamp was too much for you."

But Steenie, without troubling himself to answer this friendly inquiry, arose and stalked out of the room.

Cousin Lysbeth was greatly interested in the discovery that Steenie's cynical mood, his queer talk and strange laugh, entirely disappeared after his friend's visit. She was not surprised to see him instead rather pensive and preoccupied. What more natural! He missed that gay, high-hearted junker's companionship; she missed it herself; it had acted upon her like a current of electricity, quickening her circulation and exciting her sensory ganglia. She accordingly sympathized with her cousin, and sang, with proper reserves, the praises of their departed guest.

Steenie listened to all this in silence. One might have thought, indeed, he had heard never a word of cousin Lysbeth's kindly solace. One might have thought, moreover, that all the birds had flown the land, so empty was the hunter's pouch, these days, when he slipped it from his stalwart shoulders, on getting home.

At last one morning there arrived a letter from his mother with the news that things were fast getting in trim for his mission to Holland, and that the time of his going had been already fixed.

It proved to be stirring news. He acted like a man just awakened from

sleep, and possessed with a feverish desire to make up for long inaction. He seemed hardly able to endure the petty obstacles to his setting forth out of hand. Upon any available wings he would have flown as the bee flies, and left his belongings out of account. But even the best regulated household is at the mercy of events. The horse he usually rode was lame, another had gone on an errand to New Utrecht, the rest were at work in the fields. Cousin Lysbeth, with ready sympathy, went forth herself after one of the field-horses. The junker knew too well the deliberate pace of the good huysvrouw; he knew the difficulties of the way, including a hill and a marsh; he knew the slow plodding gait of the heavy cart-horse; knew that it must be baited and reharnessed before starting: and dwelling upon all these points with a too active fancy, he hastily threw his things into a pack, slung it across his shoulder, and without awaiting his kinswoman's return started forth on foot.

Making his way through the thick woods surrounding Vlacketbos, over the hills beyond, and down through the straggling village of Breuckelen, with its one poor little church planted conspicuously in the middle of the highway, he came at last to the ferry, at the close of day, and was put over in the lumbering little ketch to the other shore.

Here was to be seen no sign of the broil and turmoil Cornelis had told of. The harbor lay shining and waveless as glass, reflecting the gorgeous pageant of sunset, and showing the town with its score of steeples, towers, and wind-mills turned topsy-turvy in its placid water. Within as without reigned the same unbroken peace. It was the supper-hour, Nature's breathing-time, when the buzzing, fretful human swarm had gone to hive, and the streets were deserted save for a few sober belated people hurrying to their homes. Lights gleamed from the houses as the junker passed along, and in the gathering gloom

the bits of gardens looked cool and dim and shadowy, while odorous shrubs, wafting a neglected fragrance on the air, sealed the spell of perfect peace and repose.

The morrow was Lord's Day. Like all the world, Steenie went to church. Cornelis's report was verified. In their old pew sat the Leislars, a reunited family. The junker felt a deep stir within him, a heart-queasiness which was neither pleasure nor pain, but upheaval. The church, the congregation, the measured tones of the preacher, the swashing of the waves upon the neighboring rock, the distant carol of the song-birds borne in through the open windows, all seemed whelmed and merged in a background, vague, shifting, neutral, on which was projected in magic relief that well-known form, which he studied now as if for the first time, and with an intensity of interest never felt before. A form well known yet new, a face familiar yet not the same. Was the change wholly in the face, or somewhat in him? Perhaps this thought added to his bewilderment. Had the ripening years wrought in him a clairvoyant vision, revealing what lay hidden to the purblind gaze of youth and passion? Whatever the change in him or her, the same charm still hung about that serene forehead, those steady, clear-gazing eyes; it was with the lower face the ruthless remodeler had been busy, there where the same serenity strove in vain to veil the traces of the relentless strigil.

At the breaking up of the congregation, many old friends gathered about the widow and her children with handshakings and congratulations. It is nobody's business to insinuate that these worthy folks were not sincere, or that the recent good-fortune of the family had anything to do with the matter, notwithstanding the ironic turn to Cobus's lip.

Steenie waited his turn. The crowd opened, and Hester stood before him.

The tranquil smile died away on her lips, perhaps on account of the suddenness of the meeting, and a fleeting little look of trouble passed over her face.

It was the wake of a volition. It was as though she had foreseen and prepared herself for this emergency. Her manner was as nearly like the old, free, familiar manner as a conscious imitation can be like reality. The junker himself was constrained. As growth is the distinctive function of all life, it was inevitable that the two should have warped away from their old perfect adjustment. It was like every coming together of friends long separated, each striving to take up and go on with the severed relations, and each groping blindly back from different standpoints for the lost thread.

As they came out upon the green-sward before the fort, Steenie unconsciously turned towards the Copake Rocks, their favorite stroll in the old days. Hester hesitated. He looked at her anxiously, as if attaching some peculiar significance to her decision. It was promptly made, and in his favor. They walked along the beaten path by the shore, they clambered over the rocks; visiting all the old nooks and haunts, talking of the recent happy turn of fortune in her family, — of their prospects and plans, of Cobus's long struggle in England, of their own life in Albany, of the energetic advocacy of their cause by his Excellency, and like topics. At last all this came to an end, like the running down of a clock. Then fell a silence. Each had dreaded it, fought against it, put it off by makeshifts, all the time conscious that it must come. Awkward, painful, terrible, as it became in its indefinite duration, it was the first honest intercourse of the day, — for intercourse it was, as real as any tongue-told commerce of their thoughts.

If, as they sat thus in dumb suspense waiting for the swift spirit to move, all their past had unfolded itself before them

like a panorama, which of the two, in the long and varied history, would have found the seed of a single remorse? Which would have acknowledged in the whole record a deed or thought unfaithful to that spring-time betrothal of so long ago?

The junker knew that it was for him to speak, and he did speak. As he cleared his throat, a shallop turned the point from the East River, and slowly floated past them just outside the breakers. It had the effect of an intrusion. He waited for it to pass; then, without turning his head or lifting his eyes from the crisp blue waves dancing before him, he said suddenly, —

"So our long waiting is at an end. I thought never to have seen the day."

Receiving no answer, he presently went on: —

"I thought you cruel, — I will be frank with you, — I had many bitter thoughts of you. It seemed you held me of mean account. It is easier now for me to see that you had some cause for your course. It was perhaps a pride I should have revered."

"Do not call it pride," she answered, scarcely audible for huskiness. "Call it rather duty."

"Whatever it be called, it is satisfied; it need no longer be considered. All you waited for is happily accomplished, and the ordeal is ended."

"I know not if it be."

"What mean you?"

"'Tis feared by some among our friends here that his Excellency's order will not be obeyed, but will be resisted in the courts."

"That touches only the gear," broke in the junker impatiently. "What has that to do with the matter? Your father's memory is vindicated, your name is cleared of taint; 't is that you were concerned about."

A slight flush kindled in Hester's cheeks at this rebuke, and she looked humiliated.

"I was thinking of my mother," she murmured apologetically.

"Tis time to be thinking of ourselves, if indeed I am any longer worth thinking of in your estimation."

"I am sorry to have grieved you; it was innocently spoken."

He choked down his bitterness at this meek reply. "I have forgotten how to make plans," he went on more gently, "for happiness, at any rate. Thus far in life all the schemes held dear have come to naught. I believe no longer in any good-fortune. I cannot shake off the dread that it is a dream from which I shall soon awake, to find life colder and drearier than ever."

"We have had small cause for joy these late years," she said vaguely.

"Nor ever will until you cast off the fetters you have so long worn."

"Fetters?"

"Of superstition."

She flushed, but refrained from speaking.

"Of mistaken zeal, of devotion to the dead, which has led you into neglect and injustice to the living."

She sat for a space without remark, as if weighing his words and making allowance for his mood. "How will it help us now to talk upon that?"

"By way of warning," he returned quickly.

"I thank my heavenly Father no such call is like to come to me again in this life. If there should" —

He turned, and waited intently for the conclusion of the sentence.

—"I trust and pray to him I may have strength to do my duty as it is made clear to me," she concluded firmly.

He rose to his feet, with an angry look, and walked a few steps apart, as if to prevent the answer which rose to his lips.

The brief space for reflection was evidently improved by each.

"Hester," he said, coming back to his seat presently, in a calmer mood, "this

is not the way for us to talk. I am at fault. Let us have done with reproaches: they cannot bring us together; they cannot help to bring back those old days, those old dreams, all that sweet companionship, of a time so long ago it seems a part of some former life."

"I meant not to offend you," she murmured, touched by his words and tone.

"Let it pass. I was childish. I am not offended. I ought not to be offended by anything you can say, so long — so long as you love me?"

He finished the sentence with an inflection so emphatically interrogative that involuntarily she put out her hand towards him, as if for a reassuring caress.

He seized it eagerly. His face lighted up with a look long strange to it. He drew a deep breath. His tongue was loosed. His pulses beat time again to the measure of hope. With one strenuous effort, he rose forth from the atmosphere of benumbing apathy which had overhung and hemmed them in since leaving the church door.

"Think you they will ever come again, those times, Hester? Are we not grown too old, and wise, and sad? We were silly then, two happy fools. I wonder often, nowadays, if one needs not be a fool to be so happy?"

A pleased look stole over her face. Regarding him shyly, with an evident reawakening of her old admiration, she listened to his enthusiasm and yielded to his impetuosity. This change of mood was not lost to his watchful eye, and it acted upon him like sunlight on a flower.

"But why cannot we grow silly again, sweetheart? I feel within me the makings of a rare fool."

She laughed outright at this conceit, an answer which, more than a hundred words, availed to rend the filmy web of constraint years of estrangement had woven between them. He seized her

other hand, he folded her in his arms. They awoke, as it seemed, from a long sleep, and looked back upon their trouble as upon a nightmare.

Approaching sounds were heard; their privacy was presently intruded upon by a group of idle boys coming to sit upon the rocks. It was more than an interruption; it was a shock. It resulted in dashing the cup from lips thirsting for a long-expected draught. It was one of the finite nothings that have infinite effects.

They rose, and sauntered up Broadway.

In the street, a short distance before them, stood a little group of three well-known persons, who seemed in the act of separating. Abram Gouveneur and Mary Milborne walked northward towards the Landpoort, while Cobus, turning away from them with a loud laugh and a parting gibe, strode southward towards the fort.

His face was still beaming with the afterglow of laughter, when by chance he raised his eyes and beheld, just beside him, his other sister and her swain. His face changed in a trice. The smile gave way to a scowl, and without a word or look of greeting he passed them by.

Having long since adjusted his relations with Jacob Leisler junior, Steenie made a stout effort to ignore the matter, and went on talking with studied indifference. As well might he have hoped to ignore an iceberg; turning one's back and vaunting the sunshine unhappily does not stay the lowering temperature.

Hester made no pretense of indifference, nor effort to hide her dismay. From her silence, indeed, it is much to be feared she lent but half an ear to Steenie's talk. But the junker, it should be said, made sorry work of talking. He had been cruelly winged, and, no longer able to soar, he lamely fluttered along the ground. Arrived at the graveyard gate, why did not some instinct warn him to drop the matter for a time, or adjourn it until he could lay an offer-

ing on the altar of the fickle goddess of moods? Because youth would forever be overcoming the giant circumstances with a pebble, and learns nothing from the bones of former victims; because, perhaps, a subtler instinct whispered him to go on.

He did go on, and Hester blindly followed. They walked up and down among the grass-grown mounds in the little burying-ground, he manfully wrestling with the situation. Growing weary of fighting in the dark, an impulse presently seized him to recognize what he had been so laboriously trying to put out of sight, drag it forth like a skeleton from the closet, and make an end of it in fair daylight.

"Hester," he cried suddenly, "you have always shown yourself a girl with a mind of her own. Do you suffer yourself now to be ruled by yonder" — he checked himself — "by them who have no rights in the matter?"

"Poor Cobus!" she answered deprecatingly, "he cannot forget the past, he cannot understand how things have changed in his absence. He comes back thinking to find everything as it was. He has waited so long, he has borne such trial and humiliation, he should be forgiven."

"I forgive him. I forget him. I think nothing of him. I only claim *you* shall give no heed to his glowerings."

"I must needs consider him, he has toiled so hard in my behalf. He has lifted us from the dust. He has redeemed from reproach our martyred father's name."

"That can he never do. Take no such comfort to your heart!" he burst forth, as if irritated beyond endurance by this unexpected sounding of the old string of discord.

"What say you?"

"The memory of that man's tyranny and persecution," he went on with blind infatuation, "will never be forgotten or forgiven. 'Tis burnt in upon men's

hearts; 'tis interwoven in the annals of the province."

"You — *you* say this!"

"The king may make what decrees he will, and forbid that a spade shall be called a spade, but neither king nor Parliament can wash out guilt."

"Guilt!" repeated Hester, in a tone whose breathless amazement aroused him too late to a sense of what he was saying. "Think you, then, my father was guilty?"

Looking down into her whitening face and glowing eyes, he took alarm, and hesitated.

"The truth, — the truth, if you be a man!" she demanded imperiously.

"I do!" he answered, with the look of one driven to the wall.

"Then, as God my heavenly Father helps me, I will never have more to do with you!"

"Hester!"

"Never! — *never*! — NEVER!"

The solemnity, touched with horror, of her look and manner shocked the repentant junker. Bewildered by the suddenness of it all, he stared stupidly at the face before him, — stared until, with returning consciousness, he saw there signs, well known to him, of a resolution fixed as fate. He did not speak, but drawing a long breath, as of one after suspended animation, he turned away, and walked out of the graveyard.

XXXIV.

Having caught a fleeting glimpse of Steenie at church, Cornelis De Peyster came, a few days afterward, to welcome him back to town. Doubtless it was due to the host's own mood that the visitor seemed a thought more gay and rattling than usual.

"Steen, trust me, *bouwerie* life is a bad thing for you. You grow to look like Van Twiller's owl; 'tis truth, I swear! You've heard the news about

old Bellomont? 'Tis well he cannot hear me; there's not such another tyrant betwixt this and the Grand Mogul. This latest freak is worthy of him. What think you? 'Tis nothing more nor less than to dig up the bones of yonder gallows-birds."

Disgusted by the apathy on his listener's face, the speaker shook him by the shoulder.

"Hear you that, man? Leisler and his henchman are to be dug up, I say. A store of powder is to be burned over them, bells are to be rung, and such noisy honor done. 'Tis the newest London method to wash out guilt, you may be sure. By and by, when this precious carrion is purged of sin and duly sanctified, 't is then to be buried in the church, 'neath the very sanctuary roof, mind you; and there is a monstrous stir about it among the deacons and elders. Eh? So you can open your eyes at last!"

The apathetic host indeed showed a languid interest.

"But that is nothing to the pother raised in town. The memory of that old bully is so green, and the dread of him so little abated, that many are quaking in their shoes lest, brought back to the light of day, his ghost should usurp its ancient place, and sweep the land with fire and sword. But I see you care nothing for all this. Your eyes are strained across the sea. Come, then, tell us about this Holland voyage. When do you set sail?"

"To-morrow — next day — I know nothing about it; at any hour the ship is loaded."

"So! You are on tenterhooks, then. Egad, if I were but in your shoes! You might do worse, too, than take me in your train. My word for it, I'd not dishonor you. But I know not, after all, that I want to go. Here are stirring times coming I would not miss. The old Mogul yonder cannot hold this course long; there are ugly squalls ahead. He

upsets everything; heaps honors on the Leislerians; declares war to the knife against all the world beside. Oh-h-h, there is promise of rare sport hereabouts before you get back! But what time is set for your stay?"

"None; 'tis not fixed; it may be forever."

"Poh! poh! Never tell me you are downhearted over going! Eh? I swear you are! What, wear a face like that over such a lucky chance! There's not a junker in the province but would jump at it."

"They are welcome."

"Well, well! was ever heard? But 'tis the way; luck comes to them that prize it not. Pearls cast before — Pardon! Oh, but this is a passing megrim, a grumbling-fit the sea-air will blow away."

"I make no complaint."

"Truly and do you not? Complaint! I hope not, indeed! Complaint at having a chance to see the world, to travel, to get out of this little hive and spread your wings!"

"And what is the good of all that?"

"Good! — but I'll not waste time talking to a madman, Steen. Your spleen is upset. Go take a posset and get on your nightcap. One might think," rising to go, with a loud, rallying laugh, "I swear he might, that you were leaving a sweetheart behind."

"I'm leaving all behind. There's none cares whether I go or stay. I care not myself. What matters it? If the rest of the world prove no better than this corner of it" —

"Ay, but it will, — it will!"

"So let it, then. Good-by. 'Twas good of you to come. You were ever friendly. I shall think of you often among yonder strangers."

The visit, perhaps by bringing about the formulation of certain undefined thoughts, resulted in filling Steenie with uneasiness and an impatience to be gone. Every day he wandered down to

the dock, and restlessly hung about to watch the stanch bark *Angel Gabriel* loading for the voyage.

Getting weary, one morning, noting the slow process, he sauntered across town and out through the Landpoort to the open country.

Passing Van Dorn's *bouwerie*, some impulse prompted him to stop. The door was opened by Ripse, now grown to a chubby, staring boy in breeches. Walking in without a bidding, the junker found Tryntie bending over Rip senior, who lay stretched on a bed in the corner. The look which lighted up the little *huysvrouw's* face at sight of him was the best welcome he could have had.

"What is here?"

"'Tis Rip; he thinks himself in a poor way."

"What ails him?"

"The rheumatics 'tis."

"Ay, Mynheer," interposed the invalid himself, with the open-hearted manner which had been an appreciable charm even in his worst estate, "rheumatics — ugh-h! — caught lying out all night in a ditch, coming home from Annetje Litschoe's. She always said, my — ugh-h! — my *vrouw* here, I should come to that, and so you see I have — ugh-h! And what does she? She takes me home and cares for me, instead of driving me off like a drunken dog!"

"Ye'd best not be a fool now, if ye can help it!" broke in sharply the little *vrouw*, who was rubbing the patient with some home-made liniment.

"She did, Mynheer, — she did, I say, and waits and tends on me night and day since — ugh-h!"

"Well, then, will ye stop?"

"As I had been good and faithful to her."

"Go on, do, and bring back the fever with your talk!"

"There's not such an — oh, moord! — another *huysvrouw* in the land — ugh-h!"

"He is growing a baby, Mynheer; give him no heed," muttered the nurse

aside to Steenie, as she finished her task and turned away from the bed.

"I believe you, Rip," said the visitor heartily, in answer to the patient. "Take you good care, then, my man, that you give her no needless trouble henceforth. But I am sorry to find you in such a case, with the winter at hand. How goes all else with you, vrouw?"

"All well, best thanks, Mynheer."

"Never trust her, — never trust her, Mynheer," put in the sick man again between his twinges.

"Would ye bring back the fever, I say?" asked Tryntie, interrupting her patient, with a vain attempt to check the coming confidence.

"Things are at the worst, Mynheer, — at the very worst. We are to be turned out of this, — turned out on the highway like dogs, and me, — ugh-h! — as you see, in this state. Out of our own home, bought by yonder one. Oh, my treasure, this kills me!"

"Ye will be talking!"

"By my vrouw yonder, I say, with her own gear."

"How is this?"

"'Twas the old commander's, as ye know, this bouwerie. We bought it — 't was for anybody to buy — at the sale, and now comes his Excellency and — ugh-h! — and bids us be packing. They would take it from her, — all she has in the world, and never a stuyver of the cost paid back."

"They'll never do it."

"We are warned, I say."

"But Vrouw Leisler, — she knows you, she will do something."

"No, no, that will she not, Mynheer, nor raise a hand. She hates the sight of us since we bought the land."

"But his Excellency?"

"Speak not of him. My Tryntie went to him yonder at the fort, and showed him — ugh-h! — the truth. He turned her a deaf ear, and when she would argue upon it, as she has a way at times, and spoke her mind to his face, he

had her thrust forth the council chamber. Now tell me — tell me — ugh-h! — if things are at the best."

Lending a divided attention to the sick man, and following the movements of the silent vrouw busied with her household tasks, Steenie sat musing upon what he had heard, when he was aroused by the rattle of the latch. Seated in the corner, at the foot of the bed, the door opened back upon him, and the new-comer did not at once see him.

"My treasure!" It was an ecstatic cry from the vrouw as she embraced her visitor.

"So, Tryntie! You are glad, then?"

"Never till now! And so tall, — a woman grown. Where is my little dear? She is lost, she is gone."

"No, she is not gone, but come, — just come back to you, silly old goose to cry! Come, now, dry your eyes! I have heard of your sick man from my father, — we came back but yesterday. I have brought him some medicine, and there are things for yourself," setting down a basket upon the floor. "Sh-h! sh-h! Will you stop, I say? Go empty your basket, that I may have it for another time! Along with you! I will not be soaked in tears — 't is a pretty welcome indeed after all this time. So, Rip, I am sorry to see you down, man. You must — er — pardon — I — I saw not" —

"Catalina!"

"Mynheer!"

"So 't is you who are playing the doctor?"

"Yes — no — I knew not the need of one till to-day. My father told me — 't was he sent the medicine — since he became councilor he has little time for healing the sick."

While delivering this spasmodic answer, the speaker, all the dash of her entrance spent, edged nervously towards the door.

"But you are never leaving your patient so soon?"

"'T is my vrouw, Mynheer," put in Rip, "'t is ever my vrouw she wants. Tryntie nursed her when a baby. 'T is my vrouw she comes to see; she cares not a seawant's shell for me, as why should she?"

"I leave the patient to you, Mynheer. I go to help Tryntie with the basket."

"'T is a firm friend of the vrouw, that," said Rip, looking after her as she disappeared from the room. "Her worshipful mother, the doctor's great lady yonder, sends us a store of things and many fair speeches, but she cares not enough to come."

In this wise the sick man maundered on, Steenie nodding mechanical assent. It was fully quarter of an hour before the two came back with the empty basket. The visitor was tying the strings of her hood, preparing to go.

"Good-day to you, Rip," she said, pausing at the bedside. "I hope the next time to see you better."

Turning then with a constrained air to Steenie, she dropped him a formal courtesy, and, murmuring something inaudible, walked to the outer door, followed by Tryntie.

"Away so soon?"

"I must needs go — I — my mother charged me not to loiter."

"By your leave, then, since you have no other company, I will walk back with you."

The junker looked puzzled at the evident consternation with which his suggestion was received.

"Many thanks — but — I — you are most kind, Mynheer. I would else, but my horse is at the door."

"What matter?" persisted the officious escort. "I will walk at *your* side, then, since you will not walk at mine."

Interpreting after his own fashion the two or three disjointed words which he heard of the muttered answer, the junker bustled after them and seated the visitor in her saddle. Turning then, he took leave of Tryntie.

"I am sorry to leave you in this trouble, vrouw."

"'T is nothing."

"I will not forget, be sure, if I see a way to help you."

"You were ever good, Mynheer."

"He will be well soon, the goodman yonder, never fear."

Nodding respectfully in recognition of the attempt at encouragement, but plainly without sharing the hope expressed, the vrouw courtesied repeatedly as her guests walked slowly away, the tall junker at the horse's bridle, and Catalina fidgeting vaguely with the saddle.

Directly they were upon the highway the rider began to talk garrulously, showing an odd agitation at the least pause in the conversation. Her companion was naturally puzzled at the apparent want of purpose with which she persistently kept to one subject.

"'T is well to try to raise her hopes, Mynheer, — 't is good of you. She is much downcast, howsoever she holds up her head; she never complains, she would not to me. It was nothing but 'All is at the best, — all at the best,' but I saw her wipe the tears, on the sly. And father says, — he went to them yonder a week ago, — he says there is fear of Rip; if the cramp once lays hold upon the heart, there is an end of him. She knows it, too, — she has puzzled it out; but she will not say so, she will never open her lips to complain."

"Poor vrouw! 't is a hard case. She is a brave little body, and I would I might do something for her. So you have come back to town to live?"

"Yes, yes, we are but just come, — yesterday. What a great pity 't is for them to lose the bouwerie!"

"So 't is, yes, a pity indeed. You must find the town much changed."

"Oh, another place; it seems no more like home — I would go back — their own, too, hers alone if right were right, and all they have — what will they do?"

"Be sure some way will be found, —

something can be done to hinder it; 't will never be suffered, such a wrong. Aha, see! there is a place unchanged for you, — Smiet's Vly yonder; not a leaf nor a bush is turned. 'T is the spot we first met, you and I. You remember the bull and the children running away, and the mad prank I played you?"

"I — I was very young; 't is long ago now," was the evasive answer.

"What! have you forgot how I teased you, and the rage you were in, and how you scolded me?"

The junker laughed outright at the picture he had conjured up, and in his enthusiasm in recalling its details failed to note his listener's distressed look at the reminiscence.

"Yes, yes, your face was blazing red, your eyes shooting fire. You stripped my handkerchief from your arm and stamped it underfoot, and declared eternal war against me. Surely you must remember something of that?"

"I — I was a peevish child."

"That you were; you held to your threat, too. 'T was a long time till" —

"But if, touching this matter, his Excellency has declared against it, what can be done, Mynheer?"

"Eh?"

"Can it be taken to the king?"

"This business of Tryntie's? Humph — haw — I much doubt — I will think upon it. Oh, but 't was a droll time we had that day. See you there the very spot! Here stood Corny De Peyster calling me, the bull down yonder in the Vly, big Claes running with the axe, you farther on by the Waterpoort stamping your bit of a foot and tragically casting me off forever, while up the Magde Paetje there was — ahem — er — I" —

The speaker stopped short in his floundering, and made no attempt to finish his sentence. He walked on for several minutes without speaking. Catalina, at once puzzled and relieved, stole a curious look askance at her glum escort as he strode along, but made no attempt to

break the silence. Presently recollecting himself, by a resolute effort he shook off the impression which weighed upon him. With a sweeping glance townward, as if in search of a suggestion, he forced himself to speak.

"Yes, the good old times are gone; one knows not what new things are in store for us here. Nothing stays a minute as it was; the town and townfolk will be changed past knowing against my coming home."

"You are going away?" asked the listener quickly.

"Yes."

"To — to — a long journey?"

"To Holland."

"That need not take so long; one may be back again in a few months."

"'T is doubtful if ever I come back."

"So!"

A note of consternation in the tone drew the junker's attention to an odd change in the speaker's looks. The glowing color suddenly faded from her cheeks, her eyes slowly closed, she clutched blindly at the saddle-bow and swayed in her seat. None too soon came her escort's supporting grasp. Up-holding the limp figure with one hand, he turned the horse's head towards the Magde Paetje in quest of water.

As if surmising his purpose, the rider opened her eyes, straightened herself in the saddle, and, as it seemed, by an effort of pure will resumed self-control.

"Mynheer — pardon," gathering up her reins. "Do not think me unmannerly. You will not mind that I leave you. I must needs get home."

"But — but 't is better that I be with you — 't is not safe; you may be taken again — Catalina — I beg you" —

Giving the whip to her horse, however, the willful girl galloped off in a cloud of dust, only drawing rein to the slow pace required by law as she passed through the city gate, and disappeared from sight.

Reaching home, Steenie was met on

the threshold by his mother, with the news that the Angel Gabriel was to sail the following day. This announcement for a time put every other thought out of his head. Despite his previous apathy, now that the moment of departure had come it stirred him into a healthful excitement. The rest of the day was filled with the bustle of final preparation. Although busied with his own concerns, he did not forget his promise to Tryntie, and commended her case to his mother's care. Madam Van Cortlandt, who had heard of the Van Dorns only as old retainers of Leisler, was conservative in her promises.

"So? Humph! I will see. But now, my son, I must leave you to do what more there is by yourself. Your father seems not well of late, and needs my attention."

The evening was only half spent. Left to himself, the junker brooded a long time over the fire. Then, yielding to a restlessness which forbade the thought of sleep, he threw on his hat and cloak, and wandered out into the town.

Without thought as to his course, he visited many of his old haunts, bringing up at last in the dock, where he sat down upon the weather-stained cross-beam of the old ducking-stool, and gazed off upon the water, as if longing for the moment of his setting forth.

The night was stormy; the clouds hung low over the little town, shutting out the world beyond. Through the thick drapery of fog, the feeble lights of the sparse shipping looked like the dull fiery eyes of some malign disembodied intelligence keeping guard over the unconscious watcher.

Sitting thus absorbed, he presently became aware of some unusual stir in the town. There was the tread of many feet, the suppressed murmur of voices, while from time to time dark figures, singly and in groups, could be seen hurrying in the direction of the fort.

Brought back from his reverie to real life by this strange occurrence, and moved still by an unconscious interest, the interest of habit, in what belonged to the old life and old world from which he had already in intent severed himself, he refrained from following the crowd, but climbed with listless steps to his favorite outlook on the Verlettenberg.

Here, though nothing could be seen for the darkness, the wind brought to his ears faint sounds of martial music from the direction of the Landpoort. The sounds gradually came nearer. Heard more distinctly, the music resolved itself into the rhythm of a solemn march. A long row of flaming torches was seen moving down Broadway. He remembered Cornelis De Peyster's words, and knew what it all meant.

With the languid interest of one foreign to place and occasion, he left his post and repaired to the fort. He arrived in time to see a memorable procession. Behind a strong detachment of troops, marching with draped flags and arms reversed, came a funeral car, decked with mourning emblems, and followed by a long line of attendant citizens carrying torches, which flared and sputtered in the driving rain.

Massed about the entrance to the fort was a dense multitude, silent and waiting. Steenie made one of them. As the gates opened and the funeral car rolled in, the bell in the old church tower struck the hour of midnight. The junker shuddered. Certain old impressions came swarming back upon him with intolerable vividness.

The commander was then at last justified. The ignominy of the scaffold and the darkness of the grave had been followed by this resurrection to the honor of the world and due sacramental rites.

Next morning, as he sailed out of the harbor under a brilliant sun, this midnight pageant seemed to Steenie as something he had dreamed.

Edwin Lassetter Bynner.

A FORGOTTEN EPISODE.

THE movement for the admission of an Indian State will recall a tragic episode in American history, now almost forgotten. Taken in connection with the events of twenty-five years ago, and with events which are occurring to-day, the tragedy deserves remembrance. Caution is always in order in suggesting retribution for territorial crimes; but if, as the historian of Georgia intimates, there be such a thing, if

"even-handed justice
Returns th' ingredients of our poisoned chalice
To our lips,"

there must appear in this tragic affair and its sequel something marvelously like retribution. Granting this, the ominous reappearance, in the same region, of the very spirit which wrought that tragedy may call for its recital as a warning. The repression of a weaker race just rising into civilization is as much a crime to-day as it was a half century ago.

It is something over fifty years since the Indian nations now knocking at the door of the Union first aspired to statehood. The home of what was then the most enlightened tribe, the Cherokees, was in northern Georgia, and they had left behind them their primitive barbarism as far as the more intelligent blacks of that region have advanced beyond the ignorance of slave days. They seemed, indeed, upon the verge of sovereignty, their future even better assured than that of their emancipated and enfranchised successors. But the race which ruled said, No, and they were turned back for a half century and more of sufferings and hopes deferred.

That turning backward of an uprising race is known to history as the "Spoilation of the Cherokees," a crime the mention of which once made the ears of Americans tingle with shame. A few years ago, the public was greatly agi-

tated over the compulsory removal of the little Ponca tribe of Indians from their home along the Upper Missouri to the Indian Territory. Honorable Senators as well as noble women espoused their cause, and the outcome is likely to be in full justice to that long-abused race. But these philanthropists are not the first whose hearts have burned over the wrongs of the red men. Over against those few hundred Poncas are to be numbered the Cherokee nation with its sixteen thousand souls. Over against the meetings which were roused to indignation by the appeals of Bright Eyes and Standing Bear are to be recalled the great gatherings in Boston and Hartford and Philadelphia, which denounced in ringing tones the proposed removal of the Cherokees. The memorial of one such meeting, held at the State House in Boston, was prepared by men like Rufus Choate, Leverett Saltonstall, Samuel Hoar, and Jeremiah Evarts. It recited the immemorial occupancy of their lands by the Cherokees, and showed that their title to the same had been conceded by the government, and had been guaranteed to them forever. It also set forth the progress of the nation in civilization, in which they had been encouraged by the earlier Presidents, and showed how these improvements would be hazarded by removal. At the meeting where this memorial was finally adopted, it was urged that similar meetings be held throughout the commonwealth, and that petitions be sent to Congress from every quarter, since "there was never an occasion since the Declaration of Independence on which it more became the people of the United States to speak their minds than at present."

Stout friends of the Indians were found in Congress, who battled earnestly,

but in vain, for their rights. Against them was a power which was bound to rule or to ruin our federal government. Chief representative of that power at this time was the State of Georgia. She boasted herself the principal in the matter of the removal of the Indians, and claimed to have compelled the United States to do her bidding. So generally acknowledged was the claim that in this transaction Georgia had overridden the will of the nation that, in 1861, the State was complimented upon it by Jefferson Davis. On his way to Montgomery to be inaugurated President of the Southern Confederacy, Mr. Davis spoke thus, at Cartersville: "Georgians, — for by no higher title could I address you, — your history, from the days of the Revolution down to the time that your immortal Troup maintained the rights of your State and of all the States, in his contest with the federal usurpation, has made Georgia sacred soil."

Surely no one cares, at this day, to take from the "immortal Troup" the honor of having forced the United States government to deal as it then did deal with the Indians.

But to tell the story of the crime. The Cherokees, as has been said, were the most advanced of the Southern Indian tribes, which have since become known as the five civilized nations. Perhaps the earliest notice of them by white men is that of Father Roger, a Catholic missionary, who landed with the Spaniards at St. Helena in 1566. He speaks of them as quite above the coast Indians, physically, intellectually, and morally.

The original Cherokee country was an imperial domain, stretching from Virginia to the watershed of the Gulf, and embracing a part of Kentucky, all eastern Tennessee, and the highlands of the Carolinas, Georgia, and Alabama. Mrs. Jackson, the Indian's friend, describes it: "Beautiful and grand, with lofty mountains and rich valleys, fragrant

with flowers and fruits of magnolia and pine, filled with the singing of birds and the melody of streams, rich in fruit and nuts and wild grains, it was a country worth loving, worth fighting, worth dying for, as thousands of its lovers have fought and died, white men as well as red, within the last hundred years." This broad territory was gradually diminished by legitimate cessions under treaties, until, in 1825, it embraced only that part of Georgia north and west of the Chattahoochee River, and small adjacent parts of North Carolina, Tennessee, and Alabama. So far there was no occasion for complaint on the part of the Cherokees. However aggressive the whites had been, they had at least respected the acknowledged law of nations, which recognized the ownership of the Indians, and their supreme jurisdiction over their unalienated lands. In that year, 1825, the greed of possession overcame all scruples, but it operated first against the Creek nation. At the urgent solicitation of Georgia, President Monroe had appointed a commission to treat with the Creeks for their lands. The nation refused, and voted to put to death any one who should vote to sell more land; but after the council had broken up, the commissioners negotiated with a few chiefs what they called the treaty of Indian Spring. By this compact all the Creek lands were to be given up, for four hundred thousand dollars. At once Governor Troup claimed the lands for Georgia, and set up a lottery to dispose of them. Fortunately, however, the early traditions as to justice still obtained with the general government. President Adams's ideas of Indian rights had been inherited from Washington and Jefferson. The kindly attitude of the former is well known, while Mr. Jefferson, who was yet living at the time of this transaction, declared that he "was decidedly opposed to the Georgia claims." He said also that Georgia was "the most greedy State in the

Union ;" that the Indians were under no obligations to sell their lands ; that they had an original title to them ; that we had guaranteed that title ; and that the Indians were indisposed to sell them. In line with this opinion, President Adams ordered an investigation of the Indian Spring matter. It being found that forty-nine fiftieths of the Creeks repudiated the treaty, it was annulled, and General Gaines was ordered to prevent any trespass on the Indian lands. Upon this, Governor Troup stormed and threatened, demanding arrogantly "if the President of the United States would hold himself responsible to the State of Georgia."

Although another treaty was finally made, by which the Creeks fairly ceded all their Georgia lands, this did not satisfy Mr. Jefferson's "greedy State." The Cherokee country must be had, by fair means or by foul. The obstacle to such acquisition, in the way of an old-fashioned statesman in the White House, was soon to disappear. In 1828, General Jackson, whose ideas of Indians would seem to have been those of the average frontiersman, was elected President. No sooner was the result of the election known than the legislature of Georgia (December 20, 1828) passed an act incorporating the Cherokee country with the State, dividing it up and attaching it to the several adjoining counties. Following are two sections of the act:—

"Sec. 8. That all laws, usages, and customs made, established, and in force in the said territory, by the said Cherokee Indians, be, and the same are hereby, on and after the first day of June, 1830, declared null and void.

"Sec. 9. That no Indian, or descendant of Indian, residing within the Creek or Cherokee nations of Indians shall be deemed a competent witness, or a party to any suit in any court enacted by the constitution or laws of this State, to which a white man may be a party."

And who were these Cherokees thus

summarily outlawed by the State of Georgia? They were a civilized nation of above twenty thousand souls, a people whose progress from barbarism to civilization had been more rapid than that of any other historic nation. As soon as the diminution of their lands called for a change in their habits of life, the chiefs determined to make them a people among the peoples of the earth. In due time they hoped to gain a place for the Cherokee State as a constituent part of the nation. In their efforts to this end, the chiefs were not only counseled and encouraged, but they were materially aided, by all the early Presidents. It was at the suggestion of Mr. Jefferson that they adopted a form of government not unlike that of one of the States. The legislative authority was vested in a General Court, composed of a national committee of thirty-two members besides the speaker, and a council of thirteen members. The executive power was given to two chiefs, to be exercised during good behavior. The judiciary consisted of a superior court of appeal, held at the seat of government, and of eight district courts, presided over by four circuit judges. Trial was by jury, and there was the usual complement of sheriffs and court officials.

Speaking of the prospective relations of this little nation to the United States, one of the Cherokees said, "She will become, not a great but a faithful ally of the United States. In time of peace, she will plead the common liberties of America. In time of war, her intrepid sons will sacrifice their lives in your defense." That this was not simply a civilization on paper is amply certified. Colonel McKenney, in a report to Congress, after speaking in the highest terms of their progress, said, "In view of the preceding facts, it is perceived that none would hesitate to admit that the Cherokees are a civilized people."

This advancement had not, of course, been made without help. In 1817, the

American Board had established a mission among them, and other missionaries had followed, as a result of whose labors the nation had become Christian. But while thus stimulated from without, there had been a surprising internal development. This is witnessed by an original invention of letters among them. Sequoyah, the son of a Cherokee maiden and a strolling white trader, had devised a series of eighty-six characters, by which every syllable in the Cherokee language could be expressed, — this wholly out of his own resources, Sequoyah not being able to read at the time of his invention. After much incredulity on the part of the chiefs, he at last convinced them that it was a practical means of communication, and awakened such an enthusiasm for the scheme that the whole nation set about learning to read. The missionaries, who at first distrusted this native learning, came in time to appreciate it highly. So simple yet so complete was the system that in a few years an actual majority of the nation could read, and many of them could write. In 1828, five years after the acceptance of Sequoyah's alphabet, a newspaper, the Cherokee *Phoenix*, was established at New Echotah, the seat of government. It was founded by an order of the state council, and one fourth part of it was printed in Sequoyah's characters.

From an address given in 1826 by Elias Boudinot, a full-blooded Cherokee, we learn that his people then had 2488 spinning-wheels, 2943 ploughs, ten saw-mills, twenty-one grist-mills, sixty-two blacksmith shops, eighteen schools, eighteen ferries, and a number of public roads.

It would be of interest to quote from the many eloquent passages of this address, but we content ourselves with a single reference. "And here," says Mr. Boudinot, "let me be indulged in the fond hope that she will thus become [one of the garden spots of America] under those who now possess her, and

ever be fostered, regulated, and protected by the generous government of the United States." "The generous government of the United States"! There is no reason to think that the speaker used those words in irony, for in 1826 the government was still friendly.

Against the pressure from Georgia which Jackson's election invited, and even against his administration, the Senate showed a strong disposition to uphold the Indians. In his first message to Congress, the President had said that he had told the Indians that their pretensions would not be sustained. This was the signal for action. A bill was introduced into the Senate for facilitating the removal of the Gulf Indians to the west of the Mississippi. Not Congress only, but the whole country was profoundly agitated. It was then that the great meetings mentioned above were held, to persuade Congress to defeat this injustice. In both Houses a brave fight was made. Never were more eloquent appeals uttered for a maltreated race. In a speech of May 15, 1830, Mr. Storrs, of New York, said: "But the Cherokees and Creeks have declared that they will not leave their country. They positively refuse to go over the Mississippi. Why, then, have the laws of the State been extended over them at this particular time? We are told that this bill is only to come in aid of their voluntary emigration. But you have had their answer to that for years. Your table is covered by their memorials and protests against it. . . . Is there not reason to believe that they are to be removed against their real consent and inclination, though no force is meditated in any quarter? . . . Is that the protection which you have promised? Is that the execution of your solemn guarantee? Is that your dealing with your plighted faith and national honor?"

The only attempt at a reason for the removal of the Cherokees was the claim that they were a barbarous and roving

people, who could make no proper use of their lands. Let the facts already stated answer that claim ; or let a comparison be made between those Naboths, branded as barbarians, and the Ahabs who appropriated their vineyard. At that time, less than ten years after the invention of their alphabet, more than half the Cherokee nation could read. A whole generation later, in 1860, the census of the four central counties of the Cherokee country — Cherokee, Cobb, Gordon, and Carr — showed forty-three per cent. of their inhabitants unable to read.

But argument and appeal were alike unavailing. The Senate yielded by a majority of one, and passed the bill.

This was a second license to Georgia, whose legislature this year authorized surveyors to go on and divide up the Cherokee lands, to be distributed by lottery among the people of the State. The more effectually to cut off friends from the Indians, white persons were excluded from the territory, except as they were licensed by the governor and took the oath of allegiance to the State of Georgia. The governor was also authorized to station an armed force within the territory, to protect the gold mines ; and it was made an offense, punishable with four years at hard labor in the penitentiary, for an Indian to work those mines.

These laws were not dead letters. Two Northern missionaries among the Indians, Messrs. Worcester and Butler, were arrested and confined in the penitentiary. The United States Supreme Court pronounced the law under which they were imprisoned unconstitutional, and their release was ordered. Georgia refused to obey, and President Jackson, instead of compelling obedience, is reported to have said, "John Marshall has made his decision ; now let him enforce it."

The Indians suffered greatly. Cherokees were tried by Georgia juries and

hanged, without even a motion in their behalf by the government whose Supreme Court had declared these things unlawful. The trend of events from the passing of the removal bill was inevitably towards the expatriation of the people. They would not as a nation make any treaty consenting to emigrate. When efforts to this end failed, treaties were negotiated by United States commissioners with irresponsible individuals, like the Indian Spring treaty with the Creeks, annulled by President Adams. Such a treaty, made in 1834, was promptly repudiated by thirteen thousand Cherokees. An official delegation was then sent to Washington, headed by John Ross, the principal chief. In their absence, the United States agent, Rev. Mr. Schermerhorn, by withholding annuities, by arbitrary arrests, and by threats that "the screws would be turned upon them till they would be ground to powder," induced sixty individuals, without a chief among them, to consent to a treaty. The acquiescence of even these few was obtained only upon the solemn promise of the reverend commissioner that the treaty should not be binding until it had received the assent of the Ross delegation. Not only did this delegation repudiate the treaty, but the whole nation rejected it. Their protests, however, were in vain. The so-called treaty was ratified by the Senate, and a military force was sent out under General Wool to secure the submission of the helpless people. Upon Ross's return home, General Wool asked him to advise the people to go. "I assured him," said the patriotic chief, "that I would pledge my life that the Cherokees would never assert their rights by bloodshed, but that I could not, as an honest man, advise their assent to a spurious treaty. They might be persuaded to remove, and would be better reconciled to their fate, if the United States would only show them the fairness formally to recognize the removal as the compelled submission of the weaker to

the stronger ; but they would not in the face of Heaven put their hands and seals to a falsehood." The nation made one last effort, by sending to their brethren in Arkansas, and getting them to join with themselves in a delegation to Washington to ask for an investigation. President Van Buren declined to interfere, and it only remained to submit.

At the time fixed for the removal of the Cherokees, the great mass of the people had made no preparation for departure, clinging to their homes with the proverbial tenacity of mountaineers. In the mean time, fortifications had been erected in commanding places, and in May, 1838, the soldiery began driving the families together at the point of the bayonet. Sixteen thousand were gathered in three great bands. From June to September the march was delayed by the heat, then two months more by drought. It began in November, and occupied five weary months. The details of its sufferings need not be given. Suffice that four thousand, or one fourth part of the whole company, died on the way. The rest found themselves, crushed and hopeless, in a strange land.

We have now but to quote the pathetic and prophetic words of John Ross, uttered when the last hope had disappeared : —

" We distinctly disavow all thought, all desire, to gratify any feeling of resentment. That possessions acquired and objects attained by unrighteous means will sooner or later prove a curse to those who have sought them is a truth we have been taught by that holy religion which was brought to us by our white brothers. Years, nay centuries, may elapse before the punishment may follow the offense, but the volume of history and the sacred Bible assure us that the period will certainly arrive. We would with Christian sympathy labor to avert the wrath of Heaven from the United States by imploring your government to be just."

And now, in suggesting a possible fulfillment of this prophecy of retribution, the writer would emulate the kindly spirit of John Ross. The spoliation of the Cherokees was a national act, and as such the whole nation assumed its consequences. True, hundreds of thousands of our people protested against the outrage, just as hundreds of thousands protested against slavery ; but the judgment that comes upon nations knows nothing of individuals. From the St. Croix to the Colorado were felt the strokes of the sword that told of the blows of the lash. So from the St. John's to the Columbia, the nation, in that scourge of war, may have been paying penalty for its robbery of the Cherokees, New Englander sharing with Georgian. Still, there was a sense in which that spoliation was the peculiar crime of Georgia, and more especially of the people who profited by the robbery. The sober sense of mankind agrees with John Ross that some power, call it fate, call it Providence, call it what we will, seems to visit wrong-doing upon localities which profit thereby.

And how has it been with the country of the Cherokees? Georgians claim that their State suffered more, proportionally, than any other in the Confederacy. She poured out her blood and treasures without stint. She contributed twenty thousand more soldiers than her whole voting population at the beginning of the war ; and of these her loss was in the very highest proportion. She had two thousand square miles of her territory ravaged. She lost three fourths of her entire wealth. But the portion of Georgia which was scourged beyond all comparison with the rest was the land of the Cherokees, the territory bounded by the silvery Chattahoochee, and watered by the golden Etowah and the beautiful streams that fill the Oostanaula. Geographically and historically, this region includes the valley of the Tennessee about Chattanooga. Through

and through this region trampled hosts gathered from every State in the Union. Here armies closed in a death-grapple more awful than was elsewhere known, unless in that desperate struggle in the Virginia Wilderness. Here was Chickamauga, called the bloodiest battle of the war. Here were Missionary Ridge, and Dalton, and Resaca, and Alatoona, and New Hope Church, and Kenesaw, not to speak of the seventy-four distinct engagements fought among these hills and valleys from September, 1863, to October, 1864.

As to the effect of this fearful carnage upon the region itself, let me quote the words of one of its own people, Colonel Avery, already alluded to as suggesting something peculiar in its local history to account for such suffering. "This favored section of the State," he says, "rich, healthy, beautiful, was a continuous ruin. It exemplified the horrors of war. . . . The arena of contending armies for a long period, it was desolated in its entirety." "Left for months outside the protecting ægis of both governments, the hiding-place of guerrillas of both armies, the theatre of the worst of all strifes that exist between inimical local factions, it realized in all its malignancy the miserable suffering conveyed in the realization of anarchy. The melancholy condition of this section is the saddest picture of all the sad ones of the late war. Those able to flee fled. Those unable to get away stayed in armed despair, ever present peril, and subject to daily rapine and death. *Courts were silent, schools empty, churches desolated.*¹ Dwellings were burned and fences destroyed, until the civilizing demarkations of home and farm were lost in indistinguishable ruin. Strolling bands of deserters and robbers herded in the mountain caves, made predatory incursions from their fastnesses, and in their inhuman collisions and murderous orgies

kept up a reign of terror. It was once a smiling country, peaceful, prosperous, and happy, converted by the fell Moloch of war into a bloody scene of utter desolation. And to these awful horrors, unusual and unmitigable, the possibility of starvation was superadded. No crops could be raised in this hideous time, and charity could not penetrate this wilderness of desolation."²

As a slight suggestion of the poverty and distress, Colonel Avery says that in the four counties of Cherokee, Gordon, Gilmer, and Paulding, over one fourth of the inhabitants were left absolute paupers. Relief by the people of the State was for a time impossible, though General Wofford, under the appointment of Governor Brown, did all that could be done. In this extremity the national government came to the rescue, Congress passing an act for the relief of the region through the Freedmen's Bureau. As one feature of this aid, thirty thousand bushels of corn were given to the inhabitants to plant for their new crop.

It would be of interest, had we space, to note the fortunes of particular localities. The two principal centres of civilization in the old Cherokee country were at Brainard, where the first missionary station was founded, and at New Echota, the seat of government. Within a few miles of the latter place was fought the bloody three days' battle of Resaca. Near the former were Chickamauga and Missionary Ridge, the latter so called from the proximity of the old mission station.

But what is the peculiar thing which Colonel Avery traces in the history of this desolated Cherokee country? He finds, forsooth, that the region voted against secession. It behooves any but a Georgian to speak with modesty and reverence of this awful visitation. To most men, however, a more unique feature in the history of northern Georgia,

¹ These words italicized for their suggestiveness.

² *History of Georgia, 1850-1881*, page 320.

and one more suggestive of crime than any vote of loyalty to the Union, was the spoliation and expatriation of its original inhabitants. Rather than shouts for the old flag, most men will recall the wails of those thousands of despoiled Cherokees, driven by the bayonet from their ancestral homes. Up through the booming of the cannon and the bitter cries from desolated homes many impartial listeners will hear rising the plaintive tones of those dusky mountaineers, saying, as they did in their last appeal to the nation, "We shall submit our cause to an all-wise and just God."

Let us assume now that Colonel Avery is right in associating the horrors endured by the region in question with something peculiar in its history; but let us assume too that that unique thing

was not its love for its country, but its gross injustice to a rising race.

What is suggested? Shades of color are nothing, a half century of time is nothing, in a matter of principle. The nation admires a brave and chivalrous people when they turn aside to weep, and to lay wreaths upon the grave of one of their representative men, as the people of northern Georgia have so recently done. Its admiration is greater when the eloquence of that man has charmed and delighted the whole land. But the nation is wiser and firmer for the rights of manhood than it was fifty years ago. With all fraternity of feeling, therefore, towards this once-suffering region, it may well cry out in warning, "Give no occasion for any future conspirator to allude again, *mutato nomine*, to the 'immortal Troup.'"

George A. Jackson.

TASSO TO LEONORA.

In the vast realms of unconjectured space,
 Where devious paths eternally outspread;
 Where farthest stars their mighty marches tread,
 And unknown suns through unknown systems pace,
 What power can give our longing hearts the grace
 To follow feet that long ago have fled,—
 Among the thronging populace of the dead
 To find the welcome of the one dear face?

Nay! Let the souls throng round us! I am I,
 And you are you! We should not vainly seek:
 Would you not hear, though faint and far, my call?
 Nay, were we dust, and had no lips to speak,
 Our very atoms on the winds blown by
 Would meet, and cling, whatever might befall.

Louise Chandler Moulton.

OVER THE TEACUPS.

IV.

IF the reader thinks that all these talking Teacups came together by mere accident, as people meet at a boarding-house, I may as well tell him at once that he is mistaken. If he thinks I am going to explain how it is that he finds them thus brought together, — whether they form a secret association, whether they are the editors of this or that periodical, whether they are connected with some institution, and so on, — I must disappoint him. It is enough that he finds them in each other's company, a very mixed assembly, of different sexes, ages, and pursuits; and if there is a certain mystery surrounds their meetings, he must not be surprised. Does he suppose we want to be known and talked about in public as "Teacups"? No; so far as we give to the community some records of the talks at our table our thoughts become public property, but the sacred personality of every Teacup must be properly respected. If any wonder at the presence of one of our number, whose eccentricities might seem to render him an undesirable associate of the company, he should remember that some people may have relatives whom they feel bound to keep their eye on; besides, the cracked Teacup brings out the ring of the sound ones as nothing else does. Remember also that the soundest teacup does not always hold the best tea, nor the cracked teacup the worst.

This is a hint to the reader, who is not expected to be too curious about the individual Teacups constituting our unorganized association.

The Dictator discourses.

I have been reading Balzac's *Peau de Chagrin*. You have all read the story, I hope, for it is the first of his

wonderful romances which fixed the eyes of the reading world upon him, and a most fascinating if somewhat fantastic tale. A young man becomes the possessor of a certain magic skin, the peculiarity of which is that, while it gratifies every wish formed by its possessor, it shrinks in all its dimensions each time that a wish is gratified. The young man makes every effort to ascertain the cause of its shrinking; invokes the aid of the physicist, the chemist, the student of natural history, but all in vain. He draws a red line around it. That same day he indulges a longing for a certain object. The next morning there is a little interval between the red line and the skin, close to which it was traced. So always, so inevitably. As he lives on, satisfying one desire, one passion, after another, the process of shrinking continues. A mortal disease sets in, which keeps pace with the shrinking skin, and his life and his talisman come to an end together.

One would say that such a piece of integument was hardly a desirable possession. And yet, how many of us have at this very moment a *peau de chagrin* of our own, diminishing with every costly wish indulged, and incapable, like the magical one of the story, of being arrested in its progress!

Need I say that I refer to those *coupon bonds*, issued in the days of eight and ten per cent. interest, and gradually narrowing as they drop their semi-annual slips of paper, which represent wishes to be realized, as the roses let fall their leaves in July, as the icicles melt away in the thaw of January?

How beautiful was the coupon bond, arrayed in its golden raiment of promises to pay at certain stated intervals, for a goodly number of coming years! What annual the horticulturist can show

will bear comparison with this product of auricultural industry, which has flowered in midsummer and midwinter for twenty successive seasons? And now the last of its blossoms is to be plucked, and the bare stem, stripped of its ever maturing and always welcome appendages, is reduced to the narrowest conditions of reproductive existence. Such is the fate of the financial *peau de chagrin*. Pity the poor fractional capitalist, who has just managed to live on the eight per cent. of his coupon bonds. The shears of Atropos were not more fatal to human life than the long scissors which cut the last coupon to the lean proprietor, whose slice of dry toast it served to flatter with oleomargarine. Do you wonder that my thoughts took the poetical form, in the contemplation of these changes and their melancholy consequences? If the entire poem, of several hundred lines, was "declined with thanks" by an unfeeling editor, that is no reason why you should not hear a verse or two of it.

THE *PEAU DE CHAGRIN* OF STATE
STREET.

How beauteous is the bond
In the manifold array
Of its promises to pay,
While the eight per cent. it gives
And the rate at which one lives
Correspond!

But at last the bough is bare
Where the coupons one by one
Through their ripening days have run,
And the bond, a beggar now,
Seeks investment anyhow,
Anywhere!

The Mistress commonly contents herself with the general supervision of the company, only now and then taking an active part in the conversation. She started a question the other evening which set some of us thinking.

"Why is it," she said, "that there is so common and so intense a desire for poetical reputation? It seems to me that, if I were a man, I had rather have

done something worth telling of than make verses about what other people had done."

"You agree with Alexander the Great," said the Professor. "You would prefer the fame of Achilles to that of Homer, who told the story of his wrath and its direful consequences. I am afraid that I should hardly agree with you. Achilles was little better than a Choctaw brave. I won't quote Horace's line which characterizes him so admirably, for I will take it for granted that you all know it. He was a gentleman, — so is a first-class Indian, — a very noble gentleman in point of courage, lofty bearing, courtesy, but an unsoaped, ill-clad, turbulent, high-tempered young fellow, looked up to by his crowd very much as the champion of the heavy weights is looked up to by his gang of blackguards. Alexander himself was not much better, — a foolish, fiery young madcap. How often is he mentioned except as a warning? His best record is that he served to point a moral as 'Macedonia's madman.' He made a figure, it is true, in Dryden's great Ode, but what kind of a figure? He got drunk, — in very bad company, too, — and then turned fire-bug. He had one redeeming point, — he did value his Homer, and slept with the *Iliad* under his pillow. A poet like Homer seems to me worth a dozen such fellows as Achilles and Alexander."

"Homer is all very well for those that can read him," said Number Seven, "but the fellows that tag verses together nowadays are mostly fools. That's my opinion. I wrote some verses once myself, but I had been sick and was very weak; had n't strength enough to write in prose, I suppose."

This aggressive remark caused a little stir at our tea-table. For you must know, if I have not told you already, there are suspicions that we have more than one "poet" at our table. I have already confessed that I do myself in-

dulge in verse now and then, and have given my readers a specimen of my work in that line. But there is so much difference of character in the verses which are produced at our table, without any signature, that I feel quite sure there are at least two or three other contributors besides myself. There is a tall, old-fashioned silver urn, a sugar-bowl of the period of the Empire, in which the poems sent to be read are placed by unseen hands. When the proper moment arrives, I lift the cover of the urn and take out any manuscript it may contain. If conversation is going on and the company are in a talking mood, I replace the manuscript or manuscripts, clap on the cover, and wait until there is a moment's quiet before taking it off again. I might guess the writers sometimes by the handwriting, but there is more trouble taken to disguise the chirography than I choose to take to identify it as that of any particular member of our company.

The turn the conversation took, especially the slashing onslaught of Number Seven on the writers of verse, set me thinking and talking about the matter. Number Five turned on the stream of my discourse by a question.

"You receive a good many volumes of verse, do you not?" she said, with a look which implied that she knew I did.

I certainly do, I answered. My table aches with them. My shelves groan with them. Think of what a fuss Pope made about his trials, when he complained that

"All Bedlam or Parnassus is let out"!

What were the numbers of the

"Mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease"

to that great multitude of contributors to our magazines, and authors of little volumes — sometimes, alas! big ones — of verse, which pour out of the press, not weekly, but daily, and at such a rate of increase that it seems as if before

long every hour would bring a book, or at least an article which is to grow into a book by and by?

I thanked Heaven, the other day, that I was not a critic. These attenuated volumes of poetry in fancy bindings open their covers at one like so many little unfledged birds, and one does so long to drop a worm in, — a worm in the shape of a kind word for the poor fledgling! But what a desperate business it is to deal with this army of candidates for immortality! I have often had something to say about them, and I may be saying over the same things; but if I do not remember what I have said, it is not very likely that my reader will; if he does, he will find, I am very sure, that I say it a little differently.

What astonishes me is that this enormous mass of commonplace verse, which burdens the postman who brings it, which it is a serious task only to get out of its wrappers and open in two or three places, is on the whole of so good an average quality. The dead level of mediocrity is in these days a table-land, a good deal above the old sea-level of laboring incapacity. Sixty years ago verses made a local reputation, which verses, if offered to-day to any of our first-class magazines, would go straight into the waste-basket. To write "poetry" was an art and mystery in which only a few noted men and a woman or two were experts.

When "Potter the ventriloquist," the predecessor of the well-remembered Signor Blitz, went round giving his entertainments, there was something unexplained, uncanny, almost awful, and beyond dispute marvellous, in his performances. Those watches that disappeared and came back to their owners, those endless supplies of treasures from empty hats, and especially those crawling eggs that travelled all over the magician's person, sent many a child home thinking that Mr. Potter must have ghostly assistants, and raised grave doubts in the

minds of "professors," that is members of the church, whether they had not compromised their characters by being seen at such an unhallowed exhibition. Nowadays, a clever boy who has made a study of parlor magic can do many of those tricks almost as well as the great sorcerer himself. How simple it all seems when we have seen the mechanism of the deception!

It is just so with writing in verse. It was not understood that everybody can learn to *make poetry*, just as they can learn the more difficult tricks of juggling. M. Jourdain's discovery that he had been speaking and writing prose all his life is nothing to that of the man who finds out in middle life, or even later, that he might have been writing poetry all his days, if he had only known how perfectly easy and simple it is. Not everybody, it is true, has a sufficiently good ear, a sufficient knowledge of rhymes and capacity for handling them, to be what is called a poet. I doubt whether more than nine out of ten, in the average, have that combination of gifts required for the writing of readable verse.

This last expression of opinion created a sensation among The Teacups. They looked puzzled for a minute. One whispered to the next Teacup, "More than nine out of ten! I should think that was a pretty liberal allowance."

Yes, I continued; perhaps ninety-nine in a hundred would come nearer to the mark. I have sometimes thought I might consider it worth while to set up a school for instruction in the art. "*Poetry taught in twelve lessons.*" Congenital idiocy no disqualification. Anybody can write "poetry." It is a most unenviable distinction to have published a thin volume of verse, which nobody wanted, nobody buys, nobody reads, nobody cares for except the author, who cries over its pathos, poor fellow, and revels in its beauties, which he has all to himself. Come! who will be my pupils

in a Course, — Poetry taught in twelve lessons?

That made a laugh, in which most of The Teacups, myself included, joined heartily. Through it all I heard the sweet tones of Number Five's caressing voice; not because it was more penetrating or louder than the others, for it was low and soft, but it was so different from the others, there was so much more life — the life of sweet womanhood — dissolved in it.

(Of course he will fall in love with her. "He? Who?" Why, the newcomer, the Counsellor. Did I not see his eyes turn toward her as the silvery notes rippled from her throat? Did they not follow her in her movements, as she turned her head this or that way?

What nonsense for me to be arranging matters between two people strangers to each other before to-day!)

"A fellow writes in verse when he has nothing to say, and feels too dull and silly to say it in prose," said Number Seven.

This made us laugh again, good-naturedly. I was pleased with a kind of truth which it seemed to me to wrap up in its rather startling affirmation. I gave a piece of advice the other day which I said I thought deserved a paragraph to itself. It was from a letter I wrote not long ago to an unknown young correspondent, who had a longing for seeing himself in verse, but was not hopelessly infatuated with the idea that he was born a "poet." "When you write in prose," I said, "you say what you *mean*. When you write in verse you say what you *must*." I was thinking more especially of *rhymed* verse. Rhythm alone is a tether, and not a very long one. But rhymes are iron fetters; it is dragging a chain and ball to march under their incumbrance; it is a clog-dance you are figuring in, when you execute your metrical *pas seul*. Consider under what a disadvantage your thinking powers are laboring when you

are handicapped by the inexorable demands of our scanty English rhyming vocabulary! You want to say something about the heavenly bodies, and you have a beautiful line ending with the word *stars*. Were you writing in prose, your imagination, your fancy, your rhetoric, your musical ear for the harmonies of language, would all have full play. But there is your rhyme fastening you by the leg, and you must either reject the line which pleases you, or you must whip your hobbling fancy and all your limping thoughts into the traces which are hitched to one of three or four or half a dozen serviceable words. You cannot make any use of *cars*, I will suppose; you have no occasion to talk about *scars*; "the red planet Mars" has been used already; Dibdin has said enough about the gallant *tars*; what is there left for you but *bars*? So you give up your trains of thought, capitulate to necessity, and manage to lug in some kind of allusion, in place or out of place, which will allow you to make use of *bars*. Can there be imagined a more certain process for breaking up all continuity of thought, for taking out all the vigor, all the virility, which belongs to natural prose as the vehicle of strong, graceful, spontaneous thought, than this miserable subjugation of intellect to the clink of well or ill matched syllables? I think you will smile if I tell you of an idea I have had about teaching the art of writing "poems" to the half-witted children at the Idiot Asylum. The trick of rhyming cannot be more usefully employed than in furnishing a pleasant amusement to the poor feeble-minded children. I should feel that I was well employed in getting up a Primer for the pupils of the Asylum, and other young persons who are incapable of serious thought and connected expression. I would start in the simplest way; thus:—

When darkness veils the evening

I love to close my weary

The pupil begins by supplying the miss-

ing words, which most children who are able to keep out of fire and water can accomplish after a certain number of trials. When the poet that is to be has got so as to perform this task easily, a skeleton verse, in which two or three words of each line are omitted, is given the child to fill up. By and by the more difficult forms of metre are outlined, until at length a feeble-minded child can make out a sonnet, completely equipped with its four pairs of rhymes in the first section and its three pairs in the second part.

Number Seven interrupted my discourse somewhat abruptly, as is his wont; for we grant him a license, in virtue of his eccentricity, which we should hardly expect to be claimed by a perfectly sound Teacup.

"That's the way, — that's the way!" exclaimed he. "It's just the same thing as my plan for teaching drawing."

Some curiosity was shown among The Teacups to know what the queer creature had got into his head, and Number Five asked him, in her irresistible tones, if he would n't oblige us by telling us all about it.

He looked at her a moment without speaking. I suppose he has often been made fun of, — slighted in conversation, taken as a butt for people who thought themselves witty, made to feel as we may suppose a cracked piece of china-ware feels when it is clinked in the company of sound bits of porcelain. I never saw him when he was carelessly dealt with in conversation — for it would sometimes happen, even at our table — without recalling some lines of Emerson which always struck me as of wonderful force and almost terrible truthfulness:

"Alas! that one is born in blight,
Victim of perpetual slight:
When thou lookest in his face
Thy heart saith, 'Brother, go thy ways!
None shall ask thee what thou doest,
Or care a rush for what thou knowest,
Or listen when thou repliest,
Or remember where thou liest,

Or how thy supper is sodden ;
And another is born
To make the sun forgotten."

Poor fellow ! Number Seven has to bear a good deal in the way of neglect and ridicule, I do not doubt. Happily, he is protected by an amount of belief in himself which shields him from many assailants who would torture a more sensitive nature. But the sweet voice of Number Five and her sincere way of addressing him seemed to touch his feelings. That was the meaning of his momentary silence, in which I saw that his eyes glistened and a faint flush rose on his cheek. In a moment, however, as soon as he was on his hobby, he was all right, and explained his new and ingenious system as follows : —

"A man at a certain distance appears as a dark spot, — nothing more. Good. Anybody, man, woman, or child, can make a dot, say a period, such as we use in writing. Lesson No. 1. Make a dot ; that is, draw your man, a mile off, if that is far enough. Now make him come a little nearer, a few rods, say. The dot is an oblong figure now. Good. Let your scholar draw the oblong figure. It is as easy as it is to make a note of admiration. Your man comes nearer, and now some hint of a bulbous enlargement at one end, and perhaps of lateral appendages, and a bifurcation begins to show itself. The pupil sets down with his pencil just what he sees, — no more. So by degrees the man who serves as model approaches. A bright pupil will learn to get the outline of a human figure in ten lessons, the model coming five hundred feet nearer each time. A dull one may require fifty, the model beginning a mile off, or more, and coming a hundred feet nearer at each move."

The company were amused by all this, but could not help seeing that there was a certain practical possibility about the scheme. Our two Annexes, as we call them, appeared to be interested in the project, or fancy, or whim, or whatever

the older heads might consider it. "I guess I'll try it," said the American Annex. "Quite so," answered the English Annex. Why the first girl "guessed" about her own intentions it is hard to say. What "Quite so" referred to it would not be easy to determine. But these two expressions would decide the nationality of our two young ladies if we met them on the top of the great Pyramid.

I was very glad that Number Seven had interrupted me. In fact, it is a good thing once in a while to break in upon the monotony of a steady talker at a dinner-table, tea-table, or any other place of social converse. The best talker is liable to become the most formidable of bores. It is a peculiarity of the bore that he is the last person to find himself out. Many a terebrant I have known who, in that capacity, to borrow a line from Coleridge,

"Was great, nor knew how great he was."

A line, by the way, which, as I have remarked, has in it a germ like that famous "He builded better than he knew" of Emerson.

There was a slight lull in the conversation. The Mistress, who keeps an eye on the course of things, and feared that one of those *panic silences* was impending, in which everybody wants to say something and does not know just what to say, begged me to go on with my remarks about the "manufacture" of "poetry."

You use the right term, madam, I said. The manufacture of that article has become an extensive and therefore an important branch of industry. One must be an editor, which I am not, or a literary confidant of a wide circle of correspondents, which I am, to have any idea of the enormous output of verse which is characteristic of our time. There are many curious facts connected with this phenomenon. Educated people — yes, and many who are not edu-

cated — have discovered that rhymes are not the private property of a few noted writers who, having squatted on that part of the literary domain some twenty or forty or sixty years ago, have, as it were, fenced it in with their touchy, barbed-wire reputations, and have come to regard it and cause it to be regarded as their private property. The discovery having been made that rhyme is not a paddock for this or that race-horse, but a common, where every colt, pony, and donkey can range at will, a vast irruption into that once-privileged inclosure has taken place. The study of the great invasion is interesting.

Poetry is commonly thought to be the language of emotion. On the contrary, most of what is so called proves the absence of all passionate excitement. It is a cold-blooded, haggard, anxious, worrying hunt after rhymes which can be made serviceable, after images which will be effective, after phrases which are sonorous: all this under limitations which restrict the natural movements of fancy and imagination. There is a secondary excitement in overcoming the difficulties of rhythm and rhyme, no doubt, but this is not the emotional heat excited by the subject of the "poet's" treatment. True poetry, the best of it, is but the ashes of a burnt-out passion. The flame was in the eye and in the cheek, the coals may be still burning in the heart, but when we come to the words it leaves behind it, a little warmth, a cinder or two just glimmering under the dead gray ashes, — that is all we can look for. When it comes to the manufactured article, one is surprised to find how well the metrical artisans have learned to imitate the real thing. They catch all the phrases of the true poet. They imitate his metrical forms as a mimic copies the gait of the person he is representing.

Now I am not going to abuse "these same metre ballad-mongers," for the obvious reason that, as all The Teacups know, I myself belong to the fraternity.

I don't think that this reason should hinder my having my say about the ballad-mongering business. For the last thirty years I have been in the habit of receiving a volume of poems or a poem, printed or manuscript — I will not say daily, though I sometimes receive more than one in a day, but at very short intervals. I have been consulted by hundreds of writers of verse as to the merit of their performances, and have often advised the writers to the best of my ability. Of late I have found it impossible to attempt to read critically all the literary productions, in verse and in prose, which have heaped themselves on every exposed surface of my library, like snowdrifts along the railroad tracks, — blocking my literary pathway, so that I can hardly find my daily papers.

What is the meaning of this rush into rhyming of such a multitude of people, of all ages, from the infant phenomenon to the oldest inhabitant?

Many of my young correspondents have told me in so many words, "I want to be famous." Now it is true that of all the short cuts to fame, in time of peace, there is none shorter than the road paved with rhymes. Byron woke up one morning and found himself famous. Still more notably did Rouget de l'Isle fill the air of France, nay, the whole atmosphere of freedom all the world over, with his name wafted on the wings of the Marseillaise, the work of a single night. But if by fame the aspirant means having his name brought before and kept before the public, there is a much cheaper way of acquiring that kind of notoriety. Have your portrait taken as a "Wonderful Cure of a Desperate Disease given up by all the Doctors." You will get a fair likeness of yourself and a partial biographical notice, and have the satisfaction, if not of promoting the welfare of the community, at least that of advancing the financial interests of the benefactor whose enterprise has given you your coveted noto-

riety. If a man wants to be famous, he had much better try the advertising doctor than the terrible editor, whose waste-basket is a maw which is as insatiable as the temporary stomach of Jack the Giant-killer.

"You must not talk so," said Number Five. "I know you don't mean any wrong to the true poets, but you might be thought to hold them cheap, whereas you value the gift in others, — in yourself too, I rather think. There are a great many women — and some men — who write in verse from a natural instinct which leads them to that form of expression. If you could peep into the portfolio of all the cultivated women among your acquaintances, you would be surprised, I believe, to see how many of them trust their thoughts and feelings to verse which they never think of publishing, and much of which never meets any eyes but their own. Don't be cruel to the sensitive natures who find a music in the harmonies of rhythm and rhyme which soothes their own souls, if it reaches no farther."

I was glad that Number Five spoke up as she did. Her generous instinct came to the rescue of the poor poets just at the right moment. Not that I meant to deal roughly with them, but the "poets" I have been forced into relation with have impressed me with certain convictions which are not flattering to the fraternity, and if my judgments are not accompanied by my own qualifications, distinctions, and exceptions, they may seem harsh to many readers.

Let me draw a picture which many a young man and woman, and some no longer young, will recognize as the story of their own experiences.

— He is sitting alone with his own thoughts and memories. What is that book he is holding? Something precious, evidently, for it is bound in "tree calf," and there is gilding enough about it for

a birthday present. The reader seems to be deeply absorbed in its contents, and at times greatly excited by what he reads; for his face is flushed, his eyes glitter, and — there rolls a large tear down his cheek. Listen to him; he is reading aloud in impassioned tones: —

And have I coined my soul in words for
naught?

And must I, with the dim, forgotten throng
Of silent ghosts that left no earthly trace
To show they once had breathed this vital air,
Die out of mortal memories?

His voice is choked by his emotion. "How is it possible," he says to himself, "that any one can read my 'Gaspings for Immortality' without being impressed by their freshness, their passion, their beauty, their originality?" Tears come to his relief freely, — so freely that he has to push the precious volume out of the range of their blistering shower. Six years ago "Gaspings for Immortality" was published, advertised, praised by the professionals whose business it is to *boost* their publishers' authors. A week and more it was seen on the counters of the booksellers and at the stalls in the railroad stations. Then it disappeared from public view. A few copies still kept their place on the shelves of friends, — presentation copies, of course, as there is no evidence that any were disposed of by sale; and now, one might as well ask for the lost books of Livy as inquire at a bookstore for "Gaspings for Immortality."

The authors of these poems are all round us, men and women, and no one with a fair amount of human sympathy in his disposition would treat them otherwise than tenderly. Perhaps they do not need tender treatment. How do you know that posterity may not resuscitate these seemingly dead poems, and give their author the immortality for which he longed and labored? It is not every poet who is at once appreciated. Some will tell you that the best poets never are. Who can say that you,

dear unappreciated brother or sister, are not one of those whom it is left for after-times to discover among the wrecks of the past, and hold up to the admiration of the world?

I have not thought it necessary to put in all the *interpellations*, as the French call them, which broke the course of this somewhat extended series of remarks; but the comments of some of The Teacups helped me to shape certain additional observations, and may seem to the reader as of more significance than what I had been saying.

Number Seven saw nothing but the folly and weakness of the "rhyming cranks," as he called them. He thought the fellow that I had described as blubbering over his still-born poems would have been better occupied in earning his living in some honest way or other. He knew one chap that published a volume of verses, and let his wife bring up the wood for the fire by which he was writing. A fellow says, "I am a poet!" and he thinks himself different from common folks. He ought to be excused from military service. He might be killed, and the world would lose the inestimable products of his genius. "I believe some of 'em think," said Number Seven, "that they ought not to be called upon to pay their taxes and their bills for household expenses, like the rest of us."

"If they would only study and take to heart Horace's *Ars Poetica*," said the Professor, "it would be a great benefit to them and to the world at large. I would not advise you to follow him too literally, of course, for, as you will see, the changes that have taken place since his time would make some of his precepts useless and some dangerous, but the spirit of them is always instructive. This is the way in which he counsels a young poet, somewhat modernized and accompanied by my running commentary.

"Don't try to write poetry, my boy,

when you are not in the mood for doing it,—when it goes against the grain. You are a fellow of sense,—you understand all that.

"If you have written anything which you think well of, show it to Mr. —, the well-known critic; to 'the governor,' as you call him,—your honored father; and to me, your friend.'"

To the critic is well enough, if you like to be overhauled and put out of conceit with yourself,—it may do you good; but I would n't go to the governor with my verses, if I were you. For either he will think what you have written is something wonderful, almost as good as he could have written himself,—in fact, he always *did* believe in hereditary genius,—or he will pooh-pooh the whole rhyming nonsense, and tell you that you had a great deal better stick to your business, and leave all the word-jingling to Mother Goose and her followers.

"Show *me* your verses," says Horace. Very good it was in him, and mighty encouraging the first counsel he gives! "Keep your poem to yourself for some eight or ten years; you will have time to look it over, to correct it and make it fit to present to the public."

"Much obliged for your advice," says the poor poet, thirsting for a draught of fame, and offered a handful of dust. And off he hurries to the printer, to be sure that his poem comes out in the next number of the magazine he writes for.

"Is not poetry the natural language of lovers?"

It was the Tutor who asked this question, and I thought he looked in the direction of Number Five, as if she might answer his question. But Number Five stirred her tea devotedly; there was a lump of sugar, I suppose, that acted like a piece of marble. So there was a silence while the lump was slowly dissolving, and it was anybody's chance who saw fit to take up the conversation.

The voice that broke the silence was

not the sweet, winsome one we were listening for, but it instantly arrested the attention of the company. It was the grave, manly voice of one used to speaking, and accustomed to be listened to with deference. This was the first time that the company as a whole had heard it, for the speaker was the newcomer who has been repeatedly alluded to, — the one of whom I spoke as “the Counsellor.”

“I think I can tell you something about that,” said the Counsellor. “I suppose you will wonder how a man of my profession can know or interest himself about a question so remote from his arid pursuits. And yet there is hardly one man in a thousand who knows from actual experience a fraction of what I have learned of the lovers’ vocabulary in my professional experience. I have, I am sorry to say, had to take an important part in a great number of divorce cases. These have brought before me scores and hundreds of letters, in which every shade of the great passion has been represented. What has most struck me in these amatory correspondences has been their remarkable sameness. It seems as if writing love-letters reduced all sorts of people to the same level. I don’t remember whether Lord Bacon has left us anything in that line, — unless, indeed, he wrote *Romeo and Juliet* and the *Sonnets*; but if he has, I don’t believe they differ so very much from those of his valet or his groom to their respective lady-loves. It is always, *My darling! my darling!* The words of endearment are the only ones the lover wants to employ, and he finds the vocabulary too limited for his vast desires. So his letters are apt to be rather tedious except to the personage to whom they are addressed. As to poetry, it is very common to find it in love-letters, especially in those that have no love in them. The letters of bigamists and polygamists are rich in poetical extracts. Occasionally, an original spurt in rhyme adds variety to an other-

wise monotonous performance. I don’t think there is much passion in men’s poetry addressed to women. I agree with The Dictator that poetry is little more than the ashes of passion; still it may show that the flame has had its sweep where you find it, unless, indeed, it is shoveled in from another man’s fireplace.”

“What do you say to the love poetry of women?” asked the Professor. “Did ever passion heat words to incandescence as it did those of Sappho?”

The Counsellor turned, — not to Number Five, as he ought to have done, according to my programme, but to the Mistress.

“Madam,” he said, “your sex is adorable in many ways, but in the *abandon* of a genuine love-letter it is incomparable. I have seen a string of women’s love-letters, in which the creature enlaced herself about the object of her worship as that South American parasite which clasps the tree to which it has attached itself, begins with a slender succulent network, feeds on the trunk, spreads its fingers out to hold firmly to one branch after another, thickens, hardens, stretches in every direction, following the boughs, at length gets strong enough to tug at the tree itself, and ends by tearing it up by the roots, and holding in its murderous arms, high up in air, the stump and shaft of the once sturdy growth that was its support and subsistence.”

The Counsellor did not say all this quite so formally as I have set it down here, but in a much easier way. In fact, it is impossible to smooth out a conversation from memory without stiffening it; you can’t have a dress shirt look quite right without starching the bosom.

Some of us would have liked to hear more about those letters in the divorce cases, but the Counsellor had to leave the table. He promised to show us some pictures he has of the South American parasite. I have seen them, and I can assure you they are very curious.

The following verses were found in
the urn, or sugar-bowl.

CACOETHES SCRIBENDI.

If all the trees in all the woods were men,
And each and every blade of grass a pen;
If every leaf on every shrub and tree
Turned to a sheet of foolscap; every sea
Were changed to ink, and all earth's living
tribes

Had nothing else to do but act as scribes,
And for ten thousand ages, day and night,
The human race should write, and write, and
write,
Till all the pens and paper were used up,
And the huge inkstand was an empty cup,
Still would the scribblers clustered round its
brink
Call for more pens, more paper, and more
ink.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

TENNYSON.

I.

SHAKESPEARE and Milton — what third blazoned name
Shall lips of after-ages link to these?
His who, beside the wide-encircling seas,
Was England's voice, her voice with one acclaim,
For threescore years; whose word of praise was fame,
Whose scorn gave pause to man's iniquities.

II.

What strain was his in that Crimean war?
A bugle-call in battle; a low breath,
Plaintive and sweet, above the fields of death!
So year by year the music rolled afar,
From Euxine wastes to flowery Kandahar,
Bearing the laurel or the cypress wreath.

III.

Others shall have their little space of time,
Their proper niche and bust, then fade away
Into the darkness, poets of a day;
But thou, O builder of enduring rhyme,
Thou shalt not pass! Thy fame in every clime
On earth shall live where Saxon speech has sway.

IV.

Waft me this verse across the winter sea,
Through light and dark, through mist and blinding sleet,
O winter winds, and lay it at his feet;
Though the poor gift betray my poverty,
At his feet lay it: it may chance that he
Will find no gift where reverence is unmeet.

DANGERS FROM ELECTRICITY

A STORY is told of an Eastern prince who bought a slave who proved to be a magician. The slave at first fascinated his master with his countless tricks and wonders; but after a while the master became terrified at the evil resources of his slave, and besought him to leave him, giving him his freedom. Electricity is the slave of man; but at times it bids fair to overcome the master.

Our horses may be said to reflect public sentiment in regard to one of the common applications of electricity, — that of the propulsion of electric cars. At first they were afraid. Their nervous trepidation in some cases broke down all the barriers of restraint. Now they are becoming used to the car which moves so mysteriously. The inevitable has come; and it is perhaps horse sense to acquiesce.

It is true that there are dangers lurking in the electric-car system; but it is probable that the inside of the electric car is a safer place than the outside. By no possibility can the electric motor explode. The chances of any one getting a deadly shock from the current which is conveyed through the car to the motor are infinitesimal; for the iron-work of the car affords a far better connection with the ground than the human body. If the current were conveyed by a broken wire to the wood-work of the car, the entire current from the most powerful dynamo would be stopped. As a proof of my assertion that the iron-work would conduct away the electricity and prevent the human body from receiving any of it, I need only mention the behavior of the stroke of lightning which descended the Eiffel Tower in Paris last August. A heavy bolt struck the tower, with a report which sounded like the discharge of a park of artillery. People at a distance from Paris saw the bolt descend,

and the light of the discharge illumine the low-lying clouds as if the structure were suddenly enveloped in flames. There were four persons on the tower at the time, — assistants who had charge of different portions, — but no one received the slightest shock. The electric charge distributed itself through the iron-work of the tower, and the persons on the tower were as unconscious of its passing as birds which cluster on the overhead trolley wire are of the powerful current which is flowing under their feet. It is asked, however, Cannot the powerful magnetism of the motor beneath the flooring of the car affect our health? In answer to this inquiry, it may be said that none of our senses can detect the slightest effect from the most powerful magnetism. People have inserted their heads between the poles of a magnet which could lift a ton, and have perceived no effect. A blindfolded person cannot detect the attraction of a magnet which can draw a crowbar to itself with irresistible force. It has been maintained that certain persons see flame from magnets, but such persons are believed to be subject to hallucinations. It is safe to affirm that if a powerful state of magnetism existed in the car above the flooring the motor would not work.

The jar which one feels and the occasional shocks are mechanical, and not electrical. I was in an electric car lately which ran over a torpedo, placed on the track by some mischievous person. The car was immediately emptied, and many preferred to walk rather than to return to the car. What has been said in regard to the possible danger of receiving a shock from the electric current while in the car will serve to answer the inquiry whether there is not danger of being struck by lightning while riding on an electric railway. If a bolt from

heaven should strike the overhead wire of the railway, it would find such an easy passage to the earth through the trolleys of the cars, through the motors, and thence to the rails, that the passengers would be in the condition of the assistants on the Eiffel Tower. It has never been proved that lightning is attracted by the electric currents which are flowing in the overhead wire.

When one leaves an electric car, however, there are possible dangers. I am inclined to believe that the lady who claims to have received a shock while getting into a rear car was mistaken, for the amount of shock which she could receive through gloved hands and leather shoes from even a "sneak" current could not be detected by the most delicate instruments. I notice that many persons carefully avoid treading on the rails of the electric railway. They can be assured that even if they should touch them with the bare hands no sensation would be felt; furthermore, one can touch the overhead trolley wire with bare hands with impunity if, at the same time, no connection is made with the ground. One can see, any day, laborers mounted on tall scaffolds, grasping the bare trolley wire while engaged in repairing it.

Wherein, therefore, consist the dangers to life from the overhead wire? Birds can rest upon it, men can touch it; it gives, while intact and continuous, no evidence of the mysterious influence contained in it save when the overhead trolley bounds up and down. Then there is a flash of lightning, as if some Prometheus burst into imprecations at man's clumsy device. The danger to life comes not from the steady flow of the current, but from its sudden cessation. Strange to say, it is not the steady burning of the fire, so much as the going out of the fire, which is deadly. The plain statement of fact, not clothed in scientific language, is this: If the overhead wire of the electric railway should

break between the bare hands of a workman, he would be killed. It would be necessary, however, that the wire should be cut between the two bare hands with which he grasped the bare wire. The shock would then flow from shoulder to shoulder. The man's life would cease with the current. If the wire should be cut beyond where it is held,—not between the hands, but beyond them both,—and if there should be no connection with the ground, no danger would result. If, standing on the ground, one should touch the rails of the electric railway, I have said that he would receive no shock. If this person should by any possibility touch the overhead wire and the rails at the same time, the instant he released his hold upon either he would receive a shock which I have no doubt would be a deadly one. When he releases his grasp the current suddenly stops between his arms, and he would be in a similar position to that of the workman who has hold of the two ends of a broken wire. Let us suppose that a telegraph or telephone wire has fallen upon the overhead wire of the electric railway, and that a person comes in contact with the dangling end of the wire. If the person should be standing in rubbers or dry shoes, it is not probable that he would receive a deadly shock from touching the wire, or from releasing his hold of it. If his shoes should be wet, however, in struggling to escape the wire he might receive a mortal injury. It is only at the moment of release that the rattlesnake would give its most deadly bite. It is maintained that horses are more sensitive to the electric current than men, and that this is the reason they are so frequently killed by the dangling wires which reach from the overhead wire to the street. It is much more probable that their iron shoes and their freedom from clothing make them for the moment better conductors of electricity than human beings, who are shod in

rubber and leather and wear insulating garments.

The manner in which a horse is killed by a dead wire, that is, a wire which is out of use and whose only function is to be the means of death to some living creature, is therefore as follows: The dead wire falls upon a bare wire carrying a current; a horse runs into the wire, and contact is made with the ground and broken through the animal's body. It is the breaking the connection which is deadly. In a blinding storm it would not be pleasant to find one's self in the embraces of a dead wire. Yet with the present practice of allowing wires to cross the bare overhead wire of the electric railway, such embraces promise to be too common.

The dangers to life from the electric current in which the earth is not used are nothing if the circuit of the current is not broken. If the earth is used for the return circuit, the danger arises from breaking a connection between the metallic circuit and the earth. In the electric-car system, the current is sent out from the dynamo machine at the central station along the overhead wire, passes through the motor in each car to the rails, and then returns through the ground to the dynamo at the central station. The current constantly desires, so to speak, to escape to the ground from the overhead wire; and it seizes the opportunity afforded by any straggling wire which may fall on the overhead wire. Outside of cities and crowded streets of towns, the use of the earth as a return circuit is not dangerous, for wires are not liable to fall upon the overhead wire of the railway. In cities, however, the use of the earth as a part of the return circuit, I believe, is highly dangerous, both to life and to property.

The foregoing account of the danger to life from touching wires carrying a powerful electric current immediately raises the inquiry how strong a current

is dangerous to life. The most contradictory statements have been made in regard to this point. The reason of the variance of the testimony resides in this: that the mere electrical pressure which is supplied, and the strength of current which flows through a circuit offering a certain resistance, do not determine the question whether the current is a killing one. It is the recoil in the sudden stoppage of a current which has been flowing through the coils of a dynamo that is deadly to life. This reflex action, which is due to induction, cannot be calculated from the electrical pressure supplied to the continuous circuit, or from the electrical current and the resistance. The current arising from induction, like a wave reflected from a rock, may have a higher crest than the incoming wave which produced it. The time rate, so to speak, of its change varies greatly with the coils in the circuit. When we hear, therefore, of a person taking with impunity one thousand volts, the volt being the electrical unit for pressure, we must ask how much current there was at this pressure, how many dynamo coils there were in circuit, and how great was the time rate of change at breaking the circuit. One can take the current from one hundred batteries, giving two hundred volts pressure, without serious discomfort, if there are no coils in the circuit. Interpose a powerful electro-magnet, and then break the circuit, the recoil current will make one feel as if he had been struck on the chest with a heavy sledge-hammer; the arms will draw up convulsively, the lips will strive to utter a cry of pain, and a sense of sinking, as in a fainting fit, will come over one. What I have portrayed from actual experience with two hundred volts pressure will give a lively sense of what would happen if a current of five hundred volts, running through dynamo coils, should be suddenly stopped in the human body: the recoil would be tremendous and deadly. It is related

that a certain Mr. Jenkins, one evening, at a meeting of the Royal Institution, started Faraday on his celebrated researches upon electrical induction by asking why a shock was experienced when a circuit containing an electro-magnet was broken between the hands, and why no shock was felt when there was no coil or electro-magnet in the circuit. This inquiry was made fifty years ago, and Mr. Jenkins escaped an immortal name by not striving to answer the question for himself; for Faraday thereupon began the series of researches which have made his name famous. With electrical induction there is an end to life. With electrical induction, it may be said with truth, there is an end to our knowledge of electricity. How can this subtle fluid, this airy nothing, which travels on the ether of space, exhibit momentum, and rend obstacles like an express train in collision?

I suppose that the method of execution by electricity will be to break the current from a powerful dynamo between two points in the body of the criminal. It will be necessary to bring the bare skin, at two suitably separated points, in contact with the wire carrying an arc-light current, and then break the metallic circuit between these points. Interposing these points between the terminals of a wire carrying a to-and-fro electric current, that is a current which is sent first in one direction and then in the opposite, would have a similar effect to that produced by breaking a continuous current. The continuous current is like a snake, which strikes once and loses its fangs. The alternating current is a snake which can strike again and again. The latter current is coming into use in electric lighting, and it may yet be employed in the transmission of power. Theory indicates certain advantages in its use over that of the continuous current. The dangers from its employment are very great, and will need careful safeguards.

It is not, however, the possible risk to

life in the contact with the ground and a dangling dead wire, which has come in contact with the overhead system of electric propulsion, that constitutes the most serious danger from electricity. What is most to be feared is the ease with which extensive fires can be started in cities by means of bare or poorly insulated electric circuits, of which the earth forms a portion. The electric current seeks to return to the generator which produces it by the path of least resistance. If, therefore, a telegraph or telephone wire, or any metallic conductor, should come in contact with a bare wire conveying a powerful current, this current would seek the ground by every possible way; and if the telegraph or telephone wire should be connected with the ground, the powerful current would be directed through telegraph or telephone instruments in offices and houses to ground connections. It is said, in reply to this view, that lightning frequently has entered houses by telephone and telegraph wires, and has merely burnt out a coil or fused a wire, and has not caused any serious conflagration. A sudden discharge through a circuit, however, is not so dangerous as a slow, insidious heating, which might go on for several hours before it is discovered. This heating could easily be produced by a portion of a powerful current leaking into houses and offices from a wire which has fallen upon a bare metallic circuit through which a current is flowing. What is to prevent, it may be asked, a great city being set on fire by electricity, in a hundred places at once, on the night of a blizzard? The inquiry is certainly not a frivolous one. The elements of danger are with us, and the questions of safeguards demand the most careful consideration by our municipal authorities.

The precautions now adopted are these: Safety wires not connected with any electric circuit are placed in some cases above the bare wires conveying

powerful currents, to prevent any falling wire from reaching the latter. Fusible wires, made of an alloy of tin, are inserted in the telephone and telegraph circuits. These will melt at a comparatively low temperature, and any current more powerful than is customarily used upon the circuit will thus defeat its ends by burning out its own path. The fusible wire can be placed in a fireproof box. Another method, adopted in certain cases, is the employment of a ball of wax, which rests against the coils of the telegraph or telephone apparatus, and prevents a spring from touching a metallic connection. If the current in the coils should heat the coils, and therefore become dangerous, the wax melts, and the spring touches the metallic connection, and directs the current from the coils to the ground. This simple contrivance is not automatic, and endeavors have been made to arrange electro-magnetic instruments which shall divert currents to the ground when they reach a certain dangerous strength. All these devices can be made to work. Electricity is like a facile, mischievous boy, who, in his soft moods, can be safely entrusted with a delicate watch, a fragile Venetian vase, a glass model of a steam-engine; but there comes a moment when, if there is any possibility of man's contrivances being upset, that possibility is discovered.

The use of a double overhead-wire system, that is of a complete metallic circuit, would obviate many dangers which now exist. This system would require two trolleys to each car. The electric current would flow along one wire, down one trolley, into the motor of the car, and then up through the second trolley, and return through the second overhead wire to the central station. In this way, the return through the earth would be obviated. But this system, of course, would require a heavy superstructure across the streets. There would then be two wires instead of one,

which is used in the present overhead system.

There are certain mechanical and electrical difficulties, which, however, are not insuperable. With such a complete metallic circuit, there would be little danger from falling dead wires. One could touch one of the overhead wires and the ground with impunity, for no electricity would abandon the overhead wire for the ground, since it would prefer the metallic circuit for its return path to the central station. No horses would be killed by running into a dangling dead wire. The current would not be diverted into neighboring buildings, since it would have no excuse for seeking ground connections. If a wire should fall upon the overhead system, it would have no effect if it merely touched one wire. If it embraced both wires of this system, it would quickly burn and drop to the ground, incapable of doing any damage. In burning it would not convey the heat to neighboring buildings. If the double overhead wires should fall upon horses or people, no electrical shock would be received so long as the wires were not broken, and no shock would be received unless the wire happened to break between the limbs of the living creature upon which it might fall. This would be an unlikely conjunction of accidents. If the one overhead wire which is used at present should fall, the person or animal bridging the interval between it and the ground would be likely to receive a deadly shock in struggling to get free.

It may be said that the overhead electric-light systems now do not use the ground and have complete metallic circuits, yet we hear of men being burned to death, and of horses being killed by dead wires which touch the electric-light wires. These accidents result from defective insulation of the electric-light wires; and it must be confessed that such accidents are liable to happen even with complete metallic circuits that are

above ground. A complete metallic circuit only mitigates the evil.

In general, electricity may be said to be the safest natural agency which man employs. Steam-boilers burst, and gas-mains explode. There is nothing explosive in an electric generator or an electric motor. The wires conveying the current can rend nothing, and become heated only through gross carelessness. The ease with which electric plants are installed testifies to the ready adaptability of electricity to man's uses. This ease has a tendency to make electrical workmen careless, and it also

leads to the employment of ignorant persons.

In a neighboring museum, a skilled observer, engaged in studying the habits of rattlesnakes, is accustomed to put his arm into a tall jar containing the reptiles, and take them out with the bare hand. He has never been bitten, for he knows how to seize the snakes. The danger to an ignorant person in seizing an electric wire carrying a strong current is as great as that to which a person ignorant of the ways of snakes would be subjected, if he undertook to take the place of the skilled observer.

John Trowbridge.

TWO NEW ENGLAND WOMEN.

It is very difficult to establish contemporary epochs. Try as hard as we may, we are not our own posterity; and even if we succeed in paulo post future speculations, who is to be the wiser? Not our contemporaries, who refuse to believe us, and not those who come after, who will not care a fig whether we were right or wrong. Nevertheless, we cannot help a little wistfulness as we see ourselves as we think our grandchildren will see us, and there is no emotion quite so agreeable as self-commiseration. Thus we keep on placidly with our several lives, but we carry on at the same time a sub-conscious process of thought which makes us historical to ourselves. The ground beneath our feet may be very substantial, but we cannot resist the impression that New England is slipping from under us. How antique, even now, is the Boston before the great fire; how charmingly idyllic the Concord of Emerson; what a tranquil, self-contained place the Cambridge of Longfellow; how primitive are the Maine and New Hampshire of the Rollo books; how completely a historic figure is Sam Lawson!

Already we begin to say to ourselves, *Si Novangliam quæris not circumspice, but in partes Occidentales aspice*, and find a reproduction in modified form in the country parts of Michigan or Wisconsin; better still, see its spirit preserved in a few books.

For one phase of New England life we do not know where to look to find a more perfect image than in Miss Larcum's *A New England Girlhood*.¹ How recent it is, and how absolutely obsolete! Nothing brings before the mind so vividly the rupture between the New England of one generation ago and that of to-day as to read these pages, written by a woman in the vigor of her days, who is recalling both the circumstances of her own childhood, and an order of society which has been swept away, not by any cataclysm, but by the rapid movement of two forces, one from within and one from without. One of these days, historians will take very carefully into account the emigration and

¹ *A New England Girlhood, outlined from Memory.* By LUCY LARCOM. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1889.

immigration which are still changing the face of New England, but we think they will find the most violent substitution to have taken place between the years 1840 and 1880.

Miss Larcom's personal history, as known to most readers, is associated especially with the period of our industrial history when Lowell and Lawrence and other manufacturing centres of New England were alive with the activity of descendants of the English settlers in New England, and no doubt the portion of her reminiscences which is devoted to her years in Lowell will be read with peculiar interest. But the story of her childhood on the Essex coast is not merely an introduction to the account of her young womanhood; it is a proper prelude to the narrative of the social life in the Lowell mills. That sturdy, self-respecting, honorable community of workmen and workwomen which centred in the towns of New England, when the order of industry was changing from agriculture to manufacture, was the legitimate product of the forces of a great number of village and isolated communities charged with a brave Puritanism. The independent, often solitary life was exchanged for one of greater interdependence and sociality, but the spirit which inhered in the one passed over into the other, and no one can understand Lowell who has not first studied Beverly. Not only so, but, as Miss Larcom most suggestively points out, no one can interpret Wellesley who has not traced its origin back to Lowell. It would be an idle speculation to consider what New England would be to-day, if Ireland and Canada had not discharged their living streams into it, and if an outlet had not been found for the original waters in the prairies of the West; it is more profitable to study, as Miss Larcom's little book bids us, the growth of those ideas of womanly development which germinated in Lowell, and have fulfilled large promise in so many forms already.

We have been so impressed by the value of this book as a contribution to sociology that we are in danger of emphasizing this virtue to the neglect of what, after all, will appeal more forcibly to most minds. It is no light matter for any one, however familiarly before the public, to set forth the record of early life. Miss Larcom has been helped, no doubt, by the very condition to which we have referred; to the absolute separation, that is, of her girlhood from her womanhood, so far as circumstance is concerned. As she says, quaintly and charmingly: "I can see very distinctly the child that I was, and I know how the world looked to her, far off as she is now. She seems to me like my little sister, at play in a garden, where I can at any time return and find her. I have enjoyed bringing her back, and letting her tell her story, almost as if she were somebody else. I like her better than I did when I was really a child, and I hope never to part company with her. I do not feel so much satisfaction in the older girl who comes between her and me, although she too is enough like me to be my sister, or even more like my young, undisciplined mother; for the girl is mother of the woman. . . . Still, she is myself, and I could not be quite happy without her comradeship."

All this is a matter of consciousness, but the consciousness is strongly affected by external changes, and doubtless Miss Larcom finds it easier to stand off and look at her Beverly childhood and Lowell girlhood from the fact that she does not see them repeated in other children and girls of to-day. Repeated, that is, in their circumstance; for one great charm of her book is in the indirect witness which it bears to the existence of that which is essential in youthful life, irrespective of incident and accident. The girlhood of a princess may be so related as to be wholly a foreign life to a young American; it might be told so as to make royalty an interesting incident.

Miss Larcom has given a delightful picture of a New England girl a generation ago, but no succession of generations can obliterate the lines which coincide with those of every open-minded child.

The note of sincerity which falls upon the reader's ear as he hears this harmonious *pastorale* is most refreshing; the quaint touches which humorously enliven the detailed, homely, *genre* art have no strain of effect about them; everything is simple, natural, genuine. Probably the audience for whom the book was written has more or less affected the writer, and has given her a greater freedom of manner; but we suspect it will not be the young who will draw the greatest pleasure from the performance. The reflection of youth is often more interesting to the old than to the young. Nevertheless, the virtue in the book will be appropriated most surely by those for whom it was written. Its appeal is always to the best that is in the reader, and there are noble passages which will live long in the mind, and shape, we doubt not, many ideals of life. Such a one is that in the Preface which is Miss Larcom's Apology for Poesy. It is too long for us to quote here, and we should be glad to think that our omission sent any reader to the book itself.

What Miss Louisa Alcott would have written, had she set about a deliberate sketch of her early life, we cannot say. An autobiography calls for more studied endeavor, is a more crucial test of one's judgment of self, than any semi-fictional narrative of one's childhood, or even the annotation of one's early journals. We wish heartily that Miss Alcott had chosen to tell her own story, but, in the absence of it, we must put up with the suggestions contained in her children's books, and in the unstudied, almost fragmentary memoir¹ which Mrs. Cheney has

¹ *Louisa May Alcott; her Life, Letters and Journals*. Edited by EDNAH D. CHENEY. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1889.

edited with wise reserve and good taste. There is no fullness in the book, but the reader feels that he is generously treated in being allowed such glimpses of the personality of the heroine as the editor herself has, from records.

Miss Alcott's life does not seem so far away as Miss Larcom's, yet it is in a fashion a representative picture of New England girlhood. For a livelier, more detailed account of that phase of New England life which she knew we must have recourse to Miss Alcott's stories, but the spirit is preserved, nevertheless, in these personal sketches. Shall we say that there is more restlessness, more self-consciousness, about the Concord child than about the Beverly one? We will not run the risk of making odious comparisons, though one can scarcely read these two books in succession without instituting a good many interesting comparisons, not so much between persons as between states of society.

Independently, the figure of Miss Alcott is one of painful attractiveness, and her career one which may fairly account for much that is both winning and repelling in her stories. It is not strange that she, thrown so early upon her wits, and wonted to a life which was distractingly full of contradictions between the sky and the earth, — the sky blue, and the earth very miry, — should have taken refuge sometimes in feverish imaginations, sometimes in *châteaux en Espagne*. Her heroic spirit, chafing at the ignoble hindrances of every-day life, and obliged to find its training, so to speak, after its work had been done rather than through the work itself, was constantly seeking new ventures and trying itself in new forms. Here was a strong, affectionate nature, with powers half understood, restlessly beating against the cage, yet showing almost a fierce solicitude for all its similarly imprisoned companions. The half-views one gets of the home life move one almost equally to tears and smiles; he is persuaded that

if he had known Miss Alcott, he would one day have been impatiently chiding her, another day lost in admiration. The self-sacrifice was unremitting, and yet frequently recognized as self-sacrifice; the power was used recklessly, and yet it was a power. That such sunshine should flood Miss Alcott's stories seems almost a mockery of her life, and yet no one can read her journals and letters

without feeling that the sunshine after all was in her nature. But the pity of it! the broken lights, the unrest, the grasping at realities, the alternate building of glass houses and dungeons!

The book is at once a reproach to the self-indulgent and a warning to young writers. One cannot escape the conviction that great possibilities were lost in Miss Alcott's career.

TENNYSON'S NEW POEMS.¹

A NEW work by Tennyson is the best gift that literature has had in her bestowal for these many years; and this last volume, with its familiar grace and charm, renews the old pleasure. His art has already reached the limit of poetical variety; there is no new chord for him to strike; but in this volume he shows once more his mastery through all its range, and he gives us some poems as noble in feeling, as finished in style, as musical in cadence, as ever, though the limits are narrow oftentimes and the motives slight. The two principal pieces are Demeter's monologue over Persephone, who has just been restored to her, and the dramatic story of The Ring. Both of these will be welcome to lovers of verse, for their smooth-flowing, delightful movement, their frequent felicities of simple phrase, and the loveliness of their images; and besides these literary qualities, the thought in Demeter and the mere story of The Ring have greater attraction. In retelling the myth of Enna, indeed, Tennyson has introduced into it a mystical and modern element, and has touched the lines with an infinite Christian suggestion, as if he saw mainly in the Greek

tale of Persephone one of those prefiguring types of Christian truth which the Fathers have often sought both in pagan mythology and in the Old Testament. It is the Resurrection itself that the poet seems to have in mind, but in an inchoate and premonitory form which gives the touch of prophecy to Demeter's words, and makes her figure like that of the oracular priestess, in whose responses there is more of expectation than of revelation. What we see in the poem is the fate of man and the world as it lay under the shadow of paganism, dark and doubtful, but waiting with a dim and uncertain foreknowledge for the coming of those kinder gods.

"But younger kindlier Gods to bear us down,
As we bore down the Gods before us? Gods,
To quench, not hurl the thunderbolt, to stay,
Not spread the plague, the famine; Gods
indeed,
To send the noon into the night and break
The sunless halls of Hades into Heaven?
Till thy dark lord accept and love the Sun,
And all the Shadow die into the Light."

This secondary meaning in the poem gives to it a peculiar charm, and takes it out of the class of poems upon ancient myths, which merely reproduce Greek imagination and appeal only to an æsthetic taste. The Ring, on the other hand, is only a story, with a weird ele-

¹ *Demeter and Other Poems*. By ALFRED LORD TENNYSON. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1889.

ment in it and some bits of English landscape, yet mainly made out of human life. It is a better piece of dramatic narrative than we have had from the poet in a long time.

It is not necessary to speak of the other poems in detail, one by one. Perhaps the most attractive of those in the body of the volume is the rendering of Tennyson's own life as a poet under the image of Merlin. The music of this piece so harmonizes with its mood, its progress is so noble, the accent of sincerity in it is so clear and direct, and the expression is so flawless, that it must come to be ranked high in Tennyson's work, while the subject of itself will endear it to those who are attached to his poetry. The more pleasing portions of the volume in general, however, are those which illustrate his skill in familiar verse, addressed to friends, and those which add to the already long list of his songs a half dozen more, of exquisite purity, originality, and charm. The dedicatory stanzas to Lord Dufferin, in which he is not forgetful of the viceroy's large fame, but dwells rather on his kindness to the poet's son in India, and utters a few words of elegy for the latter, are the finest example of this familiar style which the volume offers, and they will be prized as one of the best poems he has done in this kind. They are, indeed, so intimate and at the same time so noble an expression of the poet's life that one hesitates to speak of them, though feeling grateful to have read them. Besides these stanzas, the three to Professor Jebb are in a vein of compliment that could not be bettered, though one always wishes that Tennyson, when he takes the bewitching measure used in them, would not let it fall back into silence again so soon. The lines to Mary Boyle, prefacing another poem, are interesting because of a few autobiographical touches, and the concluding stanzas are perfect in their touch of age. We cannot forbear to quote

them, though they will already be familiar: —

“ Let golden youth bewail the friend, the wife,
Forever gone.

He dreams of that long walk thro' desert
life

Without the one.

“ The silver year should cease to mourn and
sigh —

Not long to wait —

So close are we, dear Mary, you and I.
To that dim gate.”

The verses entitled *Ulysses*, also, although not equally distinguished with the rest, have the same ease and lightness that characterize Tennyson's friendly tributes, and they contain some pleasant details of his home and the winter landscape that he likes.

The most delightful poems, however, seem to us the half dozen songs to which we have referred. The music of these, their clearness of tone, even their ingenuity, which at first may seem defect of naturalness in some cases, make them favorites. Each of Tennyson's later volumes has contained something of this sort, but none has given us so many as this last. The *Ring* opens with one of them, a bride's song to the honeymoon:

“ Mellow moon of heaven,
Bright in blue,
Moon of married hearts,
Hear me, you!

“ Twelve times in the year
Bring me bliss,
Globing Honey Moons
Bright as this.”

The whole song goes on with equal melody. We find another in the dramatic monologue called *Romney's Remorse*, — a cradle-song sung by *Romney's* wife over their child: —

“ Beat upon mine, little heart! beat, beat!
Beat upon mine! you are mine, my sweet!
All mine from your pretty blue eyes to your
feet,

My sweet!

“ Sleep, little blossom, my honey, my bliss!
For I give you this, and I give you this!

And I blind your pretty blue eyes with a
kiss!

Sleep!

"Father and mother will watch you grow,
And gather the roses whenever they blow,
And find the white heather wherever you go,
My sweet!"

At the end of the book, finally, one comes upon a little cluster of these lyrics, — *Far - Far - Away*, *The Snowdrop*, *The Throstle*, and *The Oak*, — in which there is the strange music, still perfect, of Tennyson's originality in note and rhythm; the peculiar melody and manner which, perhaps, one must learn to like, when once it has grown familiar to the ear to its enchantment. It captivates the reader completely before he has done with it. These little pieces seem slight, like playthings of the Muse, but we may be sure that they are fragile shells that will outwear every storm. Of these new examples, *The Throstle* will be easily accepted, being so plainly a perfect bird-song, and we do not know where one would find the same merely natural sympathy with the voices of spring short of the May-songs of the Elizabethans. *The Oak*, too, will make its way with all. Of the *Snowdrop*, however, one would not risk so unlimited a prophecy; and because it seems least likely to have justice done it, we try our readers with it: —

"Many, many welcomes,
February fair-maid,
Ever as of old time,
Solitary firstling,
Coming in the cold time,
Prophet of the gay time,
Prophet of the May time,

let of the roses,
y, many welcomes,
February fair-maid!"

We shall mention but one more poem, also a lyric, but of a different strain, — the simple, serene, confident, full-flowing lines called *Crossing the Bar*, made pathetic by brief falls of the melody, which is in perfect keeping with the poet's mood. These stanzas are a thought of death, but one so imaged and expressed as to have only the brightness of a forward-looking faith in it, tempered by no more of regret than naturally falls with "twilight and evening-bell" by the quiet, outgoing tide.

We have spoken of only a small portion of this volume, in all of which the art and power of Tennyson are felt and the great variousness of his moods illustrated in poems each of which seems to stand by itself, with an individuality of its own. There is no room for regret that he continues to write; there is no failure in his art; and this last collection adds many poems to those which will be treasured. The touch of age is in its spirit, here and there, but it is not a touch that weakens the hand or makes less "his honor and his due;" it softens the retrospect of life, hardens the sense of righteousness, lends something of pathos to his "late eve," but it is always felt on the page in a noble way. The work of his last years will long be famous in our literature for the remarkable tenacity of his genius, and it falls to our generation only to be grateful for every added grain of gold in the treasure he is leaving us, already one of the richest possessions of our own race.

MR. PATER'S MINOR ESSAYS.

MR. PATER is the first of those few contemporary writers who obey the literary spirit. Literature has not merely supplied him with his culture, but has taken possession of him and energizes his thought. Even when he deals with art or religion he employs the method of literature, and regards them mainly as records of expression cognate with books.

A predominant sense of beauty in form, of charm in the spirit, of truth in the matter, whatever may be the particular object of his criticism, characterizes his work; a constant regard for the imagination as the master-faculty goes along with this; and the special notes of his temperament as a writer — the value he sets upon inwardness of spirit, collectedness of mind, contemplativeness as an habitual mood, and customary and local associations as the natural setting of enduring emotions — are ever emerging on his page.

He is interested, as only the lover of pure literature is, in humanity, to which everything else is subsidiary; and yet more narrowly, it may be said, he is less concerned with the life of man on its mortal and individual side than with man's spirit, the capacities of the soul and its moods in history, the spiritual ideal. This is the secret of his great attractiveness for many refined and serious-minded readers, to whom he brings a breath of "the ampler ether, the diviner air," more with the intimacy and immediateness of poetry than after the sober manner of prose. It is true that, although he often employs the methods of imagination, he is essentially a critic of life; in his most original work the result is at last criticism; but it is of a sort so peculiar that he stands apart and by himself, and is not to be classed with critics in general. In the

present volume,¹ however, he approaches more nearly the ordinary genus. In it he has collected several essays which have appeared at rare intervals during the last fifteen years, and are a part of his less laborious work. The subjects are all from English literature, except the opening and concluding papers, which are concerned with general definitions about style and the two phases of literary art, the classical and romantic. It is, on the whole, of less interest than his other volumes, but it is not less informed by that literary spirit and that preoccupation with the ideal which distinguish and lend charm to his style.

It is sometimes objected to his work that it is over-refined and too curiously wrought both in matter and manner; that it seeks for exquisiteness too carefully; that, in a word, he has the vice of preciosity. This impression was made by his earliest essays, but the fault of excessive sensibility and high culture in an æsthetic direction has steadily grown less with years, and what now remains of it contributes more to the excellence than it detracts from the perfect taste of his work. He is not unconscious of the trait in his temperament which these critics dwell upon, and in this volume he plays with their objection in a delightful paper upon Shakespeare's *Biron*, in which character he plainly recognizes something of his own likeness; but the analysis of good literature in general with which he begins the book should convince the reluctant critics that Mr. Pater's canons are as sound, severe, and universal as the most doctrinaire of them can fairly wish. He divides literature into its two provinces of science and *belles-lettres*, — of knowledge and

¹ *Appreciations, with an Essay on Style.* By WALTER PATER. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1889.

power, according to De Quincey's formula,—by the distinction that in one department the fact is recorded, in the other the author's particular sense of fact; and he is careful to observe that mind counts for most in the structure of a work of literary art, and soul for most in its tone, its charm, its peculiar winning power. There is nothing original in this, but the restatement is cleverly put, with a freshness of phrase and a firm, logical, Aristotelian stiffness in the thought; and the essential point of good literary art, which is absolute correspondence between word and idea, together with that economy in the use of words which forbids all surplusage, is kept in view through the whole discussion.

Great art, however, differs from good art. "It is," he says, "on the quality of the matter it informs or controls, its compass, its variety, its alliance to great ends, or the depth of the note of revolt, or the largeness of hope in it, that the greatness of literary art depends;" and he explains his meaning more clearly by adding that, in order to be great as well as excellent, literary art must be "devoted to the increase of men's happiness, to the redemption of the oppressed, or the enlargement of our sympathies with each other, or to such presentment of new or old truth about ourselves and our relation to the world as may ennoble and fortify us in our sojourn here, or, immediately, as with Dante, to the glory of God." In words like these there is nothing of that "preciosity" which is urged as a fatal fault in Mr. Pater, and which is hardly to be counted as a vice, if it does not lock up the soul in the isolation of an unshared æsthetic pleasure, such as Tennyson has depicted in a famous poem.

In fact, so far from resulting in that narrowness of appreciation and scornful temper toward all that is not choice and exquisite, which belong to the vice of preciosity in taste, Mr. Pater's sensibil-

ity has made him an unusually catholic critic. The welcome which he accords to different types of mind which he passes in review is not the conventional acceptance of the fame and worth of names already listed in literature; but he takes genuine and cordial delight in the qualities of the men he writes of; he betrays an understanding of them, a liking for their human traits, a real interest in their lives, and sympathy with them.

The human element is stronger, perhaps, in this volume than in others from his pen. Lamb and Sir Thomas Browne are portrayed by the hand of a true lover, in whom the literary critic seems secondary; and although Wordsworth and Coleridge are less openly and completely sympathized with, there is in the treatment of them a nearness of appreciation beyond the reach of mere intellectual or literary interest; while Morris and Rossetti are dealt with, as a matter of course, as one would deal with friends. This more familiar touch with life itself in its weaknesses and littleness as it was actually lived, in its whims and incidents and sad circumstances, brings Mr. Pater's more slight essays of this sort to a lower but not less pleasing level than that of his ideal sketches in imagination, or the serene ideal life portrayed in his single great work, the career of Marius. But beside this more human element felt in his tone, there remains the really important thing, which is his thought about Wordsworth and Coleridge and Shakespeare, about their genius, their performance and its utility to men, and the suggestions he derives from their study with respect to the life of the spirit of man in history.

The essay upon Wordsworth is of most value. The poet himself was so great in his moments of inspiration, and at the same time so prosaic when he was not visited by the divine power on whose coming he waited so passively,

and his work is so blended of prose and poetry, that it is a misfortune for him when his critics share his own defects, as many Wordsworthians do. On the other hand, a critic who comes to him, making those æsthetic requirements which Mr. Pater does, feeling with him only when he is really inspired, can do great service to his fame. Such a critic points out most unerringly that line which separates the poet's from the moralist's work. This is what Mr. Pater has in effect done. He suppresses all of Wordsworth except the poet, and concentrates attention upon that. With much of Wordsworth's temperament he is in entire sympathy. On many points, indeed, he is especially attracted by qualities which none values more highly. No poet, to be explicit, has illustrated that "taciturnity of spirit" in expectation of the religious mood, which Mr. Pater has often dwelt upon as a trait of the finest souls in literature. To Wordsworth it was matter of the common round of life; he was always waiting for that visitation which seemed to him to be the vital source of his Muse. Wordsworth, too, valued very highly the sentiments and home-emotions of the country people, closely attached to the places that they loved, and amid which the associations of their experience were bred; and for this primitive mood of the soul Mr. Pater has often expressed a kind of awe. Inwardness, too, to use one of the critic's favorite words, the turning of the spirit upon itself in thought and feeling, the contemplation by the soul of its own life, was more characteristic of Wordsworth than of any other secular poet of England. The pastoral scene, also, attracts a taste cultivated by classical study, and at the same time touched by the regard for the humble and poor which belongs to the modern age.

In these and in other ways Mr. Pater has the open secret of Wordsworth ready to his eye, and he comes to an appreciation of Wordsworth's poetical

achievement which is singularly free from the disturbance and perplexity occasioned by the prosaic portion of the poet's work.

The essay upon Coleridge is more noticeable for its clear definition of his place as a reactionist in the age; for the plainness with which it brings out both his influence upon those who wished to go along with him in his attempt at a transcendental renovation of English theology, and also the gradual failure and extinction of that influence, because the trend of the century was antagonistic to the mode of thought. He was, Mr. Pater thinks, born for poetry, and lost to it; and certainly the critic does full justice to what Coleridge accomplished in poetry, — he goes further in his appreciation than it seems to us is warranted by the work done. Lamb and Sir Thomas Browne are treated with more particularity, and somewhat in a biographical way. The author makes many finely critical remarks upon them, however; and if his hand seems trammelled, especially in the last essay, by his adherence to temporal matters, there is compensation in the greater prominence of Browne's own character, which is so thoroughly penetrated by the curiosity and understanding of the critic. In the brief essays upon some of Shakespeare's characters, Mr. Pater comes again upon that ideal ground where he works with most ease and possibly most pleasure, and in writing of Richard II. and Claudio shows once more the special attractiveness which "golden youth" has always had for him; and he adds here, as his manner is, a background of the general life, which he sums up in the "irony" of situation in Shakespeare's kings, and in the vigorous desire for existence at Shakespeare's Vienna, on which Angelo's story is relieved. The concluding paper deals with definitions of classicism and romanticism, with the purpose of showing that these are names of two phases of the literary spirit in all

ages, in ancient times as well as in the modern world.

The volume has thus a wide range of subject, and gives scope to the varied

culture which distinguishes its author; and it may be hoped that it will extend somewhat further the too narrow circle of his readers.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Some Recollections of Boker.

THE occasion of my first meeting the late George H. Boker was one of those special and delightful Saturday nights at the Century Club, in New York. I am not sure of the date, but think it must have been somewhere about 1877, soon after Boker's return from St. Petersburg, where he had held the post of minister of the United States for two or three years. Late in the evening, when the greater part of the company had left the club-house, a small group formed in one of the parlors, and stayed there quietly chatting and smoking until the small hours. I had met all the members of the group before, excepting Boker. He was then about fifty-three or fifty-four: a tall man, of imposing figure and great dignity; very handsome, with hair rapidly turning gray, and a mustache nearly white, which gave him the appearance and general air that we are wont to attribute to field-m Marshals of France. The impression he made was distinctly that of an accomplished and thoughtful man of the world; a man skilled in quiet, comprehensive observation, and not too ready to be communicative; briefly, just the sort of man that a good diplomatist ought to be. My mind was not consciously dwelling on the fact that he had been our representative in Turkey and in Russia, yet the knowledge of this may have had something to do with the effect produced. At all events, as he sat there, my imagination kept picturing him amid the surroundings of court receptions, state

occasions, and so on, in foreign lands. He had an aristocratic bearing that suggested such mental pictures naturally. At the same time, as so much of his poetry shows, and as I afterwards learned through frequent contact and association with him, no one could have been more intensely American at heart, or more loyal to republican principles and institutions.

Another noticeable thing about him was that his appearance did not especially suggest the poet. In certain ways he and his friend, Bayard Taylor, made an interesting contrast with each other. Here was Boker, who had just come back from diplomatic service abroad; and here, too, was Taylor, who was just going abroad as minister to Berlin. Both were poets; they were fellow-Pennsylvanians and friends; and they were men of large mould physically, and of impressive presence; yet they were very dissimilar types. Boker, though massive and with a trace of the phlegmatic in his manner (perhaps derived from his Holland ancestors, the Bôchers, who had come thither from France, and had then sent a branch into England, from which the American family sprang), was courtly, polished, slightly reserved. His English forefathers had belonged to the Society of Friends, as had also Taylor's family in Pennsylvania, — another point in common. But Taylor's appearance, as his friends will remember, was somewhat bluff and rugged; his manner was hearty and open; his face bore distinctly the stamp of the literary man, the

artist, and bespoke a sturdy, poetic temperament. This is the more curious, because, with all his merits, Taylor was less consistently a poet than Boker, and hardly so strong or vital in poetry as Boker, who seldom put his hand to any form of composition but that of verse. However, notwithstanding his reserve, Boker's mood was evidently genial and receptive, and he made the whole group feel that he was in thorough accord with them.

Some one asked Boker what literary work he had in hand. He replied, "My head, for the last few years, has been so full of dispatches, and treaties, and protocols, that I have had no time to think of writing." In considering why it was that he wrote so comparatively little after this period, one should remember that for a considerable term, dating from the beginning of the Civil War, his thoughts, his time, and his energies had really been absorbed in duties and functions foreign to literature. His career as a poetic dramatist, one of the very few, in recent days, who have written for the stage successfully, had been almost rounded out and completed before the war broke out. He then threw himself, heart and soul, into the organization and conduct of the Union League of Philadelphia, which became one of the main purposes of his life. Acting as its secretary until the rebellion was ended, he finally became its president, and held that position for a number of years. This, with his appointments to foreign missions, brought him into close connection with politics, on the Republican side, which thenceforward took up a great deal of his attention. While he was president of the League, he held also, for several terms, the presidency of the Philadelphia Club, one of the oldest and perhaps the most exclusive among the clubs of the city. When I came to know him well, and met him almost daily for months, his mornings were usually occupied with his duties

at these two clubs. He had a great deal of executive ability, and, being a man of wealth and leisure, he resolutely gave to the affairs of the clubs — one political, and the other purely social — that close attention which is indispensable to good administration, but is seldom applied with such fidelity as Mr. Boker showed. Besides this, he was constantly in society, at receptions, dinners. It seems a pity now that, with such vigorous and abundant powers as a poet, he should have given so much of his time to other matters. But it always struck me that there was a well-defined principle underlying Boker's distribution of his time and energies, of which principle he gave me more than one hint in the course of our numerous long and interesting conversations alone, and in other talks with Charles Godfrey Leland ("Hans Breitmann"), at whose lodgings in Philadelphia we used to meet every Sunday afternoon. Boker inherited wealth and the best sort of social position, yet he had a prodigiously strong and overmastering tendency to imaginative production in literature. The pressure of what we may call, in a modified sense, the *bourgeois* element was brought to bear strongly against his following this tendency. Most of his companions and local society were inclined to scoff at his ambition or his inspiration, his idealism. They believed that a young man well provided with wealth and station, who definitely proposed to set out as a poet and make poetry his chief aim in life, was throwing a sort of discredit on the class to which he belonged. Boker, being a man of powerful nature and gifted with a potent will, resolved to defy this narrow and unintellectual prejudice. His whole career was modeled on that resolve, and was carried out consistently to the end. By innate ability and hard work he earned a fame as a successful poetic dramatist, which was brilliant and remarkable at the time. He succeeded to his father's wealth, and

still devoted himself to literature. But, having a clear mission before his mind, which he was determined to accomplish, he steadily devoted to social engagements the large amount of time which was necessary for holding intact his position in society. From his line of action and from what he often said to me, it is plain that he meant to demonstrate beyond cavil that a man of wealth and leisure can also be a poet, whose plays and martial songs and tender lyrics may at once enlist the sympathies of a large audience, and become a part of the people's life. He had this intention, and, luckily, he had also the artistic endowment which made him able to carry out the intention. Many of his poems on the war rang from one side of the country to the other, gained popular renown, and had a vital influence on public and patriotic sentiment.

Not content with proving his point by his triumph as a dramatist and a lyrist, he also showed that a poet may be a practical man of affairs, whose energy, skill, and bravery in organizing a strong league of patriots in a partially disaffected town could not be surpassed. Here, again, he defied prejudice; for in those days many of the persons who had most influence socially were open sympathizers with the rebellion. Boker demonstrated the fact that loyalty could not only be made compatible with social prestige, but could also take the upper hand of it. Some of his associates, of course, deserve equal credit in the patriotic work; but Boker had the distinction of combining in his own person the character of the devoted patriot and the judicious organizer and manager with that of the poet, whose early aspirations towards artistic creation had been lightly valued by his fellow-citizens. His later distinction as United States minister to the Sublime Porte and St. Petersburg, where he rendered very important services to his country, put the keystone in the arch that he had so long

been building. While in Russia, he was the only one of our ministers at foreign courts who was able to checkmate Spain in her controversy with us about the Virginius. He baffled the Spanish ambassador at St. Petersburg, and influenced Gortschakoff to send a dispatch to Madrid which caused Spain to apologize to the United States; thus averting serious complications.

While he was winning laurels as a poet, a dramatist, a leader in a patriotic movement, and a brilliant American diplomatist (of whom Ignatieff, while engaged in a struggle with him at Constantinople, wrote to the Russian government, "He is a man composed of true diplomatic stuff"), Boker was also completing his victory over those who had questioned the dignity of his purposed literary career. He was at last recognized in his native city as an illustrious citizen. But even after he had done all this, I found that in Philadelphia there was a disposition in certain quarters to make light of him, because he sometimes acknowledged to his intimates that he saw what he had accomplished, and recognized his own standing. A more modest literary man I never met. He never alluded to his writings, unless I brought up the subject and pressed it persistently. This will account in part for the fact that he did not always at first impress one as a poet; and it is explainable on the basis which I have suggested, that he had long ago made up his mind to preserve in himself the two characters, — that of poet, and that of man of the world, diplomatist, statesman. He always kept the attitude of seeming to say tacitly, "Look at me, and judge me as you please. I shall not give you many hints. You must decide for yourself what I am and what I represent." The long fight with unsympathetic surroundings, the severe campaign which he had conducted in order to help give literature its rightful position in society, had told

upon him. It made him reticent. But his sense of fellowship with other writers was deep and cordial, and unbounded in its enthusiasm, if one could once penetrate to the depths of his heart. The warm sympathy which he showed was all the more touching because of the barriers of convention and restraint behind which it was stored up in full measure. I never heard him say an ill word of his brother authors, but I have heard him speak many a kind one.

That Boker could write both vigorously and bitterly is shown by his *Book of the Dead*. The circumstances which led to the composition of this singularly virile work were related to me by Boker as follows: Boker's father had been a banker, and, after his death, various persons had sued his estate and tried to consume it, although Boker senior had saved many of these persons from ruin, and had restored to solvency the bank of which he took charge. During the long litigation, George H. Boker wrote for his own solace the lyrics which form *The Book of the Dead*. "If I had not been able to give vent to my feelings in these poems," said Boker, "I should have gone mad!" The work made little impression on the general reader, because he lacked the key to its purpose.

Boker was a man who, while taking an active part in fashionable society to the last, held himself above the conventional level of thoughtless amusement and business intrigue, and continued to build his career on a certain plan, which should contribute to the supremacy of ideas. At heart, the poetic aim always remained dearest to him; and he wrote to Lawrence Barrett, a few years ago, on the success of *Francesca da Rimini*, "Why didn't I receive this encouragement twenty years ago? Then I might have done something."

Early portraits of Boker show an extraordinary resemblance to Nathaniel Hawthorne in his prime; and I fancy there was a likeness between them, not

only in their outward appearance, but also in their shyness and reserve. Hawthorne hid himself behind the veil of seclusion. Boker sought shelter behind the variegated tapestry of society, where he remained to the last a poet, a man of ideas.

An Exotic
Taste.

— The Contributor who wrote so cleverly of *A Sense of the Ridiculous* took Bryant to task for giving such a name as Genevieve to the wife of his Hunter of the West. Now, for my part, I do not doubt in the least that, in real life, she would have been a Genevieve, — perhaps, even, with the addition of Maud Celestine, — for experience has taught me that fine names blossom most prodigally upon the stony ground of poverty. South of Mason and Dixon's line, especially, an exotic taste flourishes; and from any provincial newspaper that indulges in a *Society Column* one may cull such felicitous combinations as Ruby McPhatters, Pearl Tubbs, Angel Puig, Dimple Timmany, Cooksie O'Leary, Birdie Twofoot, — to make the matter worse, this particular specimen hailed from Mulesville, — Mississippi Holyland, Rosebud Einstein, etc. What would the author of *A Sense of the Ridiculous* think of Buzard Roost, a forlorn suburb of an unprosperous Southern town, where Linas and Marcellas and Edithas and Ethelyns are as thick as commentators have informed us that summer leaves are *not* in Vallombrosa? One parent, evidently reasoning that she had nothing else to bestow upon her numerous progeny, sent them forth into the world equipped with such names as Romaine, Mortimer, Waldo, Malcolm, Gwendolen, etc. A wanderer in eastern Louisiana, being forced to stay over night in a log house, observed that the eldest daughter of the family was called "Ettolie." As he had an inquiring mind, he hunted the name to its lair, and discovered that it was really "Etoile," — the simple-minded father and mother having seen it signed to an

article in the county paper. The sentimental mother of another poor girl had her baptized "Alone," — the title of one of Marion Harland's novels. Her surname was Jones; and although rural communities take life very seriously, and are not prone to see the joke in realities, it must be confessed that, in this instance, the neighborhood reached the snickering point. It was the last straw, and, so to speak, they were tickled by it. The same lack of that valuable sense of the ridiculous which allows

poets to sink into bathos is patent in the cases I have cited. Of course that great engine of progress, the "story paper," has something to do with the matter; it has opened vast romantic vistas, and the outcropping of high-sounding names is an effort to get away from the bare walls and mean furnishings of a poor home, — a mother's blind endeavor to give her daughters something, at least, in common with Lady Ethelinda and Lady Gladys, who trail velvet robes over marble floors.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

History. The Military Annals of Lancaster, Massachusetts, 1740-1865; including lists of soldiers serving in the Colonial and Revolutionary wars for the Lancastrian towns, Berlin, Bolton, Harvard, Leominster, and Stirling. By Henry S. Nourse. (The Author, Lancaster.) Mr. Nourse has already issued the Early Records of Lancaster, and in that detailed the experiences of the town previous to 1725. In this volume he continues the narrative, with a thorough study of the part taken by the community in the war with Spain, in the various French and Indian wars, in the war for independence, in the war of 1812, in the Mexican war, and the war for the Union. The book is much more than a list of names. It contains interesting extracts from records, diaries, and letters, and many lively passages by the author himself. It is a capital piece of work. — The eighth volume of the Narrative and Critical History of America (Houghton) brings Mr. Winsor's great task to a close. The present volume deals with the later history of British, Spanish, and Portuguese America. In his chronological conspectus of American history the editor has added a very valuable feature to the work. A glance at the full and carefully prepared general index will give the reader an idea of the vast extent of the undertaking upon which Mr. Winsor has lavished so much research and scholarship in various fields. — The fourth volume of memoirs issued by the Long Island Historical Society consists of a series of hitherto unprinted letters, addressed by Washington to William Pearce, who managed the Mount Vernon estate during Washington's presidency. These letters, though they deal

chiefly with domestic matters, contain references to important persons and events of the day, and show the writer in a very amiable light. — Mr. James Schouler has brought his History of the United States of America under the Constitution through the fourth volume, which covers the period 1831-1847, and promises to complete his task with one more volume. There is no doubt that Mr. Schouler gets pretty close to what may be called a contemporaneous view of the movement of history. He reflects in his pages the thought of the men who were actively engaged in making history, and he is not misled by any too wide generalization. If he is a little brusque in style, he is at any rate spirited, and often piquant, and one cannot read his work without knowing that he is in the hands of an individual narrator.

Sociology and Economics. Alluring Absurdities, Fallacies of Henry George, by M. W. Meagher. (American News Company.) In addition to exposing the fallacies of Henry George, Mr. Atkinson, Professor Denslow, and others, Mr. Meagher offers a few hints at correcting the present inequalities. His most explicit remedy is a graduated income and legacy tax. He writes heartily and honestly. — Problems in American Society, by Joseph Henry Crooker. (Ellis.) A volume of social studies devoted to the Student in American Life, Scientific Charity, the Root of the Temperance Problem, the Political Conscience, Moral and Religious Instruction in our Public Schools, and the Religious Destitution of Villages. The discussions are not very noteworthy, but they call attention to subjects which always are interesting.

Mr. Crooker writes with a positive air, but he will seem to many to overlook some of the forces which have been working to bring about the very social problems he presents, and are still at work to solve them. — *Hertha*, or the Spiritual Side of the Woman Question, by Elizabeth Hughes. (The Author, Los Angeles, Cal.) Theosophomorical. The uninitiated male reader catches at the meaning here and there, but, with all his respect for the author, he wishes she would just try her hand at putting her ideas into the form of answers to an examination paper. We can fancy her before a hard-headed professor, and reading from the last page of her book: "Then the full-orbed sphere of humanity, equally balanced in both its hemispheres of opposite sexes, will sail harmoniously through the heavenly blue." "Be so good, madam, as to repeat that. Kindly explain yourself." — *An Appeal to Pharaoh: the Negro Problem and its Radical Solution*. (Fords, Howard and Hulbert.) No author's name is given with this book, which assumes as its premise that the North and the South are nearly as separate in their aims and interests as in the days before the war; that we are not a united people because we are not a homogeneous people; and the conclusion reached is that the country should take deliberate means to expatriate the negro race, and colonize the West Indies with them. The Afrite cannot be crowded back into the fisherman's jar; perhaps he can be made to take his ugly, brooding form into some other part of the heavens. We think our anonymous author has not yet possessed himself of the patience of his soul. He is saying to God, Hurry up! hurry up! the great American nation can't wait; and, like the policeman in dealing with Poor Jo, he wants the negroes to "move on," "to keep moving on." The interesting part of his volume is the citation of evidence to show that the black mass is disintegrating and moving on, even if not in the direction of the West Indies. — *Monopolies and the People*, by Charles Whiting Baker, is No. 59 of Questions of the Day. (Putnams.) The author puts his conclusion into the sentence, "The proper remedy for monopoly is not abolition, but control," and looks with favor upon the efforts to adjust competing and conflicting interests by means of legislation and commissions. He writes earnestly, but temperately. — *Liberty and Living*, the Record of an Attempt to secure Bread and Butter, Sunshine and Content, by Gardening, Fishing, and Hunting, by Philip G. Hubert, Jr. (Putnams.) A capital book, full of good-nature, shrewd sense, and sagacious hints for reasonable liv-

ing, not exactly in the wilds, but in the country which is at safe distance from the city. It is to be observed, however, that the family which thus cheerfully adjusts itself to country living has had already a wholesome city training. — The Traveler's Insurance Co. of Hartford have issued the works of Walter Bagehot, in five volumes, edited by Forrest Morgan. The editor has made many corrections in the English text, which seems to have been singularly corrupt, and has contributed an interesting preface. Mr. Bagehot was an original thinker, a ripe scholar, but a careless writer. It was no easy task to revise his work; Mr. Morgan has done much in this direction, but many faults of style have escaped him. In volume i. page 200, for example, Mr. Bagehot is permitted to say, "Neither English poetry nor English criticism *have*," etc. The author's literary essays, occupying the first two volumes, appeal to the general reader. Mr. Bagehot writes voluminously on economical and political subjects. His papers in this kind have great value, but they address a comparatively limited audience. — In *Questions of the Day*, Mr. David A. Wells publishes a paper on Relation of the Tariff to Wages (Putnams), which was suggested by a statement of Mr. Blaine's, that if American voters could see for themselves the condition and recompense of labor in Europe, the party of free trade in the United States would not receive the support of one wage-worker between the two oceans. Mr. Wells throws his comment into the form of a catechism, in which he seeks to bring out the grounds of the contrast between the economic condition of Europe and that of America. — In the same series H. J. Philpott discourses on the tariff in a jaunty way, entitling his tract *Tariff Chats*. His conclusion is in the words, "I am convinced that almost nobody profits by the tariff except a narrow clique of millionaires, who have got rich by this polite form of begging, and everybody else is plundered for their benefit." There is much virtue in your "almost." — A more substantial and important number of the series is *The Public Regulation of Railways*, by W. D. Dabney, who was formerly chairman of the committee on railways and internal navigation in the legislature of Virginia. The book deals only with the commercial or traffic relations of the railway system to the public; it treats of the legal and economic aspects of the question, and examines the Interstate Commerce Act. Mr. Dabney throws the weight of his judgment, chiefly on economic grounds, against the assumption of the railways by government.